

CENTRAL STORE 2

FIFTY-TWO YEARS A POLICEMAN





Wm. A. Browne

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS A POLICEMAN

BY

SIR WILLIAM NOTT-BOWER, K.C.V.O.

SECOND IMPRESSION



LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

1926

[*All rights reserved*]

c

PREFACE

On the 29th September, 1925, I resigned the office of Commissioner of Police for the City of London, after serving for fifty-two years in the Police, and after completing nearly sixty years, in all, of Public Service.

Soon after my intention to retire was known, it was suggested to me, from more than one quarter, that I should write some reminiscences of that long experience.

I demurred, for I doubted whether the incidents of my life, however interesting they might have been to myself, were of sufficient importance to be of interest to the Public. In addition, my inexperience of literary work seemed hardly to fit me for such a task; and the fact that I had kept no diaries, or even notes of events, and could therefore only trust to that fickle jade, Memory, would necessarily expose anything I might write to criticism, and possibly just criticism, in regard to accuracy of detail. But these objections were overruled, and I was urged to undertake the work. Rightly or wrongly, I allowed myself to be persuaded. Whether rightly or wrongly, my readers must now decide. I can only hope they will overlook faults, and not judge me too severely.

I must express my warm obligation to Mr. John Stark, O.B.E. (Assistant Commissioner of the City Police), for the valuable help he has given me in recording City experiences—help which was only a continuance of his loyal assistance in more important matters for very many years.

My son, Mr. W. G. Nott-Bower, has also aided me much in my work ; and I owe thanks also to Mr. F. Caldwell, C.B.E., M.V.O. (until lately Chief Constable of Liverpool), for kindly supplying me with much material to refresh my recollection of events in Liverpool ; and to Mr. James (Chief Clerk in the City Police Office) for furnishing me with records of Sport in the Police.

I am greatly indebted to Lord Ernest Hamilton for permission to reproduce the graphic description given in his book *Old Days and New* of our experience on Snowdon.

To other friends who have helped me I also offer my best thanks.

J. W. NOTT-BOWER.

RICHMOND, 1926.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
CHAPTER I	
EARLY DAYS	1
Birth—Parentage—York—North Wales—Preparatory School—Cheltenham.	
CHAPTER II	
A BRIEF ARMY CAREER	10
Royal Military College, Sandhurst—Life in the Army—Decide on a Police Career.	
CHAPTER III	
ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY	26
The Depôt in Dublin—Co. Limerick—Irish Hospitality—Two Murder Trials—Theatricals—Riots in Tipperary.	
CHAPTER IV	
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF LEEDS	40
The Corporation, and Watch Committee—Social Life—Trial of Charles Peace—Sir Frank Lockwood—Gladstone at Cloth Hall.	
CHAPTER V	
HEAD CONSTABLE OF LIVERPOOL	55
Politics in Liverpool—Prince and Princess of Wales open Docks—Duke of Albany at Croxteth—Death of Duke of Albany—Prince George in Liverpool—Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria—Other Royal Visits and Public Functions—Death of Queen Victoria.	
CHAPTER VI	
DYNAMITE OUTRAGES	70
Explosions at Police Section House and Town Hall—Bombs landed in Liverpool—Arrest, and Trial, of Criminals.	

CHAPTER VII

POLICE REORGANIZATION IN LIVERPOOL 86

Dublin Metropolitan Police Inquiry—Organization of Liverpool Police—Mounted Force—Police Inspections—Games and Athletics—Police Orphanage—Children in the Streets—Street Trading Regulations—Police-aided Clothing Association—Pay, etc., of Police Force.

CHAPTER VIII

HOSPITABLE SOCIETY 101

Society in Liverpool—Hospitality—Clubs—Bachelor Life—Snowdon—"The Mikado"—Marriage—Accidents in the Streets—Ambulances.

CHAPTER IX

WOMEN POISONERS 115

Case of Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins—Case of Mrs. Maybrick—Conviction, and Reprieve—Important Information obtained later.

CHAPTER X

DRUNKENNESS AND IMMORALITY 133

Temperance Agitators—"Free Trade" in Licences—Inspection of Public-houses—Memorials to Watch Committee—Royal Commission on the Liquor Licensing Laws—Brothels—Police Action—Statistics of other Towns—"Solicitation"—Changes of Police Policy.

CHAPTER XI

CRIMES AND SENTENCES 147

Crimes of Violence—"High Rip Gang"—Mr. Justice Day—Visits to Slums—Cases at the Assizes—Severe Sentences—Mr. Hopwood (Recorder of Liverpool)—Short Sentences—Great Dock Strike—Monster Processions—Calling-in of Military—Mr. Michael Davitt—Settlement of Strike.

CHAPTER XII

A GREAT IMPOSTURE 161

Extraordinary Impostures—John Hollis Yates—Estates in Chancery—Forgery of Bibles, Watches and Coffin-Plates—Police, 1835-1899—Progress in Nineteenth Century—Boer War—Lord Roberts in Liverpool—Lord Roberts, and Sir William Nott—End of Service in Liverpool.

CHAPTER XIII

CITY POLICE COMMISSIONER	171
------------------------------------	-----

Election as Commissioner of Police for the City of London—Position of Commissioner—City Hospitality—Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra—Visits of Foreign Sovereigns and Presidents—Funeral of King Edward VII—Coronation of King George and Queen Mary—The War, and After.

CHAPTER XIV

POLICE SPORTS	186
-------------------------	-----

Sport in the City Police—Tug-of-War—Swimming—Boxing—Wrestling—Athletic Sports—Financial Results—Cricket—Football—Quoits—Bowls, etc.—Ju-Jitsu—Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage—Visit of Prince of Wales—City Police and Service in Great War.

CHAPTER XV

VON VELTHEIM.	196
-----------------------	-----

A Romance of Crime—"Von Veltheim"—His Boyhood—At Sea—"Don Juan" Career—Bust at Trieste—Interview with Barney Barnato—Capetown—Johannesburg—"Kismet" Letters—Murder of Woolf Joel—Transvaal, etc.—Threats to S. B. Joel—Trial at Central Criminal Court—Subsequent Career.

CHAPTER XVI

FRAUDS AND FIRES	217
----------------------------	-----

Frauds in the City—Credulity of Victims—American Mining, Milling & Smelting Co.—La Chivia Mining Company of Denver, Colorado—Case of Bevan—Arson in the City—City Fire Inquests—Fire in Old Swan Lane.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BATTLE OF SIDNEY STREET	231
---------------------------------------	-----

Murder of Constables in Houndsditch—Anarchist Murderers—Composition of Gang—Death of Leader—King's Recognition of the Services of Police—Funeral of Murdered Constables—Tracing the Criminals—Presence of the Secretary of State—Impotent Legal Proceedings—Aliens in England.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CITY POLICE RESERVE	251
-----------------------------------	-----

Position of City in Times of Tumult—Special Constables—Police Reserves—Commandant of City Police Reserve—Inauguration of Force—Services during the War—Review by the King—Formation of "Ward Companies"—Value of a Reserve.

CHAPTER XIX

LONDON AIR-RAIDS	263
The Great War—Lord Haldane—Enemy Banks—Alien Registration—Air-raids on the City—Visit of the King—Conduct of East End Aliens.	

CHAPTER XX

POLICE STRIKES	283
Discontent in the Police—National Union of Police and Prison Officers—Police "Strike," 1918—Representative Committees—Continued Disaffection—"Desborough" Committee—Police "Strike," 1919—Police Federation—Question of Reinstatement of Police "Strikers."	

CHAPTER XXI

TRAFFIC AND POLICE AUTHORITY	303
London Traffic—Early Action of the City—Traffic Act, 1924—Traffic Advisory Committee—"Police Authority" of the City—Police Ambulance Service—London County Council Ambulances—Instruction of Police in "First Aid."	

CHAPTER XXII

ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCE	316
Organization of Police Forces—Number of Separate Forces—Different Systems of Administration—Employment of Police outside Own Jurisdiction—"Standardized" Pay—Appointment to Higher Offices in the Police—Suggested New Method—Final Retirement from Police Service—Received by the King.	
INDEX	333

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Sir William Nott-Bower, K.C.V.O.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
General Sir William Nott, G.C.B.	2
Charles Peace	44
T. Featherston, D. Deasy and P. Flanagan	78
Mrs. Maybrick	122
Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins	116
Von Veltheim	198
The Home Secretary at Sidney Street	234
Inspection of Police Reserve by the King	258

FIFTY-TWO YEARS A POLICEMAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

Birth—Parentage—York—North Wales—Preparatory School—
Cheltenham.

I was born at York on the 20th March, 1849. My father came of an old Yorkshire family, he was a D.C.L. of the University of Oxford and a Barrister-at-Law. He was at that time the Leader of the Bar in the Ecclesiastical Court of the Province of York, and was Archbishop's Advocate. My mother was the daughter of General Sir William Nott, G.C.B., who had commanded the "avenging" army which, in 1842, marched from Candahar, through the heart of Afghanistan, captured Ghuzni, and joined General Sir George Pollock, G.C.B., at Cabul. In 1843 my grandfather had received the honorary freedom of the City of London, an honour of special interest to me when, later, I became Commissioner of Police for the City.

My father and mother lived in York at an old house, known as Minster Court, situated under the very shadow of the grand old Minster. It was at one time a residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and it has now been pulled down. It adjoined the Deanery, the gardens of the two houses being only divided by a light iron railing. One of my earliest recollections is of the kindness of Lady Cock-

burn, the wife of the then Dean of York, who made us as free of her garden as we were of our own. She was (what at that time was more uncommon than now) an excellent amateur photographer, and we still possess photographic groups of ourselves as children, taken by her.

Society in York in those days was such as it is hard to realize now, ridiculously stiff, and most comically "exclusive." It consisted of the "Superior" Clergy, those who, like my father, were closely associated with them, a few of the County families immediately around York, the Officers of the Cavalry Regiment quartered in York, and few others. The "Inferior" Clergy, doctors, solicitors, bankers, etc., were not included in the charmed circle. Notwithstanding, however, the rigid line, within which we were bound to choose our friends, we as children did not have a bad time, and there were many parties and amusements. I remember even now some theatricals at the house of Canon Trevor, who was married to a granddaughter of the great David Garrick, and whose children must have inherited some of Garrick's histrionic talent, for they gave a performance of "Beauty and the Beast," excellently staged and performed. The Canon's eldest daughter took the part of the Beast, greatly impressing the younger portion of the audience.

In 1858, when I was nine years old, my father left York. Lord Westbury had carried a Bill through Parliament, transferring the major portion of the jurisdiction of the Provincial Ecclesiastical Courts to London. This deprived my father of the only important part of his practice, and he decided that it was not worth while to continue in York with a small Common Law practice only. He accordingly invested a considerable amount



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NOTT, G.C.B.

of money in the purchase of slate quarries in North Wales (a most unfortunate investment, as it turned out), and shortly afterwards left York to superintend their working.

We went to a delightful house—Penrhos, about two miles outside Carnarvon. This was, of course, an ideal change for boys, and the house, the grounds, and, above all, the rookeries, were a source of endless enjoyment. Here, at the early age of about ten, I was trusted alone with a double-barrelled gun, and though I was only supposed to shoot rooks, or magpies, I am afraid I could not resist a shot at a partridge, and the only marvel was that I did not add a younger brother or two to my bag. I also well remember long rides on my pony through the wonderful scenery of Snowdonia, and I acquired a love for the Welsh mountains, which I retain to this day.

Ecclesiastical traditions seemed to follow us to Wales, for I remember visits to us at Penrhos of the Bishop of Oxford ("Soapy Sam"), the Bishop of Bangor, and our old friend, Canon Trevor, whom we were always delighted to see.

When I was eleven years old, I was sent to the "Prep" School (or what served for one in those days) kept by the Rev. J. Lewis, Vicar of Colwyn. Colwyn was then only a small country village (there was no Colwyn Bay at that time, except the "water" of that name), and "Colwyn Station" was only a wooden platform, situated where Colwyn Bay Station now stands, a small public-house being the only house near it. I quite enjoyed my time at Colwyn. There were about ten boys in the house, the old Colwyn Vicarage, and my great friends were Charles Wynn, a younger son of Lord Newborough, and Charles Jones,

afterwards a solicitor at Carnarvon and Deputy-Governor of Carnarvon Castle, both of whom remained friends throughout life.

The only incident of those days which has left much impression on me was that of the washing ashore, almost into the midst of us when bathing, of the body of a sailor, who had been drowned at the wreck, a few days previously, off the coast of Anglesey, of the *Royal Charter*. I also remember being taken by Mr. Lewis to Holyhead, to see over the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship then built, and considered almost one of the wonders of the world.

When thirteen years of age I went to Cheltenham. My father and mother accompanied me there, and we stayed a week, *en route*, at Oxford, with my father's old coach, Dr. Cornish, later head of New Inn Hall. I am afraid I felt very homesick when I was left, landed at a great Public School. But, luckily, such feelings do not last long, and the three years I spent at Cheltenham went all too quickly.

Our great hero at the School, at that time, was Bob Reid (afterwards Earl Loreburn, and Lord High Chancellor), then, in our minds, an infinitely greater man, for he was Captain of Cricket, a member of the Football XV, champion for Racquets, winner of the Ladies' Prize at the Athletic Sports, a School Prefect, and ultimately a Balliol Scholar. Another very celebrated Cheltonian of those days, though just before my time, was Fred Myers, and it may interest any who knew him in his distinguished later life, to hear of his then great reputation as a school "poet." Even now, my memory recalls (I have no written record of them) some of his efforts.

"What man, what hero, or what Cheltenham Don
 Shall I select to write a line upon?
 Shall it be Dobson, he whom nothing can surprise,
 Or Turnbull, saucer-eyed to dignitise,
 Or Chinnery, famous for his golden hair,
 Or Newman, whose d——d's fill the air?
 No—it shall be a worthier theme than all.
 He whom gods—'Ellis,' but men—'Sambo' call.
 Infallible, uncheatable, alone,
 Sits Samuel Ellis on his wooden throne.
 The classes sit before him, and he jaws
 With energy deserving of a better cause.
 'You can't cheat me, you cheat yourself, and know
 None but a fool would think of doing so.'
 Luther is said to have seen the Prince of Evil,
 And thrown a heavy inkstand at the Devil.
 So Sambo, he whom everything 'annoys,'
 Once threw his inkstand at some little boys.
 The difference was this—that Luther hit,
 But purple Sammy—not a bit of it.
 Long live Sambo; may his end be blest;
 May he in death, if not in life, have rest."

Another long effusion by Myers, upon the same mathematical master (he evidently did not love mathematics) commenced:

"The people rise, the people fail,
 The great world rolleth on;
 Yet this truth remaineth ever:
 'The square of "wonn" is "wonn."'

So thinks Samuel, not the Samuel
 Who had Eli for his bonne,
 But the bigger Sam, who teacheth us:
 'The square of "wonn" is "wonn" ' ' '—

and concluded with the lines:

"This wild, triumphant battle-cry
 'Every power of "wonn" is "wonn." ' ' '

Among those with me at Cheltenham were "Rowley"
 Martin (who afterwards led the Cavalry charge at the

Battle of Omdurman) and his subsequent brother-in-law, Bob Auld (later Major-General and Governor of Jersey), both of whom were afterwards with me at Sandhurst, and were friends throughout life ; Sir John Dickinson, later Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, and Mr. Bullock, later Assistant Commissioner in the Metropolitan Police, both of whom I saw much of again in London when I became Commissioner of City Police ; Sir W. E. Garstin, Engineer of the great Nile reservoir ; and General Sir R. C. Hart, V.C. (who later was my predecessor in the Presidency of the Old Cheltonian Society).

Public school life was on a much rougher scale in the early 'sixties than it is now. Food was plentiful, but far from luxurious, and was always supplemented from "George's," the college tuck-shop. Discipline was pretty strict, though flogging was always somewhat discounted at Cheltenham. But the system of "impositions" was ruthless, and I, like most others, suffered from it. One Sunday, a few of us, probably more because it was considered so heinous an offence than from expected enjoyment from it, decided to indulge in a smoke. We purchased pipes and tobacco, and, in the afternoon, made for a certain sand-pit we knew of in the neighbourhood of Charlton Kings, where we thought we should be quite safe from detection. There we lighted up, and tried to imagine we were enjoying ourselves. When suddenly, out of the blue, a master appeared at the edge of the pit. He at once proceeded to confiscate pipes and tobacco, ordered us back to the house, and informed us we would be duly reported. I, for one, was not "feeling very well" when the master came up, and his advent completed my discomfiture. And next day I had to appear before the Head Master,

who, after dilating on the enormity of my offence, gave me, by way of imposition, the writing-out of the whole of the Greek Irregular Verbs, accents, etc., complete. And this task had to be carried out on half-holidays, on each of which "Impot School" was held for two hours under the supervision of a master, the book in which the impot was written being handed in to him at the end of the two hours, to be re-issued on the following half-holidays, till the task was complete. I had few free half-holidays for the rest of that term. I cannot think such punishments were good, either for health or temper. There are few boys who would not infinitely prefer a flogging, and probably profit far more by it.

Fights were not uncommon, and were usually settled, under strict supervision of the older boys, in the Racquet Court. Those I recollect were generally between small boys of thirteen or fourteen, and did not last long, just something to watch, but exciting no very great interest. The one exception I remember was a great fight between a very dark boy, named Farquharson (afterwards a tea-planter in Ceylon), and another whose name I cannot recall. Both were strong, well-built boys of sixteen, sound boxers and very evenly matched. I do not remember what was the cause of quarrel, but I know the fight did not come off in the Racquet Court, as usual, but in the playground, between the Chapel and the Junior School, probably because the space in the Racquet Court was too restricted for a fight the whole school wanted to witness. It was quite an Homeric contest, lasting, I think, for more than an hour. In all the earlier rounds there seemed to be little advantage to either combatant ; both received considerable punishment, principally facial, but with no

serious result. At last, however, Farquharson began to obtain the upper hand. He floored his opponent more than once, but the latter pluckily continued to come up to the scratch, until at last the seconds stopped the fight, and awarded the victory to Farquharson.

It may be a matter of surprise nowadays to think that the masters were all "quite unaware" of what was going on. Even the after facial appearance of the combatants did not appear to cause the smallest suspicion. And the prefects, and senior boys, considered that their only duty was to see fair play and secure the observance of the rules of the game. Times have changed, and probably for the better, but it is at least satisfactory to remember that these fights seemed to allay trouble and to end in good feeling. Certainly Farquharson and his opponent were afterwards the best of friends.

School-time comes only once in life, and mine was only short, for I was destined for the Army, and in 1865, when I was only sixteen years of age, I passed the examination for Sandhurst, and my school career ended, without any possibility of attaining either athletic or scholastic honours. Two of my sons, however, were also, in later years, at Cheltenham, so I have the reflected honours of Captain of Boats, Football XV, Cadet Captain of O.T.C., Swimming distinctions, School Prefect, University Scholarship, etc., with which I must personally rest content.

I never lost touch with my old School. I visited it at least once every term, when my boys were there. I have been, for very many years, a member of the Committee of the Old Cheltonian Society,

which, in 1914, did me the honour of making me its President. So, though sixty years have passed, I can still heartily echo the wish, "Floruit, floret, floreat."

CHAPTER II

A BRIEF ARMY CAREER

Royal Military College, Sandhurst—Life in the Army—Decide on a Police Career.

The Royal Military College at Sandhurst is a fine building, situated in a large and well-timbered Park, with ornamental and bathing-lakes, cricket and football grounds, and surrounded by open and healthy country—contrasting very favourably with the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in almost every respect. The College has, of course, been considerably extended since I joined it as a Cadet. The fine new Chapel has been built; and further Company rooms, as well as other additions required for the larger number of Cadets now under training, have been provided.

But the main features of the place remain unchanged. The Lodge entrance in the village of Yorktown, the drive past a large ornamental lake, and between lawns surrounded by trees, leading straight to the great central portico of the College, all remain just as they were sixty years ago. The wide flight of steps under the portico gives direct entrance to the Central Hall, from which access is had to all parts of the building. To the left, on entrance, there were, in my time, some College offices, an Officers' room, the Dining-Hall of "A" Company Cadets, and, beyond that, some lecture-rooms. To the right were the Dining-Hall of "B" Company

of Cadets, and further offices and lecture-rooms. Above these there were, on the first floor, the bedrooms, etc., of the two Companies. "C," the third of the Companies then existing, had accommodation in a wing of the building, running from the back of "A" Company block. In front, to the left of that block, was a short colonnade leading to lecture-rooms, etc., and finally to the house occupied by the Commandant. From the right of "B" Company quarters, a similar colonnade led to the Cadets' canteen, the Hospital, and finally the (then) Chapel. The gymnasium was a detached building beyond, and some way from, the Chapel. The Riding School, the stables, and Officers' houses, were to the back of the main building.

The government of the Royal Military College was nominally vested in a "Governor," always an old and distinguished General, who resided in a house, standing in its own grounds, not far from the College; but he was never seen by the Cadets, save on some very special ceremonial occasion, and appeared to take no part at all in their control or training.

The real, and visible, head of the establishment was the "Commandant," who (during the time I was at Sandhurst) was Colonel Hallewell, C.B., a fine old Crimean veteran, covered with medals, a strict disciplinarian, but approachable, and very popular. There was a Major in charge of each of the three Companies, assisted by a subaltern of long service. The subaltern of "A" Company, in my time, was a Lieutenant of over twenty years' service (it was in the old "purchase" days, and he had been purchased-over time after time), a jovial, friendly, kind-hearted soul, and weighing certainly over twenty stone. There were also an Adjutant,

Quartermaster, Riding Master, and a number of Officer and civilian Professors.

We did not, however, see much of our Officers, save at parades, drills or lectures, for they relied entirely, for the discipline and general management of the Cadets, upon the Under-Officers and Corporals appointed from amongst the Cadets themselves, an arrangement not unlike, but on an even more thorough-going basis than, the monitorial system of the great Public Schools, for it was strengthened by military discipline to support its authority.

There were four Under-Officers to each Company. The Senior (then known as the "Responsible") Under-Officer was undoubtedly looked to by every Cadet as the person responsible for the regulation of his duty, for the supervision of his conduct, for any privileges to be obtained, and for recommendation for promotion, when his turn came to be considered for Corporal or Under-Officer. The Under-Officers acted directly under the Responsible Under-Officer, and under them again were eight Corporals to each Company. The Under-Officers were almost always third-term Cadets, who had been Corporals in their second term. The Corporals were selected at the commencement of their second (occasionally of their third) term. The Cadets, during their first term, rejoiced in the designation of "Johns," and were (in spite of being "Officers and gentlemen") treated much as fags at school, having to make toast, fetch water, obtain and cook provisions for tea in the rooms, and generally do any job required by their seniors, especially for the Corporal, or other "Head" of their rooms.

"A" Company rooms were, as I have said, on the first floor of the Central Building. They were situated

on either side of an L-shaped passage. Four Cadets slept in each room, an ordinary barrack-room, with bare floors, wooden chairs, and barrack tables and beds. The rooms, however, were large and airy, with windows always open, day and night, summer and winter. At the angle of the L were situated the Company Reading-Room (or Lounge), and also that peculiarly Sandhurst institution, the "Tosh-Room." This was a long room, with draining-board floor, and a long row of taps down each side, with windows at the end, always kept wide open. It was the general Bath-Room for the Cadets. Each Cadet was provided with a sort of tin foot-bath, known as a "Tosh-Can," which was kept at the foot of his bed. At the "rouse" bugle each morning (though many left it to a much later minute), Cadets jumped out of bed, stripped, seized their tosh-cans, and rushed down the passage to the tosh-room. There they filled the cans, and generally, three or four standing back to back, emptied them over themselves, and then went quickly back to their rooms to dry and dress. Some of the older Cadets, to save themselves time in the morning, used to make their "Johns" fill their tosh-cans overnight, but this was not always an unmixed joy in the winter, when open windows caused them to be frozen over by the morning, and ice had to be broken before they could be used. "Toshing" was almost a religious observance at Sandhurst in my time, and woe betide any Cadet who neglected it, for he would soon find himself pulled out of his warm bed, during the night, carried in his night-clothes (and no fresh ones were available) to the tosh-room, and there getting a much greater dose of cold water than was agreeable under such circumstances.

On arrival at the Royal Military College, and reporting

at the Adjutant's office, I found myself allotted to "A" Company, given the number "A 19," under which number I continued during all my time at Sandhurst, and which I carried, embroidered on my forage-cap, tunic and undress jacket. I was soon able to accommodate myself to the ways and surroundings of my new life, and if I had to choose the most absolutely enjoyable eighteen months of my career, I should unhesitatingly fix on those spent at Sandhurst. The emancipation from some of the restrictions of School life, the feeling of being launched on the desired Army career, the strenuous open-air life, the close comradeship with "the best" of one's own age, the good health and high spirits of all, combined to make life at Sandhurst a time never to be forgotten.

The ordinary day's work consisted of an early drill under the Adjutant, followed by breakfast in the Dining-Hall. Then an hour's lecture, and afterwards the great function of the day—Commandant's Parade. For this, each Company (divided into two for parade purposes, commanded by the two Senior Under-Officers, with the two Junior acting as subalterns) was inspected by its Major, and then marched to the Parade Ground in front of the College, ready to receive the Commandant; and then followed about an hour's battalion drill. We paraded again at one o'clock, for middle-day dinner, with the Band playing "The Roast Beef of Old England," and were marched into our Dining-Halls. Dinner consisted only of roast, or boiled, meat, or Irish stew, with fruit tarts, or puddings. The service was peculiar: the servants put each dish down in front of the senior of the table, who proceeded to help himself, and then shove the dish on to the man on his left, who did likewise, so that the last man did not often come off with

titbits. After dinner, spare time, with cricket, football, etc., followed by more lectures and then late "tea" in our rooms. This consisted, officially, only of tea and bread-and-butter, but it was made *the* meal of the day by private additions, such as omelets, sausages, or even roast ducks, all cooked by the Johns. The Head of the Room always drank his tea out of the slop-basin (leaving his own cup to be used in place of it), and thus secured most of the original brew before the juniors got a look in. After tea, we generally made our way to the Cadets' canteen for smoke and talk, sometimes a sing-song, and occasionally a dance (with each other). Once or twice in the term a formal dance was given, when Cadets' sisters and cousins, and daughters of the Officers, were invited, and the College Band provided the music. Sometimes also theatrical performances were given, and I well remember the pronounced success in "ladies' parts" of Wyllie, a great friend of mine (afterwards Sir Curzon Wyllie, K.C.I.E., Political Aide-de-Camp to the Secretary of State for India, whose tragic assassination by an Indian student, at a soirée at the Imperial Institute, will be recalled).

Riding School used sometimes to take the place of early drill, or even of parade. This was always great sport, especially when we got outside with good jumping. The Riding Master, Captain Brooke, was quite a character. He was a magnificent horseman, an excellent instructor, a smart and dapper Cavalryman, and had a command of language that even a naval boatswain or a Billingsgate fishwife could have envied. I am afraid it is impossible to reproduce any of his really choice denunciations of our riding. I managed to become "leading file" of the "Board Ride" during my last term, and can never forget our inspection by the Duke

of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army. In pointing out, rather vigorously, his views on the best style of seat, His Royal Highness used me as an object-lesson, seizing my foot, twisting about my leg, and finally, to illustrate a bad seat, arranged by himself, tipping me nearly over on the off side of my horse. Talking of riding, too, reminds me of several long rides to Ascot, Windsor, etc., which I was fortunate enough to be given by the Commandant, Colonel Hallewell, who not only mounted me, but most kindly entertained me, on these occasions.

Among my particular friends at Sandhurst were—my old Cheltenham ones, “Rowley” Martin, and Auld; Laye (afterwards Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, which appointment unfortunately prevented his getting to South Africa for the Boer War, and thus seriously interfered with that subsequent promotion which had appeared so certain); Townshend (a splendid fellow, a good cricketer, Captain of both the Rossall and the Sandhurst Elevens, who succeeded me as R.U.O. and was killed in West Africa when quite a young Officer, a sad and premature close to a promising career); Egerton (afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Charles Egerton, G.C.B.), whom I met in London, and was able to congratulate on the very day he was gazetted as Field-Marshal; Cunliffe (who joined a Highland Regiment, and was afterwards a Chief Constable in Scotland); and Elliot (quite the youngest-looking and smallest “boy” at Sandhurst, afterwards a very smart Cavalry Officer, and Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. Now General Sir Edward Locke Elliot, K.C.B.). And also one other, whom I will call “W,” a friend who gave me one of the saddest and most painful experiences of my life. He was at that time one of the handsomest, most

popular and most promising of the Cadets at Sandhurst. He joined a good Regiment, and I lost sight of him for years. My next meeting with him was after I became Commissioner of Police in London. A card was brought up to me with the name "Major W., late —— Regiment." I was delighted, and he was at once shown in. Though still handsome and smartly turned out, I noticed his appearance indicated reckless living, and he at once began to tell me of his "misfortunes," finally asking for a loan of £5, which he said would so far help him as to enable him to take a job he had been offered. I could not refuse it, and gave him the money, asking him to let me have news of how he got on. I heard nothing more of him for about two months, when he again called at my office, this time showing evident signs of having been drinking, telling me a most doleful tale of how luck had been against him, and asking whether I could not now lend him £10. I was necessarily suspicious, and told him how sorry I was I could not do so without first making some inquiries. He gave me an address where he was staying, but no other information, and went away saying he had hoped more from our old friendship. I was very anxious to help him if I could, and asked the Charity Organisation Society to make some inquiries for me, saying I would find some money if they could advise it, and that I might be able to render aid in procuring employment. But the result showed how very hopeless the case was. It came out that he had had to leave his Regiment on account of some shady conduct, that he had ill-treated his wife (a very nice woman), and deserted her and his children, and that he made his living by frequenting low billiard-rooms, etc., and fleecing any unhappy innocent he could get hold of. Such a report, of course, made help impos-

sible, and the next I heard of him was that he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for a mean and contemptible fraud. The pity of it !

But to return to Sandhurst, where my time was drawing to a close. I have said little about our "studies," though, as exams drew near, we had to take them seriously, and often stayed up to very late hours to make up for time previously lost. My favourite study was Fortification, in which I worked under the well-known Colonel Lonsdale Hale, R.E., and for which I was fortunate enough eventually to win the First Prize. I well remember a redoubt we built, under the direction of an Artillery Major, taciturn and aloof, and rejoicing in the nickname of "The Sphinx." This redoubt possessed, at any rate in the opinion of the Cadets, every fault it was possible for a redoubt to exhibit. It continued to stand for many years, and was always known as "Sphinx' Folly." We also did a considerable amount of surveying, for which the country round Sandhurst might have been specially created. These two subjects, together with Mathematics, finally brought me safely through my examinations, where I found myself luckily to be in the third place on the list, and consequently one of five Cadets earning the honours certificate, which gave a "free" commission. The latter was a valuable prize in those old "purchase" days, as otherwise I should have had to pay £450 for my commission.

I was made a Corporal at the commencement of my second term at Sandhurst ; and in my third term I attained the supreme honour of becoming Responsible Under-Officer (R.U.O.). No position to be attained in after-life could give such an intense feeling of pride, or make one so important a man. It also secured for me,

on leaving Sandhurst, the "Sword of Honour," which was handed to me by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, at the inspection he held on the last day of the term.

That sword had a curious record. When I was leaving Sandhurst, I gave it over (with some other things) to my Yorktown tailor, Farrell, to take care of till sent for. Some two months later I wrote to have it sent on to me. Farrell strenuously denied ever having received it. I had no proof, save my own certain recollection, and perforce had to leave the matter there, deeply as I felt the loss. *Forty years later*, in 1907, when I was Commissioner of Police in London, I received a letter from Farrell's successors, saying that, in clearing out some old cellars, they had found a sword with (apparently) my name, and an inscription, embossed upon the blade, and adding that, if it were mine, they would be glad to forward it to me. I was overjoyed at recovering what I valued so highly, and which I never hoped to see again. So, after all those long years, the sword came back to me. If anything could make me prize it more than I did then, it was when, in 1914, my fourth son (now a Captain in the Royal Engineers) became S.U.O. at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and was awarded the "Sword of Honour" there, receiving it at the hands of His Majesty King George V himself. The two swords now hang crossed in my library; I imagine the only instance where father and son have both secured them.

Before leaving Sandhurst, I was the recipient of one more presentation, which gave me the deepest gratification and pleasure. On the evening of my last day, I was asked to come to the Dining-Hall, and there I found the Cadets of "A" Company informally assembled. With the kindest possible words, they handed me a

“service” sword, a gift from the Company, as “a token of friendship and regret at my departure.” I used the sword regularly throughout my Army life, as well as during my time in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and I can never cease to feel grateful for the kind thought that inspired so valued a gift. And so, with infinite regret, my days at Sandhurst came to an end.

After two months’ leave, I proceeded to Sheffield to join the *Depôt* of the 33rd (Duke of Wellington’s) Regiment, to which I had been gazetted. It was quite a “climb-down” from R.U.O. at Sandhurst, to become the junior Ensign in my Regiment, but life will on.

A soldier’s life at home in times of peace is not very eventful, and I have little to record regarding mine. Sheffield was a dirty, grimy town, without attractions. The Barracks were situated in its outskirts, with a rather low public-house opposite its main gates. Here crowds used constantly to gather for that most unsportsmanlike of sports—rabbit-coursing. The 14th *Depôt* Battalion, to which the *Depôt* of the 33rd was attached, consisted also of the *Depôts* of the two battalions of the 19th Regiment, of the two battalions of the 24th Regiment, and of the 55th Regiment. My great friend at Sheffield, outside my own Regiment, was Gonville Bromhead of the 24th. It was somewhat remarkable that when he and I went in together for our examination for promotion, I passed, and he failed. Yet it was not long before he was promoted to Captain and Brevet-Major in one day, without any examination at all, besides receiving the V.C. for his gallant conduct at Rorke’s Drift. Both the Captains of my own *Depôt*, the 33rd, were old Crimean men, one of them a constant sufferer from the effects of wounds received at the Alma.

I went to Sheffield with an introduction to the Gattys (Archdeacon Gatty was then Rector of Ecclesfield, and Mrs. Gatty was "Aunt Judy" so well known in those days). I received much kindness from them, and their son, Alfred Scott Gatty, used to come much to the Barracks, where his music and songs (largely his own composition) made him most popular. In later days, in London, I often used to see him, when he had become Garter King-at-Arms. Another general friend of the garrison was Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Watson, a Sheffield solicitor, a great sportsman, who had a charming hunting-box at Worksop, where he entertained generously, and often gave us mounts for a day with Lord Galway's hounds.

After a few months in Sheffield, I was sent to Northampton to undergo my musketry course, and should have found it pretty dull but for the fact that a brother subaltern had his home not far away, and was thus able to give me some good shooting, more appreciated than that at the Ranges.

In the meantime my Regiment was ordered to Abyssinia to take part in the campaign under Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Napier. It was a bitter disappointment to us juniors to be compelled to remain at the Depôt, and so lose what we thought to be an early chance of active service. But, after all, we did not lose much, for the campaign consisted only of a long march up to Magdala from the coast, practically no fighting, and then, almost immediately, the long march back to the coast.

Before the Regiment was due back from Abyssinia, our Depôt was ordered to Forts Rowner and Elson, at Gosport, and I shall always recall that as a disagreeable time, for we were in charge of all the band-boys, and

all the women and children, of the Regiment, a much more difficult lot to manage than ten times the number of soldiers. A small war counted for much in 1867, and when the Regiment disembarked at Portsmouth, it received quite a triumphal reception. The *Depôt* was now merged with the Regiment, which was quartered at Portsmouth, but shortly afterwards, on a reduction of its strength, I (as a junior) was transferred to the second battalion of "The King's" Regiment, then stationed at Aldershot.

At Aldershot we occupied huts in the South Camp, and went through the usual "grind"—heavy field days in the Long Valley, constant drill, Brigade Guards, Fire-Screen duty, etc., etc. Our principal relief was evenings in town, theatres, etc., and often return in the early morning by the (horribly dubbed) "Cold Meat Train," which conveyed funerals to Brookwood. Later the Regiment was moved to Ashton-under-Lyne, travelling by that wonderful War Office "Short-Cut"—rail to Portsmouth, round the Land's End by the old troopship *Urgent* to Liverpool, and thence rail again to Ashton.

After some time at Ashton, I obtained a Captain's commission in the old 5th West York Militia, and for two preliminary, and annual, trainings acted as Assistant Adjutant, and thus managed to put in six months, during the following two years, at Knaresborough, the headquarters of that Regiment. Colonel (afterwards Sir Robert) Gunter, of Wetherby, formerly a Captain in the 4th Dragoon Guards, was its Commanding Officer, and a better one it would be difficult for any Militia Regiment to have. He was efficient and energetic, popular and hospitable. My friendship with him procured me many a day's good shooting at Wetherby,

and later helped me very materially, when I became a candidate for the Chief Constableness of Leeds. His connection in the county enabled him to get the pick of it as his Officers, and among the subalterns were included—Lord Hawke, of cricket fame (a boy at Eton when he first joined the Regiment), together with Lascelles, Fitzwilliams, Blands, Ratcliffes, etc. My six months at Knaresborough were most enjoyable—hard work, but constant amusement, dinners, dances, theatricals, night rows on the river—always on the go. We had a subaltern in the Regiment, named de Burgh, who had a considerable amount of stage experience, was even for a time a manager, and was (at any rate, for an amateur) a remarkably good actor. He managed, though after some persuasion, to enrol me for the job, and I made my “first appearance on any stage” at the Knaresborough Town Hall, in theatricals given by the Regiment. We produced the “Dowager” and “Boots at the Swan.” I only played two small parts, I don’t think with much success; but—“once bitten,” the taste for theatricals stuck for some time, and afterwards I again indulged it in Dublin, Limerick, Foynes and Rathkeale.

A little later “The King’s” were moved to the Salford Barracks at Manchester, possibly a move for the better from Ashton, but certainly not an ideal place to be quartered in. The great excitement at that time was the “Abolition of Purchase,” which, it will be remembered, was, after being defeated in Parliament, carried out by Mr. Gladstone under the authority of a Royal Warrant. I cannot say “Abolition” was popular in the Army, and of course many feared (and not without reason) that it would mean serious pecuniary loss to themselves, when the time came for them to “sell out,”

and retire from the Army. But the system was absolutely indefensible, and was often the cause of grievous and heartbreaking injustice to poor men. It seems wonderful how it can ever have been instituted, much less allowed to continue for such long years. The only excuse that I ever heard urged for it was that it worked well, and brought young men to the top by its constant flow of promotion, without the cost to the Public which long service, pensions, etc., necessarily involve. But its abolition was a happy thing for the Army, and made possible that immense increase of efficiency which has since taken place.

And now I began seriously to consider what my future life should be. I had had a happy time in the Army, and disliked the idea of leaving it, but I could see no prospect of *real* service, and still less of any promotion which might promise a satisfactory career. I remember, at a later date, Frank Lockwood telling me it was a saying at the Bar that success could only be attained in three ways: (1) By the special interposition of Providence; (2) by marriage to a leading solicitor's daughter; or (3) by Quarter Sessions. He added that, as Providence had not seen fit to interpose for him, and as no solicitor's daughter had come forward, he had perforce to go to Sessions. In like manner, I came to the conclusion at this time that success in the Army could only be secured in three ways: (1) Interposition of Providence; (2) the possession of considerable private means, and influence; or (3) a great war. As in Lockwood's case, Providence showed no sign of interposing for me, I certainly had no private fortune, and as I saw not the slightest possibility of a great war, I felt I had not even the one chance of which Lockwood took such brilliant opportunity. So I seriously pondered

over future plans, with the result that I concluded that, next to the Army, a Police career was probably what would suit me best, and I determined to use every effort to obtain a start in the Police. I succeeded in my attempt, and, sorry as I was to leave the Army, I have never regretted the decision I reached.

CHAPTER III

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

The Dépôt in Dublin—Co. Limerick—Irish Hospitality—Two Murder Trials—Theatricals—Riots in Tipperary.

My father's old friend—the Right Honble. W. E. Forster—at that time Minister for Education, gave me, towards the end of 1872, a letter of introduction to Lord Hartington, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. The result was to procure for me, in a very few weeks, a nomination to a Cadetship in the Royal Irish Constabulary, which seemed to offer the most likely, and sure, approach to a successful police career. These nominations were very eagerly sought after, and needed some influence for *an Englishman* to secure, so I was specially fortunate in receiving one so promptly. As a consequence, I found myself, in January, 1873, at the Constabulary Dépôt in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and duly started on a police career which was to last for fifty-two years.

Life at the Dépôt was very similar, in most respects, to life in the Army. The Royal Irish Constabulary was, of course, an "armed" force, and Drill (of which necessarily I had little to learn), Parades, Duty as Orderly Officer, Riding School, the Officers' Mess, and Barrack Routine, made it hardly distinguishable from a soldier's life at home. But, in addition to this military training, valuable instruction was given in Criminal Law, and the

Law of Evidence, in police methods and procedure, in the preparation of police reports, the keeping of police accounts, etc., constituting altogether the most complete and practical (if not indeed the only) system of preliminary training for the duties of an Officer of Police, available anywhere within the United Kingdom.

I cannot, however, omit to record one wonderful piece of instruction conveyed at the *Depôt*, by an old and disgruntled Sub-Inspector then upon the Staff. He said: "Never neglect any routine duty. Never take any responsibility which you can avoid. Never attempt any job which is not strictly your own. Then you will have a happy time in the Police. But if ever you try to *do* anything, you will surely be *done*." One could never forget such valuable advice, and it has stuck in my memory ever since. I can only hope I have generally managed to apply it in a negative sense.

One also learnt at the *Depôt* to know the men (necessarily of a somewhat different class to the average Army recruit), and to know them was to appreciate them. They were a magnificent body, in physique no Guards Regiment could approach them, in the troubled times in Ireland not one of them ever "deserted his salt," and not a man of them ever left his Officers in the lurch, no matter how trying circumstances might be. It is a tragedy that that splendid Force no longer exists.

At the conclusion of about six months' training at the *Depôt*, I was transferred, as Sub-Inspector, to the charge of a large, and widely scattered, district, comprising all the north-western portion of Co. Limerick, and stretching from Glin, on the Shannon, on the west, to Adare and Ballingarry, on the east. My headquarters were at the little town of Rathkeale, and I had rooms at the small hotel of that place.

It was not long before I began to experience the full tide of Irish hospitality and kindness. The old Irish families were still "on the land," and the days of Charles Lever were hardly ended. Hunting, shooting, entertaining, dancing, hating work of any kind, restless, and enjoying life to the utmost, they were the most delightful of companions, and at once made a stranger one of themselves, their only complaint of him being that he would not avail himself even more of their open-handed hospitality. They expected me, without notice, to quarter myself, my horse, my groom, upon them for any length of time, and if I ever demurred to taking the fullest advantage of their kindness, they used to say, "How English you are!" They also used amusingly to chaff my "English accent."

A typical old Irish family was that of the Blennerhasset, of Riddlestown Park, near Rathkeale. Mrs. Blennerhasset was a daughter of a former Knight of Glin. The park was large, entered by a "tumble-down" Lodge, and a long drive overgrown with grass led to the house. The large entrance-hall was filled with tables, littered with newspapers, novels, hunting-crops, walking-sticks, hats and coats, in endless confusion; chairs with broken legs, and rickety cabinets loaded with priceless china, never cared for, and never dusted. The household consisted of only two or three good-natured, but absolutely inefficient, servants, though devoted to the "ould" family. At Riddlestown there was always the most cordial of welcomes and the truest hospitality—the best of everything that was going, a good bottle of claret after dinner, which was at once whipped off the table the moment the ladies disappeared and replaced by a bowl of steaming whisky punch. The one thing always lacking was "money," but that did not seem

to affect life. The son, one of the best men with the Co. Limerick Hounds, was always splendidly mounted, as also was the daughter, and old Mr. Blennerhasset kept open house for every one, rich or poor.

The Massys, who also lived near Rathkeale, and were connections of the Blennerhassets, lived in somewhat similar fashion, though perhaps not quite so much *à la* Charles Lever. Old Mrs. Massy was a widow, the place belonging to her son, who, together with two other sons and a large family of daughters, all resided with her and were ready at any time for sport, dances, theatricals, and every sort of fun. One daughter, Diana (prophetic name), was a magnificent horsewoman, always to the front with the hounds, and quite accomplished in bare-back riding and circus tricks. A young fellow, a very hard rider, from whom she loved to take a line, had, on more than one occasion, rescued her from falls, due to her reckless riding. He was not as attracted by her as she was by him, and one day, after pulling her out of a deep wet ditch, where her horse had been on top of her, he was heard to remark, in a most serious and lugubrious tone, "Good God, what have I done that it should always be my fate to rescue this woman?" She was, however, a great favourite of Sir David Roche, the Master of the Co. Limerick Hounds, who gave her a lovely chestnut mare, probably the best mount she ever had. She was a good sort, a typical wild Irish girl.

And in such company, with hunting, exceptionally good snipe-shooting, a fair amount of general rough shooting, tennis and constant amusement of every sort, it may be imagined that life in Co. Limerick was far from unenjoyable.

Times were quiet, too, and police work was not exacting. But my time in Rathkeale was to give me my first real

police experience. I was playing football in a field close to the town, where L'Estrange Duffin (the County Surveyor) and I were trying to teach Young Ireland the Rugby game—an effort, by the way, which ultimately led to the formation of the Co. Limerick F.C. Suddenly, a great commotion arose among the spectators, watching the game from the road adjoining the field. Running over, in football dress as I was, I found a man in the road, stabbed in the groin, and evidently in a very serious condition. A doctor present told me he could not live long, and he himself realized his condition. No magistrate was available, no time was to be lost, so I at once proceeded to take his “Dying Declaration.” He named his assailant, a man named Sheehy, who lived near him at Askeaton, and with whom he had long been quarrelling. He said Sheehy came up, and abused him, and after hot words, stabbed him, and ran away. Close to the spot where he was lying a knife was picked up, stained with blood, and bearing Sheehy’s name. A few hours later the man died. Sheehy in the meantime had disappeared, and was for some weeks after “on the run” in the Tipperary mountains, but was at last arrested. He was put on his trial for murder at the ensuing Limerick Assizes, when I produced and proved the “Dying Declaration.” There, notwithstanding the almost conclusive character of the evidence, the jury brought in the usual Co. Limerick verdict of “Not Guilty.” The Judge thereupon said that, “In all my experience at the Bar, and on the Bench, I have never known so flagrant a violation of an oath.” This remark brought the case into public notice, for a question was put, in the House of Commons, to the Prime Minister as to whether it was part of a Judge’s duty to stigmatize a jury in this fashion, to which Disraeli replied that

“It was no part of the duty of the Prime Minister to lay down what a Judge should or should not say, from the Bench.”

Another case at this time, and one which again illustrated the impossibility, no matter what the evidence, to get an Irish jury to convict in cases of violence, was not without its comic aspect. “Faction Fights” were then the regular accompaniment of all fairs, and meetings, about the borders of Limerick and Tipperary. These were simply the result of a “blood-feud.” Rumour had it that, in the Dark Ages, two men had a dispute about the age of a heifer. One asserted she was three years old, the other that she was certainly four. Words were followed by blows, and in the fight one of the men was killed. His relations at once sought out, and killed, his assailant. Reprisals followed from his side, and thus from generation to generation, the descendants of these two men, now divided into the two factions of “Three-Year-Olds” and “Four-Year-Olds,” never met in fair or market without a fight. The favourite weapon was always at hand. One of the long woollen stockings worn was whipped off, and a stone knotted in the heel. This was slung round with reckless violence, and woe betide any whose head came in contact with it.

One day, during a fair held at Nenagh, after much fighting, and much whisky, many went to sleep in the tents. A few, who were still sober enough, wandered round the fair, and if they saw a head showing under the canvas of an “enemy’s” tent, naturally took a “whack” at it. One of these whacks proved fatal, and the assailant, being fully identified, was afterwards placed upon his trial. The jury found the *usual* verdict—Not Guilty. The Judge turned to the jury and said, “Is that your verdict, gentlemen?” To which the

foreman replied, " Yes, my Lord, the jury are of opinion that a man with a skull as thin as an egg-shell had no business in the fair of Nenagh."

Shortly after this, I moved my headquarters to Foynes, on the Shannon, which was a more convenient centre from which to work my large district. Here, I was fortunate to be able to rent a charming small house (belonging to Miss C. O'Brien, a niece of Smith O'Brien), known as Ardanoir (Golden Heights). It was situated in a cleft of the hills, the sides of which were simply covered with golden gorse. It had lovely views over the Shannon and its islands, on one of which was the residence of Mr. Stephen de Vere. My stables were on the roadside at the foot of the drive to the house, and here I generally had two good horses, under the care of a groom, considered one of the best in the county, and who was well satisfied with wages of 12s. a week and livery, keeping himself. He was, too, a first-rate judge of a horse, and thanks to him (aided of course by the then conditions in the county) I was able to enjoy excellent hunting, at an *absurdly* low cost. Foynes itself was in a stone-wall country, hunted by the Askeaton Harriers, but it was not far to get into a country of big banks, and large meadows, hunted by the Co. Limerick Hounds, then under the Mastership of Sir David Roche of Croom. Of course, there was excellent salmon-fishing in the Shannon and some of its tributaries, but I was never a fisherman, and contented myself with buying salmon at the then current price of 6d. a pound. I was, however, well off, for shooting of every kind was always obtainable, the snipe-shooting especially being far above the average. At Cahircon, on the opposite (Co. Clare) bank of the Shannon, Colonel White possessed probably the finest woodcock-shooting in the kingdom—

large bags of cock being obtained. I am told, however, that subsequently, he laid down pheasants at Cahircon, which appeared to have driven off the cock, or at all events reduced them considerably. If true, it is a pity to have secured a second-rate pheasant preserve, at the cost of an absolutely unique cock-shoot.

Distances in Ireland do not count for much, as is indeed proved by the length of an Irish mile. I remember once driving forty miles through the mountains in an outside car, for a dance, returning for a late breakfast the following morning. Hunting and shooting often involved almost similar distances. Tennis, too, was beginning to take a hold on Co. Limerick, and tennis-parties were numerous.

The Knight of Glin and Madam Fitzgerald, who lived at Glin Castle on the banks of the Shannon, about ten miles from Foynes, were great friends of mine. The Knight was a fine-looking man, an Irishman of the old school, a magnificent host, generous and hospitable. Madam Fitzgerald was English, and one of the most charming women I ever met. They had two delightful boys, then about ten or twelve years old, one the present Knight of Glin, named Desmond, the other Urmston, afterwards an officer in the Royal Artillery, who died young in India. Madam Fitzgerald was most anxious to get these boys to an English Public School. The Knight did not object, but would not undertake the trouble of the necessary inquiries, and arrangements. Madam Fitzgerald asked my help, with the result that both boys soon after went to Cheltenham. As was then not unusual in old Irish county families, the Knight's younger brothers had had little education, and never entered any profession or business (the Army would have been looked on as the only *possible* career). They

lived in villages, not far from Glin, more or less upon the Knight's bounty, but with incomes eked out by salaries as "Barony Cess Collectors," with gradual loss of social position and with disastrous moral results. The want of energy, or desire, on the part of younger sons of Irish families, to make their own way in the world and to strike out a future for themselves, was one of the deplorable symptoms of that time.

One of the great attractions of Foynes was the fact that H.M.S. *Valiant*, the headquarter ship of the Coast-guard for Southern and Western Ireland, was permanently stationed in the Shannon, only a mile away from the landing-stage in the village. Many of the married Officers lived ashore, and they and the Officers generally made a welcome addition to local Society. Among my nearest neighbours were Captain (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet) Nowell Salmon, V.C., then commanding the *Valiant*, and Mrs. Salmon, who took a house at Foynes. They were keen on hunting and every sort of sport, entertained much, and were always to the fore in initiating, or joining, every form of amusement, whether dances, tennis, or theatricals. I remember an Irish girl once pressed Captain Salmon as to how he won the V.C., and his reply—"Only by playing 'possum." I don't know whether this satisfied her. Of course he gained it during the Indian Mutiny, when he was A.D.C. to Peel, with the Naval Brigade. He climbed a tree, under very heavy fire from close range, taking a rifle and ammunition with him. He dodged behind trunk and branches, firing at a party of native soldiers, who were guarding a bridge, and delaying the approach of our troops, and thus enabled them to cross the bridge and blow open the door of the Fort.

I mentioned my liking for theatricals, started when

with the 5th West York Militia. I continued to indulge my taste in Dublin, where I acted several times, under an assumed name, at the old Theatre Royal ; and now, at Foynes, I found the Salmons even more keen than I was, and between us we arranged some very successful theatricals at the Foynes Court House, where we played "Anything for a Change" and "A Regular Fix," in which latter I took the part of De Brass. As the omnipotent dramatic critic of Foynes (the local Clerk of Petty Sessions) was complimentary enough to say my performance was "more that of a professional than of an amateur," I conclude it gave satisfaction.

Twice every year, on each of the two days of the Munster Fair, the Limerick County Amateurs and Officers of the Garrison combined to give performances at the Limerick Theatre Royal, the ladies' parts being generally (though not invariably) filled by professionals, brought down from Dublin. At these performances we gave "The Secret Agent," "Still Waters Run Deep," "All that Glitters is not Gold," "Dearest Mama," "A Regular Fix" and many other plays, in nearly all of which I took part. In connection with these performances, I must mention one very amusing episode. Newnham Davis, of "The Buffs" (afterwards so well known in London as "The Dwarf of Blood" of the "Pink 'Un," and a great writer on gastronomy), took the part of Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep." The Limerick papers were not rich in dramatic critics and Davis volunteered to "double the parts" of actor and critic. He wrote a long and elaborate criticism of the acting, describing his own performance as "distinguished by capital conception of the character of Mildmay, shown especially in the love-scenes with Mrs. Sternhold, and in the suppressed power exhibited in the office scene with Hawksley,

altogether a remarkable performance." As, however, he was good enough to award me an (of course more restrained) meed of praise for my rendering of Hawksley, I had no cause for complaint, though much for mirth at the thought of our friends reading the "independent" description of our dramatic talent.

A most comical performance, in which I took a very small part, was one of "The Colleen Bawn" at the Rathkeale Court House. A more impossible play for amateurs, a more impossible stage to attempt it on, it would indeed be difficult to imagine, and how we were not howled down by laughter, I cannot think. The one redeeming feature was the admirable (and natural) Irish accent of most of the players, and the excellent singing of the Irish Ballads by Miss Massy.

The Morgans of Shanagolden Abbey, about three miles from Foynes, were friends with whom I often dined and played tennis. The Abbey was supposed to be haunted, and many weird tales were told of happenings there. I remember well two Officers of the *Valiant* staying the night there, when pouring rain had come on after dinner. They could only be accommodated in the haunted room, to which, joking and without demur, they retired, with whisky and smoke. In the middle of the night they got up and left the house, and walked, through a terrific storm, to Foynes, waiting there three hours for the morning boat for the ship. They always refused to say anything as to the reason of their action. Whether they saw the ghost, and objected to him, or whether they were simply "pulling the leg" of the neighbourhood, we never learnt. They preserved absolute silence.

I ought also to mention another friend of a different class—Jerry Flynn—a typical Irish "jarvey," on whose

car I often drove. He was full of Irish wit, and good humour, and always appeared perfectly happy with his earnings from his car, and his surroundings. He lived in an extraordinary cottage on the outskirts of the village. The cottage was a large one, almost a barn, with a mud floor, and in it resided, not only Jerry, his wife and three children, but also his horse stabled in one corner, a pig littered in another, and numerous chickens roosting on the rail round the top of a very large four-poster bed, upon which Jerry and all his family slept. And yet all of them managed to keep in the rudest health and exuberant spirits.

My work at Foynes was only heavy on account of the distances I had to cover in order to inspect my stations—not only by day but also by night—to attend Petty Sessions in outlying districts, or to visit scenes of outrage. These duties often entailed drives of forty or fifty miles, but I found “open house” everywhere, and refreshment and lodging always generously extended.

During my time at Foynes, I was ordered to proceed, in charge of an armed party of sixty Police, to Tipperary, where rather serious riots were taking place, during a parliamentary election, when Mitchell, the well-known Fenian leader, contested the county. Blake (afterwards Sir Henry Blake, G.C.M.G.) was Sub-Inspector at Tipperary at that time, and was in general command of the Police. For the few days I remained in Tipperary, I lived with Blake, at the Tipperary Club. He was excellent company, and sang the best of Irish songs (owing to which accomplishment he almost lived at the Viceregal Lodge, when Lord Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant). He afterwards married a daughter of Bernal Osborne, a sister of the Duchess of St. Albans, and finally became Governor of Jamaica. We always remained friends,

and he came constantly to see me in London on his regular visits to the City. King Edward honoured him with his friendship and always had a liking for him.

We had a fairly warm time whilst I was in Tipperary, constant rioting going on. The favourite weapon used against the Police was a soda-water bottle, loaded with gunpowder and nails, and with a lighted squib in the neck of the bottle. This, the rioters thought, must surely be effective. But, though perhaps a little alarming, these "bombs" did little, if any, harm. I do not think we had a man injured by them, unless as by a stone. Hand-to-hand fights with the mob were more difficult, but at last we got the better of them, and peace prevailed in Tipperary once more.

On another occasion I took 100 men for duty in Newry one 12th July (anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne), but there was no serious rioting, and we had little trouble. Later, I took another party of 100 men to Lisburn for a 15th August, but there, too, everything passed off quietly. These were my only experiences of the "Black North." It was a curious position there, Catholics and Protestants living together on good terms throughout the year, and suddenly "going mad" when these anniversaries came round.

My time at Foynes ended in the latter part of 1876, when I left Limerick, with regret, to take over command of No. 2 (Ulster) Company, at the Constabulary Dépôt in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Thus I was once more in an entirely "military" occupation—drill, training of recruits, Officer of the day, etc. I also came in for the full swing of Dublin society—balls and parties at the Castle, dinners, dances, tennis; never an hour without amusement. Otherwise, life was absolutely uneventful.

But, early in 1878, I heard that the Chief Constableness of Leeds was about to become vacant, owing to the appointment of Mr. Henderson as Chief Constable of Edinburgh. The pay offered was simply ridiculous, considering the importance of the town, the strength of the Police Force, and the heavy responsibility of the office—indeed, it was *nominally* hardly more than I was receiving as a Sub-Inspector in Ireland, whilst, considering the surroundings and the necessarily increased expenses, it was *actually* considerably less. But I realized that an important command, such as it was, was just the necessary stepping-stone towards a successful police career, and I therefore decided to become a candidate. To secure a chance of election, a pretty strenuous canvass was necessary, and I succeeded in my efforts mainly owing to the strong, and friendly, support of Sir E. H. Carbutt, then Mayor of Leeds, of M. W. Thompson (an old friend of my father's, a director of the Midland Railway, and formerly M.P. for Bradford), and of Colonel Gunter of Wetherby (my old Militia Commanding Officer) who had one or two tenants who were members of the Leeds Town Council. So, in May, 1878, I commenced my police life in England, as Chief Constable of Leeds.

CHAPTER IV

CHIEF CONSTABLE OF LEEDS

The Corporation, and Watch Committee—Social Life—Trial of Charles Peace—Sir Frank Lockwood—Gladstone at Cloth Hall.

I found life at Leeds a great change from the free, open-air life and the enjoyable surroundings in Ireland; and of course the conditions of my work were very different from the military, or semi-military, conditions to which I had been accustomed in the Army, and in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Its amount, its character, and its responsibilities, were necessarily considerably heavier, and "office" work loomed large. The greatest difficulty, however, was to manage to work efficiently and harmoniously with the Watch Committee, who could interfere in almost every detail, and required considerable care and tact to get on with. The position was made none the easier by the vagaries and the speeches of members of the Town Council who were *not* members of the Watch Committee, but who were always trying to interfere in matters of which they had no knowledge. The members of the Leeds Town Council were, many of them, men of high character and intelligence, well qualified for public work, and for them one felt respect, mingled with regret, that their work was often (it must be remembered I am speaking of forty-seven years ago, not of the present day) hampered by others who had no qualification for public office save blatant tongues and ignorant supporters. An amusing speech delivered in

the Leeds Town Council will illustrate the type of person to which I refer. The Watch Committee, when there was a vacancy in the office of Chief Constable, recommended the offer of a salary of very low amount, far smaller than other towns of similar, or lesser, size than Leeds were paying. But even this low amount was not low enough in the sight of certain self-dubbed "economists," and a Mr. Councillor Scarr (who was a fruit-dealer, and who auctioned figs in the Leeds Market on Saturday nights) moved an amendment to reduce the amount by £100. In the course of his speech, he delivered himself of the following delicious remarks :

"The office of Chief Constable isn't worth the figure. We'd 'ave lots of applicants if we put it up at 'alf the wages. We don't want one of these 'ere *Gentlemen*, who can play lawn tennis and go a-fishing, or make a nice bow in the Mayor's drawing-room, or say 'Ow-d'ye-do without dropping 'is H's. What we want is a man as can catch a thief when a chap's 'ouse is broken into."

And it may be imagined that having to deal with men of this calibre did not make a Chief Constable's work any the easier.

But "Billy" Scarr was not at heart a bad sort, and personally I always managed to get on with him. I believe he was an honest man ; and that later he came to be appreciated by his fellow-townsmen, is proved by the fact of his election some years afterwards to be Mayor of Leeds. But there were others who had "axes of their own to grind," and could hardly be considered as even honest. A certain tradesman, who was a member of the Town Council, tried to use his position to secure from me the services of a police constable to do duty

opposite his shop door, to render assistance to him and his customers. In other words, he wanted to be provided with a sort of door-porter, at the expense of the Public. I naturally refused his request. He pressed it hard, almost threatened me, and, for the remainder of my time in Leeds, he always "had his knife into me," and tried to thwart me in every possible way. The methods of some members, too, in dealing with contracts, was not all that it might have been, or always above suspicion. However, I had some strong supporters upon the Watch Committee, and managed to maintain my position and effectively to carry on my duties.

I found social life in Leeds considerably pleasanter than official, mainly owing to my good fortune in being made successively an honorary member of the Mess of each Cavalry Regiment stationed in Leeds during the time I was there—the 21st Lancers, the 5th Dragoon Guards, and the Inniskilling Dragoons. During the greater portion of my time (including all the earlier part) the 21st Lancers were in Leeds, and my old Cheltenham and Sandhurst friend, "Rowley" Martin, was then a Captain in the Regiment. To him I largely owed the more than friendly reception the Regiment gave me. With it I practically made my home, and I shall always feel grateful for their hospitality. Their Mess, their coach, their companionship, were always mine. I kept in close touch with the Regiment for many years. I again lived with them for a time in 1882, when they were quartered at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, and when I was called to Dublin from Liverpool, in connection with Irish police troubles. I always had some of them staying with me for every Grand National after I went to Liverpool, and finally

Captain Matthews, who joined the Regiment at Leeds, as a subaltern, acted as best man for me on my marriage. He was at that time A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and subsequently himself married Lady Parker, mother of the Earl of Macclesfield.

I had also many friends within reach of Leeds, from whom I used to get shooting and much tennis—Kennedy, the noted Alpine climber, Tennant of Scarcroft, a former M.P. for Leeds, the Marshalls of Headingley, the Edward Salts of Saltaire, the Fawkes of Leathley, Harrison, a man known with the Bramham as “Timber Dick,” Colonel Gunter of Wetherby, and many others. The Leeds Club, too, was a centre of good fellowship (and of good port) and had a large membership from both town and county, including that grand old sportsman—George Lane-Fox, Master of the Bramham. So I managed to lead a very pleasant private life in Leeds.

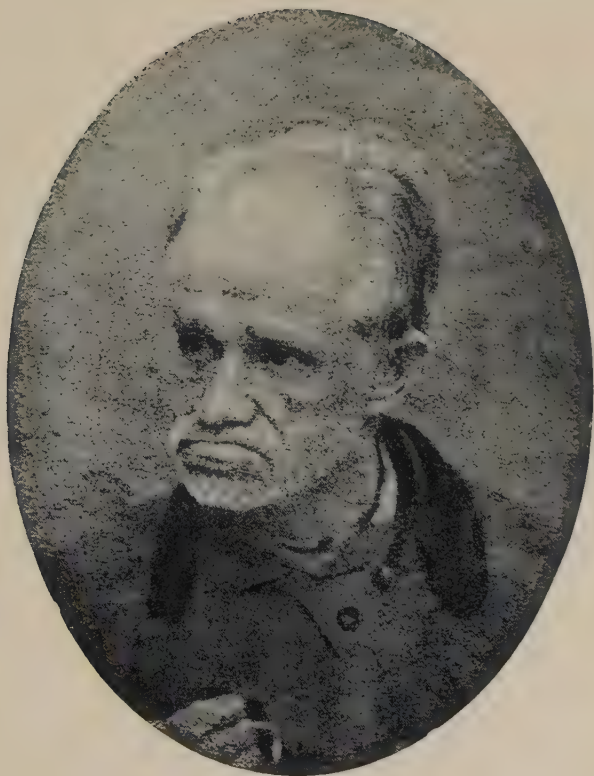
To return, however, to public work. During the short time I was in Leeds, I had to do with few criminal cases of outstanding importance. One, however, with which I was concerned was that of Charles Peace, probably as remarkable a criminal as the police history of this country has known. The career of this lifelong burglar, multiple murderer, and arch-hypocrite, was terminated by his execution at Armley Gaol, on the 28th February, 1879.

In 1877 Peace was living at Peckham, under the name of Johnson. He resided in a large house in the best part of Peckham, a house beautifully furnished, the plate, jewellery and most of the furniture being the proceeds of burglaries. He had the reputation in the neighbourhood of being a well-to-do and highly respect-

able man. He was Churchwarden of the church he attended, and was supposed to be extremely religious. He entertained his neighbours, gave musical parties, and was himself quite a fair musician. He possessed a valuable grand piano ; and also had a fine collection of Cremona violins, all obtained by burglary. In fact, he was most respected and popular in Peckham. And all this time nearly every one of his nights was occupied in burglary, involving probably more than one murder.

His wonderful confidence and impudence are well illustrated by the following excellent story, told by Major Arthur Griffiths (who received it from Peace himself, when in gaol). Peace once went into a chemist's shop in Peckham, smoking an excellent cigar. The chemist said, "That's a first-rate cigar, Mr. Johnson. Where did you get it?" Peace replied, "Stole it." (The absolute truth.) The chemist said, "I wish you would steal a few of the same sort for me," and Peace replied, "I shall be only too happy to do so." Some weeks afterwards Peace, at a house he had broken into, found a lot of very good cigars, and secured them along with other property. He later called on the chemist; to whom he handed a box of these cigars, saying, "You see, Mr. X., I have not forgotten my promise. I have stolen these for you." The chemist laughed heartily at the joke, and thanked Mr. Johnson profusely for his generous present.

Probably one cause of Peace's long and successful career in burglary was the fact that he always acted alone. He confided in no one, he would have no partners, he worked single-handed, and was therefore never exposed to the risk of betrayal. There is no doubt he had a perfect genius for his profession ; he was original



CHARLES PEACE.

in his methods, an artist in disguises, absolutely unscrupulous, and always, on his expeditions, carried a loaded revolver strapped to his wrist, which he did not hesitate to use, and to use murderously, when occasion required.

Thus, for years, he escaped capture, and lived in the "halo of sanctity." His capture at last was due to the marvellous courage and tenacity of a constable in the Metropolitan Police Force, named Robinson, who was stationed at Blackheath. It might almost have been called an "accident," the odds were so enormously against the constable. On the 17th November, 1878, Robinson was on ordinary night duty in streets adjoining the Common. Observing that a house in St. John's Park showed signs of having been broken into, he entered it and found Peace in the house. He attempted to arrest him, but Peace fired at him five times with his revolver, wounding him severely. Notwithstanding his wounds, the constable continued his desperate hand-to-hand struggle, finally succeeding in throwing Peace to the ground. Peace then drew a large sheath knife, and attempted to stab the constable, who, however, at last managed to overpower him, and put on handcuffs. With the help of other constables, who by that time, in response to Robinson's whistling, had arrived, Peace was removed to the police station. Surely many a V.C. has been won by valour less conspicuous than that of this unarmed policeman, struggling alone, in the dead of night, with this doubly armed and desperate burglar.

When taken to the station, Peace was found to have his face stained a dark colour, and he stated he was an American half-caste, and that his name was John Ward. He refused any further information about him-

self. The police at once began full and careful inquiry, and after long and patient investigation, they at last discovered that "Ward" was actually Mr. Johnson, that highly respected Peckham resident. He was duly tried for burglary, and for the murderous assault on Robinson, was found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

After his conviction for these crimes, the police continued to make close and detailed inquiries as to the antecedents of Mr. Johnson, with the result that it was at last ascertained that Johnson, *alias* Ward, was really one Charles Peace, who was wanted for the murder of a Mr. Dyson, at Sheffield, in 1876, but who (it was believed) must have made away with himself, after committing the murder. Peace was therefore ordered to be removed from Pentonville, to take his trial at Leeds for this murder.

Whilst being conveyed to Leeds, under escort, in a reserved compartment of an express train, Peace made a desperate effort to escape. When the train was nearing a place called Shireoaks, without the smallest warning, Peace, evading his warders, managed to throw himself head-first from the window of his carriage whilst the train was travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. One of the warders just managed to seize his foot as he was disappearing through the window, but Peace's struggles and weight combined enabled him to shake free, and he fell on to the line. The train was stopped in a mile or so, and the warders and others ran back to where Peace had fallen. There they found him, lying senseless, with a broken leg, and other injuries. His action showed the desperate and reckless character of the man, but of course he probably felt satisfied that his time was up, and that only hanging remained for him

should he have to take his trial. His injuries were so serious that some two months elapsed before he could be brought to Leeds, but on the 4th February, 1879, he took his place in the dock, charged with the murder of Arthur Dyson, at Sheffield, on the 29th November, 1876.

At the trial Peace was proved to have been in the yard of Dyson's house about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of that day. Mrs. Dyson stated that she opened the door of the house to go into the yard at that time, and saw Peace standing in the yard. He faced her with a revolver, and called out, "If you speak, I will fire." She screamed loudly, and rushed back into the house, banging to the door. This, and her screams, alarmed her husband, who, she said, came down, opened the door and went into the yard, she following him. Peace was then going down the passage leading to the high-road. Her husband followed, and just near the end of the passage Peace fired at him, but missed hitting him. At the steps at the end of the passage, Peace turned about, and again fired at her husband. This time the bullet struck him in the left temple. He fell, and never spoke again. He died at 10.30 the same evening.

Nothing was again seen, or heard, of Peace until after his arrest and conviction for the Blackheath crime.

There was doubt thrown at the trial, as to whether the visit to Dyson's house was for the purpose of burglary. Questions were put to Mrs. Dyson, in cross-examination, as to suggested acquaintance with Peace and quarrels with her husband on the subject. And it was also suggested to her that her husband was shot in the course of a struggle of which she was the cause. This

was denied, and her statements as to what occurred in the yard and passage were corroborated by neighbours, who heard the screams and the shots, heard no indication of a struggle, and saw Peace leaving the passage. Peace was most ably defended by Mr. Frank Lockwood (afterwards Sir Frank Lockwood, Solicitor-General), but nothing could save him, and he was convicted and sentenced to death.

Whilst in custody, in the police cells under the Leeds Town Hall, Peace never seemed to lose his vitality or his hypocrisy. He constantly gave advice to his warders, pointed to his own horrible example, beseeching them to take warning by it and lead good lives—in fact, he preached far better sermons than are often heard in church. He had a most extraordinary power of facial expression, and a favourite amusement of his was to put his head out of his cell, saying to his warder, “Now take a good look at me, so that you can be sure of identifying me.” He would then withdraw his head, looking out again a moment later, with face completely changed, and saying, “Now, as an honest man, will you swear to me?” He was visited in prison by many relatives (who it was thought turned up hoping he had money to leave). To them also he preached assiduously, warning them to lead good lives, and reminding them of the fate which always awaited evil-doers. It is to be hoped they profited by his advice; they certainly profited in no other way.

There was every reason to believe that Peace had committed several other murders in the course of his burglarious career, but most of these could never be brought home to him. Of one, however, that of Police Constable Cock, at Manchester, in July, 1875, Peace made full confession whilst in Armley Gaol, and thus enabled

an innocent man to be released. The facts of the case were that the police constable was found lying speechless and dying, in the middle of the night, at West Point, Chorlton, Manchester. Cock was unable to give any indication of his murderer, and shortly afterwards died. A man named William Habron was known to have an animus against Cock, and to have threatened "I'll do for you yet." A number of footprints, corresponding exactly with Habron's boots, were found near the spot where Cock fell, and Habron was arrested, and charged with the murder. He was proved to have gone by the road in question on the night Cock was murdered, but this he denied. His defence was an alibi, and the whole of the evidence he produced to support it was contradictory. It was probably even more the unsatisfactory character of the defence, than the evidence for the prosecution, which led to his conviction for the manslaughter of Cock, and a substantial sentence of penal servitude. He had served some three and a half years of his sentence, when the confession of Peace in Armley Gaol led to his release.

Peace, in gaol, remained as he had always been—hypocritical, defiant, and apparently unrepentant to the fall of the drop. His execution ridded the world of a King of Burglars and a reckless murderer.

I saw much of Frank Lockwood in those days. He was constantly at Leeds for Assizes, Quarter Sessions, etc., and he and I, and his then great friend Fenwick, afterwards a police magistrate in London, often dined together, and did walks before or after dinner. He was a most delightful companion, good humoured, witty, and with a fund of good anecdotes. His genius for sketching and caricature is well known; I always regret that I never kept any of the many sketches of his that came into my

hands. After Peace's conviction, Lockwood and I received a curious invitation from a high official, savouring more of the early than the later half of the century, asking us to go with him to witness the execution of Peace, and afterwards to breakfast with him. The invitation did not appeal to either of us, and we declined it. I remember Lockwood telling me he had been concerned in (I think) seventeen murder cases, but had never heard the death sentence pronounced, and never meant to.

At the General Election of 1880, Mr. Gladstone was elected M.P. for Leeds. (He, however, decided to sit for Midlothian, for which he had also been elected, and his son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, succeeded him at Leeds.) During Mr. Gladstone's election campaigns he delivered those much-talked-of "Bulgarian atrocities" speeches, which so largely tended to displace Lord Beaconsfield's Government and bring Mr. Gladstone to the Premiership with a great majority. I had the good fortune to hear one of those speeches from a very favoured position, not half a dozen yards from the speaker, and the torrents of eloquence, the fierceness of invective, and the marvellous grip held over an immense audience, left an impression which must always remain. I could not agree with much of the argument, and felt that facts were often wrongly interpreted, but I confess to being at the time actually hypnotized by the intense earnestness of the man and the wonderful vigour and eloquence of his speech.

My last duty before leaving Leeds was to make the police arrangements and take charge of the duties connected with Mr. Gladstone's visit to Leeds on the 6th, 7th, and 8th October, 1881. He was then Prime Minister, and was an absolute idol at that time to the

people of Leeds, and the adjacent parts of Yorkshire. Of all the public functions with which it has been my lot to deal, I can recall none where the crowds have been more enormous, more enthusiastic, or (happily) more orderly. Not only all Leeds, but apparently all Yorkshire, flooded the streets of Leeds on the occasion. The Force at my disposal was, from early days, recognized as quite inadequate to cope with such numbers as were expected to pour into Leeds, and I arranged with neighbouring jurisdictions for large bodies of Police to strengthen my hands. That assistance was cordially extended, and proved of invaluable service.

Mr. Gladstone arrived in Leeds about 6 p.m. on the 6th October. He was met at the railway station by the Mayor, who welcomed him on behalf of the town, by his host, Mr. James Kitson (afterwards Lord Airedale), and by a number of the leading Liberals of Leeds and neighbourhood. After greetings, and some presentations, he drove off with his host to Headingley, where he was to stop. It was with difficulty that the Police made a way for his carriage, through streets decorated and beflagged, and filled to their utmost capacity by enthusiastic, cheering crowds. Progress was necessarily slow, a walking pace, but eventually his destination was reached. In the evening he dined privately with Mr. Kitson and a few of the most prominent members of the Liberal Association.

The next morning Mr. Gladstone went to the Town Hall, and received an address from the Corporation, his reply dealing principally with the subject of Free Trade. At six o'clock he attended a banquet, given at the Cloth Hall, of which the great open yard had been entirely roofed in, and an enormous banqueting hall

provided. Some 1,250 persons sat down to dinner. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Gladstone delivered his great "Resources of Civilization" speech. He compared Parnell with Daniel O'Connell—"O'Connell all for respect for property, Parnell all for a gospel of plunder. O'Connell all for friendship with England, Parnell all for hostility." He went on to say: "Parnell stands, as Moses stood, between the living and the dead. But he stands, not as Moses stood, to arrest, but to speed, the plague." He concluded his speech: "The resources of civilization are not yet exhausted. I shall recognize to the full, when facts are ripe, and their ripeness is approaching, the duty and responsibility of the Government, and I call upon all orders and degrees of men in these two nations for support. I have not a doubt of the result." This speech was received with hurricanes of applause. Not many days after, Parnell was arrested. But "the result" proved the futility of human anticipation.

Following the banquet, a huge procession was formed to accompany Mr. Gladstone back to the residence of his host. It was escorted by 2,000 men carrying torches; the whole three miles of the route was illuminated by coloured fire; the crowds were colossal, and enthusiasm was unbounded. The Police much dreaded danger from fire, but the torch-bearers were excellently organized, and all the arrangements were carried through without a hitch.

The next morning, Mr. Gladstone received an address at the Town Hall from the Chamber of Commerce, afterwards lunching there as the guest of the Leeds Liberal Club. He subsequently proceeded to the Cloth Hall, where his great speech was to be delivered. The partitions used for the banquet of the previous night

had been removed, and the whole of the vast roofed-in space made available—20,000 to 25,000 people were accommodated in the building, happily without casualty. The reception given to the Prime Minister was extraordinary. His speech was devoted to Foreign Affairs, and largely consisted of contrasting the methods of Lord Beaconsfield's late Government and those of his own Government in regard to Montenegro, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Afghanistan, the Cape, etc. The speech was eloquent, as his speeches always were, and made a considerable impression on the friendly audience, but it did not excite the wild enthusiasm his references to Ireland and Parnell, at the previous night's banquet, had done.

Mr. Gladstone left Leeds at nine o'clock the same evening. He was seen off by the Mayor, Mr. Kitson, and others. In bidding good-bye to me, he was profuse in his thanks for the services the Police had rendered, concluding by saying, "The Police are worthy of the Community, and the Community are worthy of the Police."

A somewhat amusing incident followed. A day or two later, I received a letter from Mr. Gladstone which, on opening, I found to consist of several closely written pages, filled with an elaborate discussion as to the relative value of the ethical systems of Aristotle and Bishop Butler. It was characteristic of the man—one day in the midst of exciting scenes, and great public speeches, the next immersed in academic controversy. Clearly the letter was not intended for me, but my doubts were solved the same day, by receiving from a well-known Oxford Professor a very warm letter of thanks, which had been addressed to him, from Mr. Gladstone for the services I had rendered to him in Leeds.

So I was able to forward the letter which had come to me, to its intended recipient.

Almost the next day I left Leeds to take up the appointment of Head Constable of Liverpool, to which I had been elected a short time before.

CHAPTER V

HEAD CONSTABLE OF LIVERPOOL

Politics in Liverpool—Prince and Princess of Wales open Docks—
Duke of Albany at Croxteth—Death of Duke of Albany—
Prince George in Liverpool—Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria
—Other Royal Visits and Public Functions—Death of Queen
Victoria.

During the summer of 1881, I learnt that the Head Constablenesship of Liverpool was about to become vacant, through the retirement, at the age of seventy-four, of Major J. J. Greig, C.B., who had held that office for nearly thirty years. This seemed to offer me the possible opportunity of really important police work, and I at once decided to become a candidate for the position. Again, vigorous "electioneering" became necessary if there was to be any chance of success. The Leeds Magistrates and Watch Committee most generously and cordially recommended my application, and I again had the warm support of many friends. Mr. M. W. Thompson (Chairman of the Midland Railway), who helped me so much at Leeds, again gave me valuable aid. I owed very much to the unstinted and influential help of Mr. Alfred Turner (a Liverpool Magistrate, and leading merchant, and a brother of Mr. Bickerton Turner, Agent to the Bank of England in Leeds), and to Sir James Bourne, Bart., of Liverpool. With their weighty support, and that of many other friends, I found myself duly elected, on the 30th August, 1881, to be Head

Constable of Liverpool, an office I was to hold for twenty-one years. It was, of course, highly gratifying to me to be appointed, at the early age of thirty-two, to the greatest police command in England, outside the Metropolis. I had, I hoped, thoroughly learnt my work, and now the opportunity of using my experience had arrived. The Liverpool Police Force had a strength of over 1,400, and was a fine body of men, loyal and efficient; and the work before me, especially in view of the "Irish" trouble which threatened, promised to be both important and interesting. I felt that I could command good support from the Watch Committee, and I hoped to be able to steer clear of any political opposition. The Liverpool Town Council consisted generally of men of somewhat higher position than that of Leeds, but politics ran very high, and it was all important that a police chief should not only be, but appear to be, free of any party bias. Even during my election, I found it often hard to secure support, and at the same time to keep clear of the suspicion of being "run" by any political party. A man of high position and great influence, in Liverpool, to whom I had an introduction, questioned me closely as to my politics when we first met. I told him a policeman had *no* politics, and asked him to excuse me from even talking of them. He then proceeded to question me as to my family, and hearing that my father was an Oxford man, said, "I suppose he didn't vote for Gladstone." I said "On the contrary, he was on Hardy's committee." Whereupon he suddenly shook hands with me, and assured me of his warm support in my candidature. Another instance which shows how high political suspicion ran was given by a leading article which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* the day following my appointment.

It stated that: "It is not a little singular that the new Head Constable should bear a name which is also borne by the Mayor of Liverpool, and by his brother, the leader of the dominant political party both in the City and in the Town Council." (Their name was Bower-Forwood, mine Nott-Bower.) In reply to this article, Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P., made a public statement, giving the true facts, viz., that "Captain Nott-Bower is not related to us in the remotest degree. He was not even known to us until a few days ago, when he was introduced to us by—a *Radical friend*." I must say, however, that, after appointment, I always received fair play from both the Conservative and Liberal parties, and if I cannot award the same credit to the "Irish" party, it could perhaps hardly have been expected, when my duty so often compelled me to attack the particular interests of their friends. Liverpool was peculiarly situated as regards the Irish question. A large district of the town was quite as *Irish* as any district of Dublin, and "Nationalists" and "Orangemen" were as strongly represented, and as strongly antagonistic, as in Belfast.

Liverpool desired that I should take up my work there not later than the 30th September. But the visit of Mr. Gladstone to Leeds, in October, with the immense police arrangements involved, made the Leeds authorities anxious that I should remain there until after it was over. In view of the importance of the matter to Leeds, it was agreed that I should do so, but that I should be free to go to Liverpool from the 6th to the 8th September, to study the police arrangements and the carrying out of the police duties, on the occasion of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, to open the new Langton and Alexandra Docks.

Thus began my long experience of Royal functions

—functions which give the Police much anxiety, though in the case of *our own* Royal Family, relieved by the knowledge of their immense popularity and the universal esteem and respect in which they are held. But there is always the possibility of some irresponsible person causing trouble, or even danger, no matter how carefully preparations have been made. Of course, on this occasion in Liverpool, I was an observer only, and had no responsibility for the arrangements.

Their Royal Highnesses stayed at Croxteth, as the guests of the Earl of Sefton, Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire. On the morning of the 8th September they left Croxteth for Liverpool, in open carriages, accompanied by the three young Princesses, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Earl of Derby, and the members of the suite. They were met at the boundary of the borough by the Mayor of Liverpool and a deputation of the Town Council, and, with an escort of Cavalry, drove through Liverpool to the Landing Stage, on the Mersey. The procession was headed by Major Greig, who, notwithstanding his age—seventy-four—rode right through the long route. Personally, I had a seat in an open landau, with the two Chief Superintendents of the Liverpool Police, and as we immediately preceded the procession, I had every opportunity of obtaining not only the advantage of a close personal inspection of all the arrangements made, but also of the best expert knowledge with regard to them.

The drive was certainly one to impress. Huge crowds thronged the streets, which were lavishly decorated, and many heavily barricaded, and the Prince and Princess received a tremendous reception. Arrived at the Landing Stage, they embarked on the Dock Board steamer *Cloughton*, being received by the Chairman

and Members of the Board, the Engineer, and others. I watched the embarkation from the stage, and before following on board, looked everywhere for Major Greig, but without success. Just as the steamer was about to cast off, and I had no option but to go on board, Major Greig appeared at the top of a gangway leading to the stage, evidently very exhausted after his long ride, and needing help down the gangway. Orders were given to delay casting off, until Major Greig could get on board ; I helped him to do so, and the steamer at once started down the river. The sight from her was very fine. The day was a lovely one, all the ships on the river were fully dressed, the crews mustered, and loudly cheering the Prince and Princess as they passed on their way to the new Docks. Royal salutes were fired from H.M.S. *Defence*, and from H.M.S. *Agincourt*, which lay off New Brighton. On arriving at the entrance to the Docks the Royal party landed, and the Prince turned a handle connected with the hydraulic machinery, which opened the gates of the Dock, which he named the "Langton" (to commemorate a former Chairman of the Dock Board), afterwards accepting a very handsome hunting-knife, which formed part of the handle he had turned. The Royal party then returned to the steamer, which proceeded through the Langton Dock to the gates of the one beyond. The entrance to this was closed by a silk cord which the Princess cut with a jewelled penknife which had been presented to her, at the same time breaking a bottle of champagne over the entrance, and naming the Dock the "Alexandra." The penknife was made to form part of the handle of a parasol, afterwards presented to the Princess.

The steamer then entered the Dock, and at the further end the whole party on board disembarked, and pro-

ceeded to the great North Dock shed, which had been converted into an immense luncheon-room, where they were entertained to luncheon by the Chairman and Members of the Dock Board, together with a large number of other guests, numbering 1,200 in all.

After luncheon, the old procession was re-formed, and, headed by the Mayor of Bootle, passed through that borough, on the way to the Liverpool Town Hall. Here an address was presented by the Corporation of Liverpool, and after a short stay, Their Royal Highnesses returned to Croxteth.

Altogether, the day had been to me a new, and very pleasant, experience, and I was glad to have had the opportunity of being present, and noting all the arrangements. I returned to Leeds the same evening.

I took over my command in Liverpool on the 10th October, and my next experience of a Royal visit was a more personal and intimate one, which must always remain with me as a pleasant memory, though clouded by the sad event of two months later. On the 26th January, 1884, H.R.H. the Duke of Albany came to Liverpool to distribute prizes awarded by the Council of Education. He stayed for two or three days at Croxteth, and Lady Sefton asked me to dinner on the Sunday evening, to meet His Royal Highness. The party was only a small one, consisting, in addition to the Duke and the Earl and Countess of Sefton, only, so far as I recollect, of Lady Gertrude and Lady Rose Molyneux, two daughters of the Earl of Lathom, Colonel and Mrs. Wyatt, the Earl of Derby (then Foreign Secretary), Mr. E. Stanley (the present Earl of Derby), Dr. Royle (Equerry and Medical Attendant to His Royal Highness), and myself. After dinner, the Duke of Albany played on the piano, and produced hurdy-gurdy effects by plac-

ing blotting-paper over the chords. Later, we spent a considerable time in the smoking-room, and I had a long and most interesting conversation with His Royal Highness, ranging from cock-fighting at Croxteth in the old days (Lord Sefton had a wonderful collection of spurs in the smoking-room) to affairs in Russia, and Prince Gortchakoff. I was much taken with his great personal charm and his very wide knowledge. It is sad now to think that his days were then so nearly ended. His health had long been precarious and (I gathered from Dr. Royle) gave cause for very great anxiety.

The Grand National meeting at Aintree came off at the end of March, and the Prince of Wales came to stay at Croxteth for it. On the morning of the 20th, I was at the races, and in the paddock, when Lord Sefton came hurriedly up to me, and told me that a telegram had just been received announcing the sudden death of the Duke of Albany at Cannes. He said the Prince was immediately leaving the course, to proceed to Edge Hill station, to join a special train which had been wired for to take him the first part of a hurried journey to Cannes. He asked me to at once proceed to Edge Hill, and do everything possible to facilitate His Royal Highness's departure. Of course I went with all haste to Edge Hill, and was fortunately able to make suitable arrangements for the Prince's convenience and privacy in the very short time that was available. The railway company had been equally expeditious, and the train was actually waiting in the station when the Prince arrived from Aintree. The line had been cleared, and the train ran to London in absolutely record time, giving the Prince a valuable start on his rapid journey to Cannes. He was very devoted to his brother, and seemed deeply affected when he reached the station,

but he thanked me most warmly for the arrangements made for him, and after saying good-bye to Lord Sefton, he at once took his seat in the train, which started within two minutes of his arrival at Edge Hill.

The next Royal visit to Liverpool took place on the 20th January, 1886, and was one of very special interest to me, for it was the first of the many occasions during the next forty years, when I had the honour of being responsible for police arrangements in connection with visits of our present Sovereign, King George V (then Prince George of Wales). The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, came through from Eaton Hall, to open the new Mersey Tunnel, which gave an under-river connection between Birkenhead and Liverpool. After doing this, they were entertained at luncheon at the Town Hall, and the Prince of Wales was presented with an address from the Corporation. Later, the Mayor presented to H.R.H. Prince George a naval "regulation" sword, and to Prince Albert Victor an album of views of the locality. The Princes then drove to Lime Street station, and proceeded direct to London.

But the greatest and most important of all the Royal functions with which I was concerned in Liverpool was the occasion of the State visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who stayed for three days, the 11th to the 13th May, 1886, in Liverpool, as the guest of the Corporation, at Newsham House, and opened the Liverpool Exhibition of that year. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. She arrived at the temporary station adjoining the Exhibition, and was received by the Mayor, the Lord Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, and others. A royal salute from the North Fort

heralded Her Majesty's arrival, and a guard of honour of the Royal Fusiliers was mounted at the station, from which she at once drove off to Newsham House, with an escort furnished by the 3rd Hussars.

On the evening before Her Majesty's arrival, I was dining with Lord Sefton, and he told me an amusing story a propos of the temporary railway station. He said it was originally intended that the Queen should arrive at a station just outside the boundary of the borough, when of course she would be officially received by the Lord Lieutenant of the County. This outraged the sense of propriety of the Mayor of Liverpool (who was also Chairman of the Exhibition), and in order that he, and not the Lord Lieutenant, should be the person to receive Her Majesty, he arranged for a special station to be prepared within the Exhibition Grounds, and thus secured that he should not have to take the second place. Lord Sefton seemed somewhat annoyed at the Mayor's determination to oust him at any cost, but of course he realized the small importance of the matter. He told me that he had heard that the Mayor had created an extraordinarily favourable impression upon the Queen, owing mainly to his remarkable likeness to John Brown,¹ but that, all the same, he would not get the hoped-for baronetcy, but would only be knighted, probably at the opening of the Exhibition. This proved a correct anticipation.

Her Majesty rested at Newsham House during the morning, and in the afternoon drove in state to the Exhibition. In front, 50,000 schoolchildren were massed, and gave her an uproarious reception. On entrance, a procession was formed, the Mayor, Lord Lieutenant, Lord Granville (Minister in Attendance) and a large

¹ Her Majesty's favourite Highland attendant.

suite, military and naval officers, etc., forming it. After a round of the Exhibition, Her Majesty took her seat on the throne upon a dais at the head of the central corridor, and after an address presented by the Chairman of the Exhibition, to which she made a gracious reply, and prayer by the Archbishop of York, Lord Granville, in the Queen's name, declared the Exhibition opened. After conferring knighthood upon the Mayor, Her Majesty left, and returned to Newsham House.

The Queen's stay there was the first occasion when I was responsible for the guarding of a Royal residence, and it was one which demanded very careful precautions, not alone, or even mainly, for Her Majesty's actual safety, but especially to secure the quiet and absolute privacy which were so much desired. I selected a picked body of Police for the duty, with strict orders to prevent any approach to the house by unauthorized persons, and also to *show* themselves as little as possible. The duty was admirably performed, and I feel sure Her Majesty had no idea that some thirty constables surrounded the house by day and night. The precaution was not unnecessary, for a considerable number of curious persons tried, on the most frivolous excuses, or by dodging the Police, to gain admission to the small grounds of the house, in the hope of satisfying their curiosity.

The following morning I was commanded to Newsham House, and whilst there attended a presentation by Princess Henry of Battenberg of medallions and certificates of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem to Police who had qualified for them, afterwards lunching with the Household.

The day brought, unfortunately, the very worst of weather. Rain fell incessantly, and in torrents, and

it began to be feared that the very long drive Her Majesty proposed to take through Liverpool, followed by a cruise on the river, would be impossible. But the Queen was determined not to disappoint the people of Liverpool, and carried through the whole of the arranged programme, driving in an open carriage, through the drenching rain. Her only protection from the weather was from umbrellas held over her, a relay of which was provided. A procession was formed, which I headed, and a strong escort of the 3rd Hussars was in attendance. By a circuitous route Her Majesty proceeded to the front of St. George's Hall, where an address was presented by the Corporation, and thence to the landing-stage, where she embarked on the steamer *Claughton*, cruising down, and up, the river, and having tea on board. In spite of the weather, the scene on the river was not one to be easily forgotten. On returning to the Landing Stage, Her Majesty drove in procession back to Newsham House, by a different route to that followed in the morning.

Rain also did not daunt the people of Liverpool; the streets were densely thronged, and the utmost enthusiasm displayed. Her Majesty received a wonderful welcome. It is satisfactory also to know that the day passed without serious accident, even though in one case the enormous crowd assembled carried away one of the strong wooden barriers, which had been put up for their protection. In the evening there was a great procession of Trades and Friendly Societies through the town in honour of the Queen's visit, and festivities were kept up to a late hour, regardless of the weather.

The Queen left Newsham House early on the morning of the 13th, driving, with an escort, along a crowded route to the Exhibition station. On this occasion, at

their special request, the Police were allowed to take the unusual course of removing their helmets, and joining in the cheers of the crowd as Her Majesty passed. And so ended a memorable visit, almost corresponding with the Jubilee of the Queen's reign.

Before leaving, Sir Henry Ponsonby conveyed to me Her Majesty's thanks for the services rendered by the Police, especially those at Newsham House, and later an official message of approval of the work of the Police came from Her Majesty, through the Mayor.

After this, Liverpool received a succession of visits from foreign sovereigns and princes, coming to England in connection with the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The first to arrive were the Prince and Princess Komatsu of Japan, and it seems surprising, in the present day, to recall how little the greatness of Japan was then recognized in this country, and how small was the interest the visit of her representatives aroused. I saw a good deal of them when in Liverpool, as I was more or less in attendance throughout, and I was greatly interested in the accounts given to me of the Court, and of the people, of Japan, by an English lady who had married a Japanese member of the Prince's suite, and was herself in attendance on the Princess.

The next royalty to appear were the dusky, and extremely important, Queen of Hawaii, and her daughter, the Princess Liliokulani (naturally at once dubbed "Lily of Killarney"). Fortunately, Her Majesty found no fault with the arrangements made for her reception in Liverpool, but it may be remembered that, when in London, she refused to accept an escort of (line) Cavalry told off to attend her, and insisted on her right as a reigning sovereign to have an escort of Household Cavalry, which was then duly accorded her.

In July, 1887, the Crown Prince of Greece arrived, and stayed at the house of Mr. Ralli, the Greek Consul, in Sefton Park. Mr. Ralli invited me to dinner to meet His Royal Highness, who honoured me with a somewhat long conversation after dinner.

His visit was followed by that of a Siamese Prince, which, however, was only a flying one, *en route* for New York. Then Liverpool was honoured by a very imperious, and very troublesome, visitor, the Shah of Persia, who stayed for three days at Newsham House. His Majesty visited many docks, warehouses, etc., in the town, took a cruise on the river, was entertained at luncheon at the Town Hall, and received the usual address from the Corporation. I was relieved when he left Liverpool for Manchester, and my duties with regard to His Majesty were over.

Later followed visits from the Duke of Clarence, who opened the rebuilt Royal Infirmary, and from the Duke of Connaught, who inaugurated the magnificent new Water Supply, brought from Lake Vyrnwy, drinking some of the first water which came through, from a silver goblet presented to him by the Corporation.

And then, on the 10th and 11th September, 1894, the Duke and Duchess of York came to Liverpool, on a two days' visit, staying at Newsham House, another event always to be remembered by myself, for it was the first of the many times when I have had the honour of making police arrangements for the safety and convenience of Her (present) Majesty Queen Mary. His Royal Highness first laid the foundation-stone of the new General Post Office, and then a move was made to the Town Hall, where an address of congratulation on their marriage in the previous year was presented to the Duke and Duchess by the Corporation. After this, the wedding

gifts of the citizens of Liverpool were presented to Their Royal Highnesses by Mr. R. D. Holt (the Lord Mayor of their wedding year), and the Duke expressed his appreciation and thanks. The day following, there was a cruise on the river, and in the afternoon Their Royal Highnesses returned to London. In 1899 the Duke of York again visited Liverpool, and after presenting prizes to the Cadets on the school ship *Conway*, opened the General Post Office, the foundation-stone of which he had laid five years before.

I have given a rather long account of all these Royal visits, for they formed an important, and very responsible, part of my work as Head Constable. They necessarily gave me much occasion for thought at the time, and left a memory which I hope it may be interesting to convey.

In addition to these visits, however, I had to deal, during my twenty-one years in Liverpool, with many other important public functions, corporation ceremonies, political meetings, etc. Among the latter were those addressed by two Prime Ministers, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, great meetings which brought together enormous crowds, with all the police responsibility and work which the excitement, and strong feelings aroused, necessarily involved.

The last important public function with which I had to do in Liverpool, was a sad and solemn one—the great Public Procession, and the Memorial Service at the Pro-Cathedral, on the occasion of the funeral, at Windsor, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The procession was an imposing one. It was made up of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool, the Bishop, Canons and Clergy, Members of Parliament, Deputy Lieutenants, the local Judges and Magistrates,

Foreign Consuls, Officers (and detachments) of the Army, Royal Navy, Police, and Fire Brigades, the Vice-Principal and Professors of the University, Barristers and Solicitors and a number of the leading citizens of Liverpool.

It mustered at the Town Hall, and in the streets adjoining, and, with bands playing funeral marches, proceeded to the Cathedral. The streets through which it passed were crowded with spectators, whose attitude and behaviour showed the affection and intense regard in which, at the end of her prolonged reign, Her Majesty's memory was held. On arrival at the Cathedral, such portion of the procession as could find admission entered, and a service of commemoration, conducted by the Bishop and other clergy, with a choir consisting of that of the Cathedral, strengthened from outside, was most impressively rendered. Simultaneously with this service, memorial services were held at Nonconformist places of worship, and all Liverpool appeared to be mourning the passing of the great Queen.

CHAPTER VI

DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

Explosions at Police Section House and Town Hall—Bombs
Landed in Liverpool—Arrest, and Trial, of Criminals.

The year of my appointment to Liverpool was that in which the notorious Patrick Ford, Editor of the *Irish News* of New York, and a leading Fenian, made public the history of his "Skirmishing Fund," a fund established in 1875 "to lay the big cities of England in ashes." The first Secretary to the Fund was the equally notorious Fenian, O'Donovan Rossa, but he was believed to have embezzled their funds, instead of using them for "active war," and was consequently shelved, shortly before the time when Patrick Ford, and others, summoned the Irish National Convention held in 1881 in New York. The proceedings of the Convention were open, and duly reported in the newspapers, including Ford's account of the origin, and intention, of the "Skirmishing Fund." But, in connection with the Convention, a number of private conferences, and caucuses, were held, where (to use the words of John Devoy, another notorious Fenian, as reported in the *Irish Nation*, "*the real work was done*," and where the coming murder and dynamite campaign was planned and organized. These plots were carried into effect by a band of assassins and dynamiters, described later by Lord James of Hereford as being "enemies of the

human race, the lowest and most degraded of beings, unfit to be regarded as belonging to the human community." To them, and to their paymasters, were due the dastardly assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Burke, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in 1882 ; the numerous dynamite outrages, murders, and loss of life in London, Glasgow, and other places ; as well as those crimes in Liverpool, of which I had such close personal knowledge. During my earlier time in Liverpool indeed much of my heaviest and most absorbing work had to do with these outrages. Crimes contemplated, attempted, or perpetrated, demanded daily, and hourly, attention, and I found that even the limited knowledge I had acquired of Ireland, and of Irishmen during my service in the Royal Irish Constabulary, came in useful. Just before my arrival in Liverpool, a serious attempt had been made to blow up the Police Section House, in Hatton Garden, a building used as a residence for a large number of young constables. Fortunately, the result was not as disastrous as the criminals had hoped, for the bomb exploded in the lobby, and though much damage was done, it was confined to the entrance portion of the house, where, later, portions of fuse and pieces of gas-piping, which had evidently been filled with some explosive, probably dynamite, were discovered. The boldness of the attempt will be realized when it is remembered that the Section House was full of constables, that it adjoined the principal police station, and that the adjacent streets were patrolled by an exceptionally large number of Police. Happily the terrible outrage contemplated met with small success, but it proved the serious dangers which now had to be faced. The criminals, unfortunately, got clear away, and no clue to them seemed to exist, but (as is after-

wards mentioned) one of them, a man named McGrath, was eventually made amenable, after being arrested for another outrage.

A little later an attempt upon the Liverpool Town Hall proved less successful to its perpetrators, damage to the fine old building being averted, and the two criminals arrested, owing to the great courage and resource exhibited by the Police on duty in the locality. About 4 a.m. on the day in question, Police Constable Read, whilst working his beat, noticed two men on the steps of the Town Hall. One of them was stooping down to a bag, which lay upon the steps, and remembering what had so recently happened at Hatton Garden, the constable naturally suspected what might be their design, and immediately rushed upon them. The moment they saw him, they left the bag, and bolted at top speed across the flags of the Exchange. They ran like hares, and Read (who was a big, stoutish man) was quite incapable of racing at the pace they went. He however followed them as fast as he could go, blowing his whistle all the time. In crossing Chapel Street, he came across Police Constable Creighton and had the presence of mind to shout out to him what had occurred, telling him to make back at once to the Town Hall. He himself continued to follow the two men. On reaching Oldhall Street, Read met another constable (P.C. Casey) coming towards him. The two men sighted Casey at the same moment, and finding themselves between the two constables, rushed down a side street, which fortunately turned out to be a cul-de-sac. Casey was a young, and active, man, and outstripped Read, at the bottom of the street coming up with one of the two men (afterwards found to be McKevitt) hiding under a cart. Casey at once seized him, and pulled him out, whereupon McKevitt

drew a formidable revolver from his pocket (all the chambers of which were afterwards found to be loaded) and threatened Casey with it. Casey, nothing daunted, closed with McKevitt, and seized the hand holding the revolver. A desperate struggle followed, and McKevitt managed to get his hand free. But, apparently thinking better of his former intention, or finding it difficult to bring the weapon to bear on Casey, he suddenly jerked it over the low wall of an adjoining coal-yard. He continued the struggle with Casey, making violent efforts to escape, but was at last overpowered and handed over by Casey to another constable who had then just come up. Casey then proceeded (in the words used by Counsel at the subsequent trial) "to act with marvellous promptitude, courage and skill." He could see nothing of the second man, and proceeded to make a close search of all the surrounding neighbourhood. He armed himself with McKevitt's revolver, which had been brought to him by a carter, who had picked it up in the coal-yard. He then carefully searched all the coal-yards adjoining the street, but without success. The bottom of the street was closed by a stone wall, topped with iron spikes. The canal ran below it, but with a narrow ledge, about eight inches wide, between the water and the wall. An empty coal-barge was moored just opposite to the end of the street. The wall seemed a difficult barrier to have crossed, but the constable determined to leave no possible avenue of escape unexplored. He obtained the key of a coal-yard abutting on the canal, and made his way along the ledge to get to the barge. And here at last he found the man he was pursuing (afterwards identified as McGrath). He was dripping wet, with a large piece torn from his trousers. It seems he had managed to climb the wall, but in getting over

his trousers had caught on the spikes, given way, and he had been precipitated into the canal. Casey caught hold of him by the collar of his coat, and pointed McKevitt's revolver at him. McGrath said, 'I'll make no resistance. I'm half-drowned, I've had a narrow escape of my life.' He said he had only just managed to reach, and climb on to, the barge. Casey asked him if he was armed, and he replied that he had a revolver in his pocket. Casey then, revolver in hand and pointed at McGrath, made him precede him along the ledge beside the canal, through the coal-yard, and into the street. There he obtained the assistance of another constable, searched McGrath, and took from him another revolver, also found to be loaded in all its chambers. He then conveyed McGrath to the Central Police Station, to which McKevitt had already been taken.

In the meantime, Police Constable Creighton, warned by Read, had arrived at the Town Hall, accompanied by Police Constables McBirnie and Sinclair, who had joined him. They saw the bag on the steps, with smoke issuing from its mouth. At first they thought it was a seaman's bag, which had caught fire, but on handling it, and feeling something hard inside, they suspected danger, and dragged the bag off the steps and across the footway into the street. McBirnie then chucked it three or four yards farther away, and began to try to unfasten the string closing its neck. Creighton called out to him to be cautious, and come away from the bag, as it was probably dangerous. All three constables then moved a few yards away, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion, followed by a great fall of glass, iron, pieces of lead-piping, etc. Fortunately, indeed, the constables were all uninjured; it was marvellous how

they escaped. Their action had, however, saved the Town Hall, which only had its windows shattered. The Phoenix Fire Office opposite had its walls heavily dented, by being struck with pieces of iron, or some hard substance, and its windows also were all broken. The cornice of the Fire Office was badly damaged ; it must have been struck by some missile of considerable weight. The railings outside the Town Hall were badly broken, many of the spikes being completely blown off. A large piece of iron was thrown right over the roof of the Town Hall, another over the roof of adjoining buildings. A number of pieces of heavy iron-piping were scattered about the street, and a piece of carpet, and one of an old dress, were also picked up. The force of the explosion, the various objects picked up, and the scientific evidence afterwards obtained, made it apparent that the bombs in the sack consisted of lengths of iron-piping, plugged at both ends, and charged with one of the most dangerous compounds of the nitro-glycerine class (not common dynamite) and fitted to be exploded by detonators, charged with fulminating mercury, acted on by gunpowder and a " time " fuse. Providentially, the catastrophe which was hoped for after such carefully-thought-out preparations was averted, and the two criminals executing the plot arrested by the efficiency, courage and tenacity of the constables on the spot.

The trial of the two men took place at the ensuing Liverpool Assizes, when McGrath (against whom evidence had now been obtained) was also charged with causing the explosion at the Police Section House. The woman in whose house he lodged, an informer (who also accused him of complicity in other outrages, in London and elsewhere), and the joiner who made the plugs for

him, all gave evidence. It was also asserted, but not proved, that he was connected with O'Donovan Rossa and the Irish-American conspiracy.

The jury found both men guilty of all the charges brought against them, and the Judge, in passing sentence, said : " There is a distinction between your offences, and I desire to give effect to it. You, McGrath, have been found guilty of two offences ; you, McKevitt, of one. The sentence that I pass upon you, McGrath, is penal servitude for the rest of your life, and that you, McKevitt, be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years."

The conduct of the Police was very highly commended by the Judge. Also by the Mayor and Magistrates of Liverpool, by the Press, and by the general public. A very large subscription was raised to reward the police constables concerned, and of this a very considerable sum was awarded to Police Constable Casey, who had so well earned it by his fine, efficient and courageous conduct—conduct following on a creditable previous police career, and good Army service. It is sad to think that, so far from being the valuable aid which it might have been to his future life, it proved the very reverse. It was one of the distressing experiences of my official life, that the strenuous and long-continued efforts which I made to avert the consequences to a man whose services were so highly appreciated, failed of success.

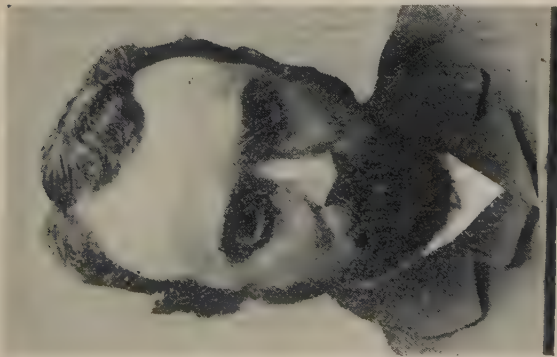
Following on these two desperate outrages, hardly a day passed without further alarms, further threats, and much volunteered information. It seemed a merciful dispensation of Providence that when three Irishmen conspired to commit crime, one at least (often all three) turned traitor, and endeavoured to secure safety, *and profit*, for himself at the expense of his confederates, quite regardless of " honour amongst thieves," or his

always much-vaunted "patriotism." Of course, much of the information proffered to us was absolutely unreliable, but our secret service was well organized and many of our "informers" could be fairly depended upon. Those with whom I was principally associated in dealing with Irish crime were Sir E. G. Jenkinson, K.C.B., Under-Secretary for Police and Crime in Ireland, and subsequently attached for the same duties to the Home Office; Mr. Monro, C.B., and Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., successively Directors of Criminal Investigation in the Metropolitan Police; and Major Gosselin, an Irish Resident Magistrate, detached for special service in England, in connection with Irish Crime.

Information was, as I have said, plentiful, but was often impossible to use for purposes of prosecution, for (1) the evidence of "informers" needed substantial corroboration, and (2) the production of such evidence might often "dry up" our sources of information, and it was always felt that the prevention of outrage was even more important than the punishment of offenders. One of the tragedies of a policeman's life is that he often possesses complete knowledge of a crime, and its perpetrator, and yet is unable to use that knowledge. The public frequently accuse him of stupidity or want of intelligence, whereas the real cause of his failure is that he is compelled to work with one eye closed, and one arm strapped behind his back, owing to the decision of the English Law that criminals must be treated as "game," only to be hunted under fixed rules and regulations, and not as "vermin" to be ruthlessly extirpated. I do not complain of our glorious English tradition—on the contrary, I feel it is one to be proud of, and, on the whole, conducive to the highest justice. The maxim, "Better ten guilty men escape than one

innocent man suffer," is a right and noble one, but it should not be forgotten that the escape of the ten guilty men often means loss and suffering to one hundred innocent men, and it is not fair to blame the Police for the results which these conditions necessarily involve. And if this be true of every sort of crime, it applies more that ever to so-called "political" crime, whether it be the Bolshevist conspiracy of the present day, or the Irish-American conspiracy of the early 'eighties.

But criminals do not always escape justice. In June, 1882, we obtained information that a man, passing under the name of Featherston, would be arriving in Liverpool from Philadelphia, and would lodge at 43 Regent Street. It was known that his real name was Edmund O'Brien Kennedy, and that he was connected with the Irish-American revolutionary conspiracy. On arrival, he was at once placed under close observation, and all his movements shadowed. From time to time he went to Glasgow, to Dublin, and to Cork, and on the 9th December when in Glasgow he obtained a carboy of the strongest form of nitric acid, which he purchased under the name of O'Herlihy, and which he arranged should be sent off on the 11th December, addressed to Cork, to that name. On the 14th February he procured further carboys of nitric acid, addressed and sent off as before, and on the 19th he sent off carboys of sulphuric acid to the same address. The whole of the orders were given in the name of O'Herlihy, though they were in the handwriting of Featherston. On arrival in Cork, all these carboys were called for at the railway station by one Denis Deasy, a porter, and conveyed to the house of (the real) O'Herlihy, who was a maker of ink and resided at 10 Great George's Street. It was clear that these large quantities of nitric and sulphuric acid were



TIMOTHY FEATHERSTONE.



DENIS DEASY.



PATRICK FLANNIGAN.

not required for the purpose of ink-making, but no evidence was ever obtained of O'Herlihy's knowledge of their arrival, though it seems highly improbable he could have been unaware of it. They were brought to his house by Deasy, and the empties were returned to Glasgow, with labels addressed in Deasy's handwriting. There seems no doubt that the advice notes of their arrival were received by Featherston himself, as envelopes containing some of them, though addressed to O'Herlihy, were found on him when subsequently arrested. Whether O'Herlihy had opened any of them, or was cognizant of their contents, could never be proved, and he obtained the benefit of such doubt as there was of his knowledge of either carboys or advice notes, by being acquitted when placed on trial.

Soon after the middle of March, information was conveyed to us that bombs, manufactured in Cork, would shortly be brought over to Liverpool by Deasy. We were unable to ascertain whether it was intended to use them in Liverpool, or elsewhere, possibly in London. As soon as this information came to hand, arrangements were made for the close watching of all boats arriving from Ireland, and all passengers and their luggage were carefully, but secretly, scrutinized. It was a time of considerable anxiety lest by any chance Deasy should slip through, and escape us. But on the evening of the 28th March, Deasy crossed from Ireland by the Cork boat, bringing with him a heavy box labelled "Cattle Spice." On landing he engaged a porter named Shannon to carry the box for him, but, as he was leaving the dock with Shannon, he was stopped by Inspector Marsh and other detectives, who were awaiting his arrival. He was asked what was in the box, and he replied, "Cattle food." He was then

arrested, and taken, with the box, to the Central Police Station, where I (hastily summoned from a dinner-party) and others were eagerly looking out for him. The box was opened, and was found to contain two large tin canisters filled with lignine dynamite, a most highly dangerous explosive, and one never used for any legitimate purpose. In addition there were in the box all the ingredients necessary for making fuses, a packet of chlorate of potash, one of pounded sugar, and some red orpiment, as well as three brass taps of special construction. The taps were so constructed as to ensure an interval of twenty minutes between the lighting of the fuse and the explosion of the bomb.

On Deasy being searched, there were found upon him two papers—on one was written, “Stay at 43 Regent Street. (This, it will be remembered, was Featherston’s Liverpool address.) Go to Lime Street station, on to St. Helens Junction, Pat. Flanagan, 24 Convent Road, Sutton”; on the other, “The bearer, Denis Deasy, is the young man I asked you to find employment for. He is a good fellow and will mind his business. Yours, etc., Edmund.” Both these were in the handwriting of Featherston, *alias* Edmund O’Brien Kennedy. There was also upon Deasy a pocket-book, containing an entry as to the use of nitric acid.

Acting on the information contained in the documents found on Deasy, I at once dispatched detectives to St. Helens to effect the arrest of Flanagan, whom we had never previously heard of. On reaching St. Helens, the detectives found that Flanagan was a railway signalman, and was at the time on duty. After arranging with the railway officials, they proceeded to his signal-box, and there arrested him. They then took him to his lodging in Sutton, and made a thorough search of

him and his room. They found a large tin box, which Flanagan admitted to be his, and which on being opened was found to contain clothes, and a small locked bag. Flanagan protested against this being opened, saying it contained nothing but "some private little matters." But the detectives forced it, and inside were found—a false beard, a revolver with five chambers loaded, a box of cartridges, a tin canister filled with a mixture of chlorate of potash and powdered sugar, a bottle containing concentrated sulphuric acid, and other ingredients for making fuses, or causing explosions. After completing their search, the detectives conveyed their prisoner to Liverpool. When told Deasy had been arrested, he volunteered the statement that he knew he was coming, and was expecting him to bring a letter from Featherston, with whom he was acquainted. He also said he was a Fenian, but that "this job was not a Fenian one."

To return to Cork. As soon as it was known that Deasy had arrived in Liverpool, the Cork Police proceeded at once to arrest Featherston and O'Herlihy. On Featherston being searched, there were found upon him—some cards of membership of certain American organizations, in the name of Edmund O'Brien Kennedy; a stamped, and addressed, letter in his own handwriting, ordering (in the name of O'Herlihy) two more carboys of sulphuric acid; a recipe, headed "Best Cure for Gout known," giving full instructions for the preparation of a highly dangerous inflammable substance known as "Fenian Fire"; and a small brass tap, referred to in the recipe. This tap was similar to the taps found with Deasy and also to those which had been used in recent actual explosions at Possil Bridge, Glasgow, and at the Local Government Board Office, and at

The Times Office, in London. There was no known commercial use for them, nor of any use save for a criminal purpose.

O'Herlihy, on his arrest, said he was "innocent and had quite enough to do without attending to such matters." On his house being searched, nothing was found to incriminate him. The two prisoners were then conveyed to Liverpool.

Whilst the Cork Police were thus engaged with Featherston and O'Herlihy, and the Liverpool Police with Deasy and Flanagan, the London Police were paying attention to a man passing under the name of Dalton. This man's real name was John O'Connor, and he was known to be closely connected with Irish-American revolutionary circles, the Police having very full information as to his character and movements. He was expected, and arrived, in London from America on the 24th February, having booked a passage on the s.s. *Celtic*, under the name of Johnson. He was met on arrival, and at once placed under close observation, which was continued to the time of his arrest. He was found to be carefully inspecting, and taking notes, at Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Treasury, the Home Office, and the scene of the recent explosion at the Local Government Board Office. He visited many suspected persons, and was known to be in communication with Featherston.

When the London Police heard of the arrests made in Liverpool and Cork, they decided to arrest Dalton (he gave that name on arrest), and they did so on the 5th April, at an American Reading-Room in the Strand. They first took him to the house at Chelsea, where he was staying with his parents, and searched him and the house. On him was found a pocket-book containing a

card bearing the address of "O'Herlihy" (Featherston?) in Cork; an entry of the address of the Glasgow chemists from whom Featherston had procured the nitric and sulphuric acids; and a recipe for the manufacture of explosives; but nothing further bearing on the case. Dalton also was then conveyed to Liverpool.

The case was now complete, and on the 2nd August, Deasy, Flanagan, Featherston, O'Herlihy and Dalton together appeared at the Liverpool Assizes to stand their trial before Mr. Justice Stephen, on charges of treason—felony, conspiracy to murder, being in possession of explosives with felonious intent, etc.

At the conclusion of the evidence the learned Judge ruled that there was not sufficient evidence to bring home to O'Herlihy knowledge of what was being done in his name, and at his house, and directed the jury to find a verdict of Not Guilty in his case, and ordered his discharge.

In summing up, the Judge put the case strongly against Featherston, Deasy and Flanagan, but pointed out to the jury the grave difference in the evidence given against them, and that given against Dalton, which consisted entirely of the entries in the pocket-book found upon him on his arrest. He also warned them against allowing prejudice, which might be caused by any reference which had been made to extraneous matters, to influence their judgment in his case. He considered, however, that the question of guilt was one which should be left to the jury.

After an absence of an hour and a quarter, the jury returned with a verdict of "Guilty" against all four prisoners. In reply to some observation then made by Dalton, the Judge said the point referred to had been fully laid before the jury, and clearly explained to them, and that he was not now at liberty to hold

any other opinion than that he, Dalton, was guilty. Proceeding to pass sentence, the Judge remarked that "it would be impossible to imagine a graver offence, and that those who took part in such enterprises must expect the heaviest punishment when convicted." He then sentenced all four prisoners to penal servitude for the term of their natural lives.

Two illuminating, and rather comical, episodes, as showing what the mind of a jurymen may be, and what the considerations which may influence the verdict of a jury, were afterwards related to me by a member of this jury with whom I had some personal acquaintance. He told me that, when the jury retired, a member of it, sitting near to him, whispered: "I am very deaf, and didn't hear much of the evidence, but I know you are a gentleman and will decide right, so I shall vote as you do." A general discussion by the jury then took place on the facts of the case, and they unanimously came to the conclusion to convict Featherston, Deasy and Flanagan, but were much divided with regard to Dalton. It was pointed out by one of the jury that the Judge had practically advised them to acquit him, even though they might be convinced (as they were, and rightly) that he was in the thick, if not indeed a ringleader, in these Irish crimes. The discussion became at last quite heated, until one jurymen solved the difficulty by remarking, "Why argue, gentlemen? We are *all* satisfied that even if Dalton is not proved to be in this particular business, he has been in something quite as bad, or worse. So why not find him guilty and have done with it?" This weighty argument at once appealed to the whole jury, who forthwith agreed unanimously to find a verdict of "Guilty" against all four of the prisoners.

I give the story as told to me. I cannot, of course, vouch for its accuracy, but at least it is worth repeating. "Si non è vero, è ben trovato."

With these cases, which I have recorded at some length, Irish trouble subsided largely in Liverpool, though it was long before we had immunity from threats and alarms, and from the heavy work of sifting all the information that came to us. Such information, some true, more untrue, came in more plentifully than ever. "Patriotic" Irishmen were tumbling over one another in their anxiety to make some hay whilst the sun shone. But their greed was generally disappointed, and the Public were, for the most part, saved from contributing to their maintenance.

CHAPTER VII

POLICE REORGANIZATION IN LIVERPOOL

Dublin Metropolitan Police Inquiry—Organization of Liverpool Police—Mounted Force—Police Inspections—Games and Athletics—Police Orphanage—Children in the Streets—Street Trading Regulations—Police-aided Clothing Association—Pay, etc., of Police Force.

Not long after I came to Liverpool, considerable trouble arose in the Dublin Metropolitan Police, culminating in a state of practical mutiny. The Police were labouring under a very strong sense of grievance in regard to their pay, but more especially in regard to questions of discipline. A Departmental Committee (of which Sir Robert Holmes, K.C.B., the Treasury Remembrancer in Ireland, was the most active member) had been appointed to inquire into, and report upon, the whole question. I was asked to go to Dublin to give evidence before the Committee.

This I did, on the 3rd October, 1882. Sir Robert Holmes told me that the Committee were anxious to institute a full comparison between the conditions in the Dublin Police and those of a parallel force in England, and they considered Liverpool as a typical example. That they felt that my experience there, coupled as it was with some knowledge of Ireland, would be of great assistance to them. I then gave evidence very fully on details of organization, pay, methods of discipline, punishments inflicted for breaches of discipline, etc. I

found, on comparison, that the pay, although badly apportioned between ranks and grades, was not greatly, or generally, inadequate, but that some of the conditions of service, and the harshness and severity with which discipline was enforced, appeared to be not only unnecessary, but calculated to lead to resistance and discontent. Nothing in Liverpool, or in London, appeared to me at all comparable.

After giving evidence, I remained in Dublin for a few days, as I was asked also to give evidence before another Committee, which was then sitting, with regard to certain claims made by the Royal Irish Constabulary, and this I did on the 10th October.

In the meantime, I had several interviews with Sir Robert Holmes. He told me that there was no member of his Committee who had any knowledge whatever of "police" administration, duties of the various ranks, what the strength of each rank should be, systems of promotion, training, etc., and that consequently they found considerable difficulty in drawing up their Report. He himself was mainly, of course, interested (as representing the Treasury) in the question of expenditure, and on that point he understood my view to be that no appreciable increase of its total was necessary. He asked me whether I would be willing to help them by preparing a draft scheme on all the points mentioned, which he could incorporate with the Committee's Report. I could not refuse to do this, and gave up very considerable time to the work after my return to Liverpool. I drew up new scales of pay, suggested reorganization of numbers and duties as between the various ranks, and considerable changes in the mode of enforcing discipline. A most voluminous correspondence between Sir Robert Holmes and myself followed, and finally he sent me the

draft Report of the Committee to revise. That Report embodied without variation the whole of my recommendations. Sir Robert Holmes' last letter thanked me most warmly for the help I gave the Committee, concluding by saying that "the Report is really *your* report, it is certain of adoption, and I know your great satisfaction will be to watch its beneficent effect."

Later, the Lord Lieutenant (Earl Spencer, K.G.) sent for me, and thanked me very cordially for "the valuable services" I had rendered, and an official letter was sent from the Irish Government to the Watch Committee of Liverpool, thanking them for allowing me to be so long absent from Liverpool, and acknowledging the aid I had given to them. It was a great matter of pride to me to know that the reforms I had suggested gave complete satisfaction to the Dublin Police Force at that time, and fully restored its efficiency and content.

Soon after the adoption by the Irish Government of the scheme of reorganization, etc., recommended by the Departmental Committee, the Commissioner, and the Assistant Commissioner, of the Dublin Metropolitan Police tendered their resignations. Sir Robert Holmes wrote strongly pressing me to consider undertaking the office of Commissioner, but I was reluctant to do so, for I was not anxious to give up my work at Liverpool, and had doubts as to whether an Englishman was altogether best fitted for the appointment. Considerable correspondence followed, but ultimately the last-mentioned argument was allowed to be of considerable weight, and the appointment was conferred upon Mr. Harrell, an Irish Resident Magistrate, and at that time a member of the Committee sitting on the Royal Irish Constabulary (afterwards the Right Honourable Sir David Harrell, K.C.B., Under-Secretary for Ireland), who filled the office

with great credit, and made it the foundation of a distinguished official career.

And now, having given much attention to the Dublin Police, I felt it was full time to deal with the reorganization of the Liverpool Police. The problem was, of course, a very different one. The Liverpool Police were an efficient and contented body of men, but their organization was antiquated, wasteful and inefficient. There were only two Police "Divisions" in the borough, the number of men in each being greatly in excess of what could be successfully controlled and regulated by the Chief Superintendent in charge, who could not possibly personally know his men, or keep in close touch with the wants of the inhabitants of his Division. And, to accentuate the evil, duties were entirely "centralized" at the Central Police Office, where both the Chief Superintendents had their offices, carried out the entire work of their Divisions, dealt with complaints of the inhabitants, and all other matters (no matter how local or how trivial) arising in them. Again, there were no police "Sergeants" in Liverpool, the supervision of the constables on beat being undertaken by Inspectors, who also had far more men under them than it was possible for them to control efficiently. And, to deal with minor matters, the uniform of the Force was ridiculously out of date, the principal Officers wearing long coats and silk top-hats, and the men wearing tunics, with the skirts heavily kilted, and popularly supposed to be the nearest approach to a Highland kilt which a Scotch Head Constable had dared to introduce into an English town.

Reorganization was very necessary, and long overdue. This was recognized by the local authorities, and I received every assistance and encouragement from them

in my endeavour to grapple with the question. The one great obstacle in the way was that of expenditure. The heavy cost of the Police was already complained of, and it was felt to be useless to try and obtain the approval of the Town Council (if indeed that of the Home Office could have been secured) for any scheme which would involve an increase of that cost. It was a difficult puzzle to solve, and it cost me many days (and nights) of hard labour to produce a scheme under these conditions, without (what was, of course, an initial necessity) interfering with the then emoluments of any serving Officer. But, after more than a year's thought and calculation, I was at last able to produce a full scheme of reorganization, which satisfied the economic difficulty, and which was approved in every detail by the Watch Committee, and by the Home Office, and carried into effect in May, 1885. This scheme provided for six (now nine, owing to later extensions of the City's boundaries) Divisions, instead of two; the decentralization of police work by the establishment of six "Divisional" stations, where the Superintendents did their work, and regulated the police affairs of their respective Divisions; and by the introduction of Sergeants, each supervising a section of about ten men only. The uniform of the Force was also brought up to date. I may assume that the alterations carried out have proved of lasting value, for no organic change has since been made, and 1925 proves the accuracy of the departure in 1885.

The men were highly pleased at getting a smarter and more comfortable uniform, and of course the large number of promotions to the rank of Sergeant was bound to give satisfaction. Some of the Inspectors felt regret at losing (what appeared to be) some status,

in having to do the work of Sergeant, but no man suffered any loss of pay. Some of the older Officers, too, were very averse to giving up their top-hats. But, in a year or two, these feelings subsided, as modern ideas permeated, and there was hardly a single Officer who would have reverted to the old conditions.

I next turned my attention to what I considered a very urgent need—the establishment of a “Mounted Police” branch. The great importance of a Mounted Force in the event of riots, and public disorder, was such as hardly needed to be emphasized (it was conclusively proved in Liverpool not long after I left). And its value on all occasions when great crowds are in the streets, during public processions, etc., was also pretty obvious. But here again “finance” was the main difficulty. Mounted Police are expensive and, save on the important occasions I have referred to, difficult to provide useful work for. But Liverpool afforded favourable opportunities for meeting this last difficulty, besides being a town where a Mounted Police was very exceptionally desirable.

The Fire Brigade in Liverpool was an integral portion of the police establishment. All the firemen were police constables. The fire-engines were driven by police constables, and were then “horsed” by a number of horses specially hired by the year for that purpose. The prison vans were all driven by police constables, and the horses for them also were hired. I formed the opinion that a Mounted Police might be established at a comparatively moderate cost, by purchasing our own horses for fire-engines, prison vans (and, later, for ambulances and patrol wagons), and consolidating all the “horsing” work of the Force in one branch. I reported very fully to the Watch Committee upon the subject in November,

1885, outlining the organization I suggested, and pointing out that it would secure : (1) An efficient Mounted Police ; (2) the provision of useful work for them (when not required for mounted duty) as grooms, drivers of fire-engines, prison vans, etc. ; (3) more efficient horsing at lesser cost, for the engines and vans ; and (4) a comparatively small increase of total expenditure. This report was approved by the Town Council, with little opposition, and the Liverpool Mounted Police were formed.

I was fortunate in finding a very able and competent man as their first Superintendent. He had been Sergeant-Major Roughrider in the 7th Hussars, was an excellent horse-master, and popular with his men. He brought the Mounted Force to great perfection, and they became extremely popular with the Liverpool Public. When I left Liverpool, I left a "chestnut" troop of fifty men, superbly mounted, with men and horses excellently trained. I doubt whether even Colonel Laurie's smart Metropolitan Mounted Police of the present day, could turn out a troop to equal them ; certainly they had no competitors in the English Police twenty-five years ago.

It is probably a matter of common knowledge that nearly one-half of the cost of County and Borough Police Forces is borne by H.M. Treasury, out of the Exchequer Contribution Account. It is a condition of this payment that the Forces are maintained in efficiency and discipline. To satisfy the Home Office that this condition is complied with, one of H.M. Inspectors of Constabulary is sent each year to inspect, and report upon, each Force in receipt of the contribution. In Liverpool, these inspections were regarded as great public functions. They took place in Sefton Park, usually in the middle of

the summer, and there some twelve hundred men, or more, paraded for inspection by H.M. Inspector. The men assembled in front of St. George's Hall, in the middle of the town, and were there formed into three battalions. Then, headed by the Chief Constable, and the troop of Mounted Police, each battalion with its band, they marched through all the principal streets of the town to Sefton Park. On arrival the men were provided with lunch on the ground, and the Chief Constable used to entertain the superior Officers to luncheon in a marquee in the enclosure. This enclosure was roped off opposite to the saluting flag, and to it, later in the afternoon, the Watch Committee invited a large number of the principal residents of the town to view the inspection, and to a sort of garden-party following, where the combined Police Band played. The inspection itself followed the lines of an ordinary military one—march-past, drill, etc. The more *practical* part of it took place on the following two days, when stations, police records, books, etc., were seen by H.M. Inspector.

I believe that the parade and the inspection in Sefton Park were of real use in several respects: (1) They enabled people of position and influence in the town to gain personal knowledge of, and to take an interest in, the large Police Force for which they were responsible; (2) they gave great pleasure to an immense number of people, who knew and liked individual policemen, and were interested to see them *en masse*; (3) they showed the criminal and disorderly classes the *strength* of the Police, and, I have reason to think, with useful effect; and (4) they gave to the Police a pride in themselves and an *esprit de corps* which was very valuable. They no doubt savoured to some extent of "militarism," the very *last* quality wanted in a Police Force. But experi-

ence proved, and I feel sure, that they were never detrimental in the smallest degree to the civil character of the Liverpool Police Force, and that it was (as a well-known London Alderman later described the City Police) one of "the most civil, and best civil, forces in the country."

A matter which struck me very forcibly during my earlier years in Liverpool was the utter lack of any provision for sport, or other amusement, among members of the Police. I am a strong believer in two old proverbs—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." For both reasons, I determined to endeavour to remedy what I felt to be a great want. I had some little difficulty at first. Some of the Superintendents, and older Officers, were absolutely convinced that cricket, football, athletic sports, etc., would only serve to divert a young constable's mind from his work, and that his work should take up all his mind and all his thoughts. They quoted their own example—"They had always minded their work, and had never wanted to kick a ball about." They would not see that work and play were not incompatible, still less that good play might really help good work. But some of the younger men entered enthusiastically into my views, and the Liverpool Police Athletic Club was formed. We rented a large and suitable ground, built a small pavilion, and started various games. We also organized a great Athletic Sports meeting in the summer, in which we were generously supported by the Public, who presented prizes for many events. These were mainly confined to members of the Liverpool Police, but there were also some open to all Police Forces in the country, as well as one or two "open" events. At the first meeting, I invited all the

principal people of Liverpool and the neighbourhood to an afternoon party, which I gave in a reserved enclosure on the ground, and they accepted in large numbers. The Police Band, a very fine one, played in the enclosure ; there was a large marquee for tea, and stands from which to view the sports, and I think all enjoyed the afternoon's amusement. The Lady Mayoress distributed the prizes, and thousands of people paid for admission to the ground, and thus placed the Club in a satisfactory financial position. These sports became a popular annual event, though, after the first year, the Club took over from me the duty of entertaining invited guests. Cricket, football, quoits, bowls, etc., were carried on from day to day, and with great advantage to the health, the well-being, the good-comradeship, the pleasure, and (I do not hesitate to say) the efficiency, of the members of the Liverpool Police Force. The old Superintendent who had " never wanted to kick a ball about " actually himself presented two footballs to the men of his Division, within a year of the Club being started, and from that day to this the Club has proved its vitality and its value.

Another subject of great interest also soon came under consideration, though it was not carried through until a somewhat later date.

The Metropolitan and City Police had long had a Police Orphanage, that admirably organized Institution at Strawberry Hill, but there was no similar institution for Liverpool, and the adjoining borough of Bootle. And yet there were numerous necessitous orphans of policemen in those towns, whose claims equally demanded attention. Of course it was a matter of impossibility for the Police (anxious as they were, and ready as they were, to help themselves, or rather to help

the orphans of their comrades) to find the large funds required for the founding of such an institution. An effort was therefore made to secure donations, or subscriptions, from the Public for this purpose. The Public responded generously, but of course it took a considerable time to collect subscriptions, purchase a suitable place, make the necessary alterations and additions to fit it for an Orphanage, obtain the services of a suitable Matron and Superintendent, and select the first children to be admitted. It was arranged that the Orphanage should be under the sole management and control of the Force itself, and a Committee was appointed, consisting of the superior Officers of both the Liverpool and Bootle Police, and representatives of other ranks, to undertake this work. The Police themselves agreed to a weekly stoppage from their pay for the funds of the Orphanage, the Police Minstrels by their concerts greatly helped those funds, the Athletic Club gave support, and many members of the Public promised annual subscriptions. A large house at Woolton, with suitable grounds, was purchased and adapted, and in 1895 the Liverpool and Bootle Police Orphanage was formally opened by the Countess of Derby, who was Lady Mayoress of Liverpool in that year.

The Orphanage met a great want, and proved an undoubted success. Its children have made good in life, and given satisfaction wherever they have gone, and many a policeman's widow has been able to bless the institution for the happiness, the education and the start in life which would otherwise have been wanting for her children, the children, too (it must be remembered), of men who had done good work for the community, and had "fallen by the way" before they had been able to make provision for themselves.

The question of medical attendance, etc., on constables, sick or injured, also early came under my consideration. The then, and, as I considered it, the vicious system in Liverpool, was through the medium of a "Sick Club," managed entirely by the men themselves and supported by weekly subscriptions deducted from their pay. When a constable was, or alleged he was, unfit for duty, he reported himself to a medical man (appointed and paid by the men themselves), who could place him on (and keep him on for as long as he thought proper) the official "sick-list," which entitled him to *draw pay from the Public*, at the doctor's discretion. Needless to say that this led to abuses. Even good and honest men are apt to treat themselves easily, and to take holiday when holiday is to be had almost for the asking; and to the malingerer the system afforded boundless opportunity. The doctors were placed in an invidious position, for they owed their appointments, their salaries, and any increase thereof, to the very men whose cases they had to officially report on, and there was more than one case where it was proved that undue pressure, and even threats, had been used to a doctor, to try and compel him to place upon the sick-list the names of men he did not consider should be so returned. I brought this matter before the authorities, who decided, on my recommendation, to abolish the "Sick Club," to appoint police surgeons, responsible to the Watch Committee, and at the same time to increase the amount of pay allowed to those in future placed upon the sick-list by the police surgeons. The change led, as might be supposed, to fewer men being daily absent from duty, and certainly had no detrimental effect on the health and well-being of the Force.

The sad plight of ill-treated, ill-clad and necessitous

children in the streets had long attracted considerable attention in Liverpool. In this matter, as in some others I have referred to, Liverpool can certainly claim to have led the way. No doubt the need there was greater than in most other places. There was a large "Dock" population whose conditions of labour were very precarious, and amongst whom frequent poverty existed, coupled also with reckless habits of life, and much drunkenness. There was also a large Irish population, whose neglect of its children seemed very great, and who sent them into the streets, less than half-clothed (the number of bare-legged children in Liverpool almost equalled that of Dublin), to steal, beg, or trade, in the streets, at all hours, in all weathers, and at all times in the year.

The first great move to remedy this deplorable state of affairs was the formation of the Liverpool Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, some time before the founding of the present great "National Society," which latter may probably have gained some inspiration from it. The Liverpool Society did invaluable work for the children; I was always a member of its Committee and it rendered much assistance to the Police in the discharge of their duties.

Next, the Corporation obtained powers by By-Laws (made under a local Act) to prohibit children (boys under fourteen, girls under sixteen) trading in the streets, unless with a licence granted by the Corporation (through the Police). *All* children, however, were entitled to claim a licence, subject to conditions laid down as regarded health, age, consent of parents, etc., and to their obedience to certain regulations. These included: (1) That they should always be decently and properly clothed; (2) that they should, when trading, always

wear, in the manner directed, the *numbered badge*, supplied to them by the Corporation ; (3) that they should never lend, etc., that badge to any other child ; (4) that they should not enter any public-house or place of public entertainment ; (5) that they should not beg from, annoy or obstruct any person in the streets ; (6) that they should at once conform to all instructions given to them by any constable ; and (7) that they should obey all provisions of the Law with regard to Street Offences. In the event of any breach of those regulations the licence was liable to be revoked by the Watch Committee.

This system effected a considerable improvement. But, in many cases, difficulty arose as to children being decently and properly clothed, and this was largely overcome by the help of a charitable organization, initiated and managed by members of the Police Force, and entitled the "Police-aided Clothing Association." The Police provided, and collected, money (one member of the Watch Committee gave them £50), purchased suitable boots and clothing, made personal inquiries as to the *need* of children asking to be clothed, "*lent*" them the clothing to wear (the ownership remaining with the Association), saw that the children were washed and clean on receiving it, and kept observation as to its later use. A few cases of improper dealing with the clothing by parents, and others, were discovered, and one or two prosecutions followed, but on the whole the scheme worked well, and was an inestimable boon to many destitute children. The Association was one in which the Police took a really fatherly interest, and many devoted much time and labour to making it a success. Incidentally, too, it sometimes helped them in the execution of their duties in rough and lawless districts,

through the feeling which had been created that the Police were not natural enemies.

I had constant, and anxious, work in endeavouring, almost year by year, to get the material position of police officers improved, and their pay made somewhat comparable to the position they had to maintain and the heavy responsibility, the many dangers, and the great hardships to which their work exposed them. Frequent applications for consideration came from the whole, or different ranks, of the Force—generally, I felt, absolutely well founded, and I supported them to the utmost of my power. The Liverpool Watch Committee were invariably sympathetic, and did all that was possible in the then state of public opinion. It is, of course, useless now to enter into details. I will only say that the Committee certainly made the position of a Liverpool constable better than that of constables in most other towns, though the general question was never fairly and justly faced until after the Report of the Desborough Committee in 1919.

I have devoted some space to what may appear small details of everyday police work, but together they occupied a great portion of my time and energy, and the record of *Fifty-two Years a Policeman* would be incomplete if I omitted them. They were certainly matters of considerable interest to me; they may interest any "police" reader I may have, and if not of the same interest to others, I hope they will at least allow that I could not have avoided recounting them.

CHAPTER VIII

HOSPITABLE SOCIETY

Society in Liverpool—Hospitality—Clubs—Bachelor Life—Snowdon—"The Mikado"—Marriage—Accidents in the Streets—Ambulances.

I can never forget the great kindness with which I was received in Liverpool. Society (with a big S) seemed, in many ways, to approximate to that of New York, with which Liverpool is so closely connected. There were old families there, long associated with the great business of the town, wealthy, and assured social leaders. The best set were locally known as "the currant-jelly set," probably because, in older days, they were the set who hunted with the harriers. The Wellington Rooms might have been considered as their social centre, and membership, almost even an invitation to the dances, quite conferred a social *cachet*. But, as in New York, the circle was being continually changed, and enlarged. Wealthy families who, when I first went to Liverpool, were considered as quite outside the pale, gradually were recognized, at last admitted, and, before I left Liverpool, had become as jealous members of the select coterie as any within it. To soldiers, sailors, and others, whose official work took them to Liverpool, welcome was always given, and kindness and hospitality was unbounded. Wealth was, of course, very great, and I never experienced anywhere more lavish enter-

tainment. Few, if any, of the large dinner-parties in London could even compare, in general luxury and *tout ensemble*, with those given in the great private houses of Liverpool.

Liverpool also possessed very many excellent clubs—social, political and sporting. The Palatine Club, in Bold Street, was the oldest, and most exclusive, of the social clubs, and the Racquet Club, in Parliament Street, was the rendezvous of the younger men, hardly yet eligible for the Palatine. To both of these I was fortunate enough to belong, and to both I owe much for my very pleasant bachelor days in Liverpool. At “the corner table” of the Palatine Club, and at our several houses, a number of friends had evening after evening of meeting, the best port to be had anywhere in England, and many a rubber of whist (this was before the vogue of Bridge). Among those friends were: Tom Baring, Dudley Ryder, Leonard Pilkington, J. H. (Bill) Edwards, Parr (always known as “the Governor”), E. H. Porter, and a succession of Officers of the Cavalry Regiments stationed in Liverpool. Practically all were members of the Liverpool Cricket Club, where many summer afternoons and evenings were spent, many of the Hoylake Golf Club, and a few of that unique and wonderful institution—the Childwall Quoiting Club, over one hundred years old, whose members, with one guest allowed to each, went out some four miles into the country, to dine once every week at four o’clock, play quoits till after dark, the clay at last lighted by a candle stuck in it, and then whist, followed by supper. Some had shootings and fishings, in Scotland and in Lancashire, to which their friends were made welcome. Leonard Pilkington was a noted greyhound owner, and winner of the Waterloo Cup, so a stranger was soon initiated into

that sport ; not a few were interested in racing, and Aintree and the Grand National were not far away—so it will be seen that a man going to Liverpool at that time was to be envied.

And I cannot refrain from also referring to one other great pleasure which Liverpool brought to me, viz., its proximity to “Snowdonia.” I have already spoken of the love I had early acquired for the Welsh mountains, and now I had many opportunities of getting to know them even more thoroughly. There are few I have not explored, and there is hardly an ascent of Snowdon, the Glyders, Tryfan, Cader Idris, and many more, for which I could not act as guide. Enjoyable as many of my experiences were, they were not generally such as to deserve mention, but there were two to which I think I may refer.

In the autumn of 1883 I was staying, one Sunday, with my sister, at Pen-y-Gwryd. The day had proved very wet, but rain had somewhat ceased in the evening, and, after dinner, we decided to walk up the ordinary Capel Curig ascent of the mountain as far as Glasllyn. It was not a promising night, clouds were thick, and very low down, and we began to think of retracing our steps soon after we had started the steep ascent from Llyn Lydaw. Suddenly, however, we found ourselves emerging into clear, bright moonlight, with the clouds all banked below us over the Gwynant Valley, presenting the appearance of the smooth surface of a great sea, upon which was reflected, clear and correct in every detail, the whole wonderful circle of Snowdon’s summits and passes. It was a magnificent sight, one never to be forgotten—a sight, the natives said, they had occasionally, but very rarely, seen, and one which few mere visitors had ever had the good fortune to enjoy. We

were loath to leave it, and to have to descend the mountain, and in a very few yards on our downward track we again plunged into thick clouds and heavy, misty rain, making it difficult to retrace our steps to the hotel.

My other experience, also from Pen-y-Gwryd, involved an adventure which might easily have terminated in disaster. One February (I think about 1884 or 1885) I started out from Liverpool with Lord Ernest Hamilton and three other friends (Leonard Pilkington, Edwards and Porter) to do some walking in the Welsh mountains, including a winter ascent of Snowdon. The mountain was covered with snow, and when we started, the weather was fine and fairly clear. But, as we approached Pen-y-Gwryd from Bettws, snow began to fall heavily, and conditions looked none too propitious. The inn was then kept by Harry Owen and his wife (immortalized by Charles Kingsley in *Two Years Ago*), and a more comfortable place, in the heart of the mountains, it would indeed be hard to find. The very best of homely fare, clothes and boots, no matter how wet at night, warm, dry and soft in the morning, real hospitality, and above all, jolly Harry Owen, with his endless tales of mountaineering experiences—the like of that inn we shall not see again. After dinner and a long talk and smoke round the kitchen fire, we went to bed, hoping the weather would prove a little kinder on the following day.

But it was not to be. Next morning we found snow still falling, and Snowdon still in cloud. However, we refused to be daunted, and determined to try and make the ascent, by way of the “pig-track,” and under the ridge of Crib Goch, working round the dangerous crater of Glaslyn, very different to the smooth grass slopes of the

Llanberis side of the mountain. Harry Owen did his best to dissuade us, but we stuck to our determination. We were actually foolish enough to refuse to carry the ropes he pressed upon us, and it was only with difficulty he persuaded two of us to carry ice-axes. And so, in spite of remonstrances, we started. I was the only one of the party who knew the mountain, so I acted as guide. I led the way safely up to, and along, the pig-track, to where it joins the steep zig-zag under the ridge of Crib Goch, above Glasllyn, the track by that time being entirely obliterated, and deep in snow. Here, Hamilton, Pilkington and Porter took the lead, climbing at a great pace, with which Edwards and I could not keep up. They simply laughed at the idea of not being able to find a line up, or at the necessity for any special caution. Hamilton soon forged well ahead of even the other two. The snow was beginning to be hard frozen, and cloud was still very troublesome. When not far from the main ridge (on the other side of which is the ordinary Llanberis ascent), Hamilton found himself faced with a great triangle-shaped dip across his track, filled with a heavy drift of frozen snow. What followed can be best described in his own words :¹

“ The pace at which I was going (I was almost running, in my eagerness to be first at the top) carried me some way across the snow-drift before I discovered that my feet were not ‘ biting,’ and could get no hold on the surface of the steep smooth slope on which I found myself. I began sliding down. I fell on my hands and knees, and tried to dig my fingers into the snow, but I might as well have tried to dig them into a pavement, and I still kept sliding down. I luckily had with me a new holly stick—hardly more than a cane—but strong, and with a very sharp ferrule. I jabbed this stick with all my strength into the snow, and it went in up to the

¹ *Old Days and New*.—Lord Ernest Hamilton. By kind permission.

head, and gave me a splendid hold. I gripped it in a grateful fist, and looked about me to get my bearings. The first thing that I noticed was that the ten or twelve feet that I had slid down had perceptibly widened the distance between me and *terra firma*; for the drift spread out like a fan, and whereas it had been comparatively narrow where I fell, it was half as wide again where I lay. I noticed also, with a certain feeling of disquietude, that the slope on which I was lying came to an abrupt end about thirty feet below me, and I was painfully aware that, where it ended, the precipitous sides of the crack began, and that there was nothing between me and the lake, 1,500 feet below, but those thirty feet of frozen, unretentive, inhospitable snow (or ice, as it was in point of fact). On the land to my right, not more than fifteen feet away, stood Pilkington and Porter, in anxious meditation. We exchanged ideas and we all agreed that there was nothing to be done till our guide arrived with an ice-axe. I ate my packet of sandwiches which I carried in my breast-pocket. Pilkington and Porter ate theirs, but still no sign was to be seen of our dilatory guide. We had, as it afterwards appeared, made the ascent at about three times the regulation pace, for the trained mountaineer always climbs with a slow, dogged, very self-contained step, which experience has taught him is the easiest road to the summit. In view of the fact that the guide was apparently hopelessly behind, and not likely to arrive on the scene before we were all reduced to icicles, the suggestion was made by one of the other two, I forget which, that I should carefully draw my stick out of the snow, jab it in again a foot or two nearer land, and so gradually work my way to safety. The idea seemed to me quite a good one, and I at once proceeded to put it into practice. With the greatest care imaginable I unsheathed my stick, but, as I raised my arm to jab it in again, I started sliding down. The warmth of my body had turned the surface into polished ice, and it afforded my body no more grip than the greased runners in a shipyard do to a newly launched vessel. In wild desperation I jabbed downwards with my stick, and it went in and held, but at a most precarious angle, for so fast was I sliding that only half the length of the stick penetrated the snow and the other half stuck out at such an angle that it seemed likely to slip out at any moment. At the full stretch of my right arm above my head, I lay and gripped this most inadequate support. A most uncomfortable position, I assure you, and one that was not made more comfortable by the knowledge that my last slide had perceptibly diminished the distance between me and the edge of the crater, and at the same time appreciably widened the nasty stretch of polished snow that lay between me and a foothold. The little

stick on which so much depended looked (and felt) as if it not only might, but *must*, come out at any moment. Porter, hideously concerned, as he afterwards admitted, ran back to try and hurry up the guide, and his much-to-be-desired ice-axe, while Pilkington stood on the edge of the dry land, and tried, with partial success, to wear an everyday face. As for me, I lay as motionless as a log, scarcely daring to breathe, and trying to think of fires, nice warm beds, and hot whisky-and-water. After an interval, which cannot be gauged by the ordinary methods of reckoning, Porter and the guide arrived on the scene, and the latter, breathless as he was, lost no time in getting to work with his ice-axe, with which he hacked a series of scientific steps in line with my feet. Nearer and nearer he drew, and finally fixing his own feet firmly in the steps he had cut, he dug the point of the ice-axe into the hard snow above and proffered me a helping hand. Without the aid of this hand I am quite sure I could not have moved, for I was frozen as stiff as an icicle : but with the support of the ice-axe and the friendly hand, it was a matter of comparative simplicity.

“ My first act, on reaching land, was to seize the soda-water bottle, which contained the whole of our whisky supply, and my next to drain it to the very base in a series of spasmodic gulps—an operation which the rest of the party watched with faces compared to which Miserrimus Doleful’s countenance on the discovery of Xerxes’ broken wind must have been one broad grin. The extraordinary thing was that a draught of raw spirit, which under ordinary conditions would have skinned my throat, now went down as though it had been so much milk, and in fact was gone almost before I knew that I had started drinking.

“ It was perhaps the sad sight of the empty whisky-bottle, as much as anything else, which decided the party to make an immediate descent to the hotel ; but in honest truth, it would have been sheer madness to have gone on. It was blowing an icy gale, and snowing so hard that one could not see twenty yards in any direction. Slowly and thoughtfully we commenced the descent.”

Thoughtfully, indeed. My thoughts were centred on the empty whisky-bottle, and I indulged in vain regrets that we had not sampled it before rescuing Hamilton from his perilous position, or at least before we gave him the first “ look in ” at it.

We got down the mountain without further difficulty, and were not sorry to be back at the hospitable inn, get

into dry clothes, see a good fire, and in front of it enjoy the longed-for hot whisky and a cheery chat with Harry Owen. He slated us pretty well for our folly, ramming home the warnings he had given us in the morning before starting, and, after remarking on the precautions which he thought even we would have taken if on a mountain in Switzerland, made the pregnant remark: "You gentlemen don't seem to see it, but for me, I think if I had to fall over 1,000 feet of precipice, I shouldn't mind going 10,000 further." A word of wisdom that those who climb English or Welsh mountains, especially in the winter, might do well to ponder.

The next day proved rather better, and we had a fine walk over Glyder Fawr, Glyder Fach and Tryfan, to the cottage on Ogwen, where we had our trap waiting, and drove to Bangor, *en route* once more for Liverpool.

And now I was once again bitten by my old fancy for theatricals, a fancy I have every reason to be grateful for, for it was the means of bringing me the great happiness of my life. At a "bachelor" dinner I met my future father-in-law, Mr. Reginald Harrison, an eminent surgeon (afterwards Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons). Conversation turned on theatricals, and he told me that his daughter was engaged in training the boys of the Cathedral Choir for a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was to come off at his house a little later. Finding how interested I was, he asked me to dinner the following evening, and to watch a rehearsal afterwards. It was really a remarkable performance; the boys had lovely voices, and considerable musical ability, several of them were keen and good actors, and all had been most carefully taught the busi-

ness of their respective parts. The performance was followed later by performances of "The Mikado" and of "The Yeomen of the Guard." I took the greatest interest in the production of these, and managed to arrange for all the principal boys to have favoured places *every* night the D'Oyley Carte Company were performing those pieces in Liverpool, thus enabling them thoroughly to study the details of the business of their parts. I helped also in stage management, and do not think I missed a single rehearsal of either opera. Mr. Harrison's house was a large one, and excellently adapted for theatricals on an ambitious scale, and the stage, scenery, dresses, wigs, etc., were all provided from professional sources. This, combined with the fresh, well-trained voices and the careful instruction and rehearsal, made the performances, especially those of "The Mikado," an immense success, and quite an event in Liverpool. Mrs. Saker, the well-known actress, wife of the manager of the Alexandra Theatre, said she considered the company decidedly *superior* to that of the professional Children's Company then touring, and Mr. Saker was most anxious to have "The Mikado" for a few nights at the theatre; but the Bishop barred the way, not liking the Cathedral Choir to appear in public performances, even though the entire proceeds were to be devoted to charity. After three nights' performances at Mr. Harrison's house, where he entertained large numbers of friends each night, performances were given with the greatest success at the various hospitals, schools, and training-ships, etc., and even at the County Lunatic Asylum at Rainhill, where they were greatly appreciated by the inmates. My friends professed to think that I ought to have remained in the latter institution, and chaffed me much upon my love for choir-

boys, music and theatricals. But I think they saw through the stone wall, and guessed pretty accurately what was soon to become public property—that “The Mikado” was to see the end of my bachelor life.

After the “Mikado” performances were over, I had a vacancy in my office for a boy clerk, and I offered it to the leading treble of the Choir (Nanki Pooh). He was overjoyed, and ran at once to tell my future wife of his good fortune, saying, “Miss Harrison, the Captain is going to take me into his office, so you know that some day I may be Chief Constable of—of——” (he hesitated; he was going to say, “of Liverpool,” but thought it would not be polite)—“of Manchester.” Well, he has fully justified my selection of him. He is now Chief Constable of an important northern town, and may even yet be Chief Constable of Manchester. Another story of this time is perhaps worth repeating, as showing the then current American opinion as to “a policeman’s lot.” My future father-in-law had a somewhat large American practice. One day, shortly before my marriage, an American patient came to consult him, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that his daughter was about to marry the Chief of the Liverpool Police. The reply at once came, “Sir, I congratulate you; he must be a rich man.”

My marriage took place on the 1st June, 1889, and I have every reason to bless “The Mikado.” I cannot say, however, that I enjoyed the actual ceremony, for it partook too much of the character of a public function. It took place at the Cathedral (with the Choir in their places) and the Bishop of Liverpool (an old friend of my family) and the Dean of Norwich (an equally old friend of my wife’s family) tied us up. The Mayor and Cor-

poration attended our wedding. Police lined the streets and formed guards of honour both at the Cathedral and at the house, Mounted Police escorted our carriage, and the Police Band played at the reception. Dense crowds were in the streets to see us pass both from the Cathedral and to the station, and we were indeed glad to escape for the time being from Liverpool and find ourselves quietly in the train *en route* for London.

My constant association with Mr. Reginald Harrison at this time led to the maturity of a project of reform which we had each (viewing the question from our different angles) long had under consideration. The callousness shown in the removal of persons meeting with accidents, or overcome by illness, in the streets was the cause of much suffering, often of permanent injury. Before I came to Liverpool *no* means were provided for the conveyance of such cases, a stretcher, or a shutter, with ignorant and uninstructed bearers, was the only method thought of. As this duty was of course one with which the Police were mainly concerned, I had long felt it demanded serious thought. I had already arranged for the provision of St. John Ambulance litters and litters made by our own Fire Brigade, to be stationed at various convenient spots all over the City and the Docks. I had also commenced the training of the whole of the Police Force in First Aid work, in accordance with the scheme of the St. John Ambulance Association. These two provisions had already effected a marked advance on the old system, or want of system. But, in the many conversations which Mr. Harrison and I had, we felt that much more might yet be done. In many cases, *speed* in conveyance to the hospital was all important, in many more, skilled attendance on the scene of the

accident was very desirable. These two considerations pointed to "horsed" (motors, of course, followed later) Ambulances, and to provision of skilled attendants *with the Ambulances*. On these lines we evolved our scheme, and each of us in our own province made every effort to carry it into effect. We both had considerable difficulties to overcome. Many looked on us as faddists, many thought "Why not leave well alone?" and the bugbear of the expense such a scheme would involve seemed to many to render its adoption "outside practical politics." However, we persevered, though it took some seven years of hard work before the desired end could be attained.

My chief arguments with the Local Authority were that: (1) It was recognized that it was the duty of the Police to remove persons injured, or struck down by illness, in the streets (if for no other reason than that they were a cause of obstruction); (2) that being so, it was obviously their duty to do it in the most speedy, and humane, manner possible; (3) the expense (worked in, as I proposed, with the existing system of Mounted Police, Prison Vans and Fire Brigades) need not be considerable; and (4) the hospitals might be ready to join in the securing of a really efficient service.

Mr. Harrison worked equally hard to try and secure the co-operation of the Hospital Authorities. They argued (and with good reason) that the duty of the hospitals only began when the patients were brought to them, and that the bringing of them was altogether a matter for the Police, or private persons. Therefore that they were not justified in applying hospital funds for Ambulance purposes. Mr. Harrison, though agreeing with their view, persuaded them to forego it (at least

temporarily), as it would, if persisted in, inevitably stay the hand of the Local Authority, which was none too anxious to take any action, as they did not appreciate the great importance of the question, and would at once say that the Hospital Authorities themselves were not convinced of its necessity, when they had refused to lend their support. As a result, the four hospitals agreed that, if the Local Authority would provide an efficient Horse Ambulance service, they would be willing to provide stabling, etc., at their various hospitals, and a doctor, or senior medical student, to go out with the Ambulances, when summoned to a case. This decision was communicated to me.

I therefore, on the 13th November, 1897, again brought the matter before the Watch Committee of the Corporation, and (armed with the promise of the hospitals) was at last enabled to carry the project to success. The Local Authority agreed to supply Ambulances, with drivers, horses, forage, harness, etc., to be stationed "by day" at the various hospitals (as contemplated by the Hospital Authorities) for duty in their respective areas. And, beyond this, they agreed to supply an Ambulance to be stationed "by night" for duty over the whole City, and one more to be stationed at Old Swan for "day and night" duty in the outlying districts. A system of telephonic signal boxes, placed all over the City, for the purpose of summoning the Ambulance, was also arranged. The whole service was to be under the Head Constable, and to be an integral part of the Police Force.

Thus a vital change in the conception of the duty of the Local Authorities as to this important question was inaugurated, and Liverpool became the pioneer of a much-needed reform. Nearly every large town has now followed its example, and adopted the Liverpool system,

or some variation of it, and the action of Liverpool was (as will appear later) a main factor in the introduction (some eight or nine years afterwards) of the present efficient Ambulance Services of the City of London and of the Metropolis. Of course, now (as in the case of nearly all fast-running vehicles) motors have taken the place of horses, and the contention of the hospitals as to their non-liability with regard to the provision of an Ambulance Service has been generally recognized.

CHAPTER IX

WOMEN POISONERS

Case of Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins—Case of Mrs. Maybrick—Conviction, and Reprieve—Important Information obtained later.

Probably the most repulsive crimes with which the Police have to deal are those of slow and secret poisoning. It seems strange that crimes so odious are so frequently perpetrated by women, who “when pain and anguish wring the brow” are, almost without exception, “ministering angels,” but who, when they abjure the love and tenderness of their sex, seem to become the nearest approach to devils that the human mind can conceive, and kill, with prolonged and aggravated torture, those who are nearest, and should be dearest, to them.

The motives for these crimes are always the same—either illicit gain or illicit love, and a notable instance of each occurred during my police career in Liverpool. The first, which aroused intense excitement and horror in the town, was that of two sisters, Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins, women of a low class, who, between 1880 and 1883, murdered in succession three of their nearest relatives, and one other person (a lodger), for the sake of securing money for which these two women had insured their lives. The second case was an even more notorious one, for it created a world-wide interest—that of Mrs. Maybrick, a woman of education, good means and some position in Liverpool, who poisoned her hus-

band, who had become an obstacle to her illicit love for another man.

The charge upon which Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins were actually convicted, was for the murder of the husband of the latter on the 2nd October, 1883, by arsenical poisoning, but, as will be seen, this was only one of many crimes.

Mrs. Flanagan was the elder of the two sisters, and was a widow. In 1880, she occupied a house in Skirving Street, with her son John, a young man of twenty-two years of age. Her sister, Mrs. Higgins (then Mrs. Thompson, a widow), also lived with her. She had, as lodgers, Thomas Higgins, a hod-carrier, who was a widower, and his little daughter, Mary, then eight years of age, and also Patrick Jennings, a dock labourer, and his daughter Margaret, then sixteen.

On the 7th December, 1880, John Flanagan died, and insurance money was drawn by his mother. After the arrest of Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins in 1884 his body was exhumed, and examination proved his death to be due to poisoning by arsenic.

In 1881, Mrs. Thompson was married to Thomas Higgins, and on the 29th November, 1882, the child, Mary Higgins, then ten years old, died. Insurance money was drawn by her stepmother, Mrs. Higgins. Her body was also exhumed in 1884, and again death was found to be due to arsenical poisoning.

On the 28th January, 1883, Margaret Jennings died, and insurance money was drawn (not by her father, but by Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins), and her body, when exhumed in 1884, also showed that death was due to arsenic. After her death, Mrs. Flanagan and Higgins and his wife removed to a house in Latimer Street, and not long before Higgins' death removed again to 27



MRS. FLANAGAN.

ON THE CHARGE OF "CAUSING THE DEATH OF THOMAS HIGGINS BY POISON," THESE TWO WOMEN WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH AT THE LIVERPOOL ASSIZES, FEBRUARY, 1884. EXECUTED AT KIRKDALE GAOL, 3RD MARCH, 1884.



MRS. HIGGINS.

Ascot Street. Thomas Higgins died on the 2nd October, 1883, his death being certified by the doctor, who had seen him once or twice, to be due to dysentery, caused by excessive drinking.

But his brother, Patrick Higgins, had somehow heard of insurances which had been effected on his life, and had suspicions as to the true cause of death. He went twice to the coroner, the second time with the doctor who had given the certificate, with the result that the coroner sent his beadle to stop the funeral of Thomas Higgins, pending a post-mortem examination of the body. The beadle, accompanied by the doctor and Patrick Higgins, arrived at 27 Ascot Street, just as the funeral carriages were coming up, and stopped the removal of the body. They found Mrs. Flanagan, Mrs. Higgins and several other women in the house, mostly in a state of drunkenness. The post-mortem examination which followed showed that the man had died from poisoning by arsenic. Mrs. Higgins was then detained on suspicion of murdering her husband, but Mrs. Flanagan managed to keep out of the way, and was not arrested until the 15th October, when both women were formally charged with the murder of Thomas Higgins on the 2nd October.

On investigation of the case, the Police obtained considerable further evidence. They traced the various insurances made by Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins on Higgins' life with the Pearl, the Wesleyan and General, the Prudential, and the Scottish Legal Life, Insurance Companies, amounting in all to £91. An attempt had also been made by Mrs. Flanagan to effect a further insurance of his life for £50 with the Royal Liver Friendly Society, but here she overreached herself, for on insurances of £50 and over the Society required examination by a doctor, and upon the agent and a doctor calling to

see Thomas Higgins, he turned them out, saying, "To hell with you and your clubs." Consequently the insurance was refused. It was also found that Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins had effected insurances (though for smaller amounts) on the lives of John Flanagan, Mary Higgins, and Margaret Jennings, and had drawn the money on their deaths. At the trial, the Judge made very strong comment on the action of the agents of these Insurance Companies, in insuring lives without any knowledge of the insurance, or any interest in it, on the part of the person insured. There can be no doubt that such a practice was little short of a premium on crime.

Ample evidence was also secured to prove that Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins were the *only* persons attendant on all the deceased during their last days, and that they resented the interference or even the presence of anyone else, they administering all medicines (?) and food. Medical evidence proved that the arsenic must have been continuously administered, in small doses, over considerable periods.

On examination of the clothing of Mrs. Higgins, traces of arsenic were found in the pocket of her dress. It was never, however, positively ascertained where the women procured the arsenic used, but there was reason to believe that they obtained it from boiling fly-papers, and bottling the result. Both had been known to carry bottles in their pockets. No traces of arsenic were found in any pans, kettles, or bottles in the house, but of course there had been ample time to remove anything which might be incriminatory.

The trial of the two women took place at the following Liverpool Assizes, before Mr. Justice Butt, and lasted for three days. On the 14th February, 1884, both were found

guilty of the wilful murder of Thomas Higgins. (Of course the other three cases were not proceeded with.) In passing sentence, the Judge said: "The evidence was such as to leave no doubt on the minds of all who heard it, that you were guilty of the crime. Considering your relationship to the murdered man, to say nothing of others in whose death it is suggested you have been implicated—the murder is a crime so horrible, carried out so cruelly, so relentlessly, from motives so sordid, that it makes one shudder to think to what depths humanity is capable of sinking."

Both women were hanged at Kirkdale Prison a few weeks later.

The other case, that of Mrs. Maybrick, was of a far more complicated character. Her husband, Mr. James Maybrick, was a cotton merchant in a good position, and they resided at Battlecrease House, in Aigburth, a fashionable suburb of Liverpool. Mr. Maybrick had travelled, in connection with his business, a good deal between Liverpool and America, and in America he met his future wife. They were married in London in July, 1881, and in 1889 had two children, a boy of seven and a girl of three. Besides a gardener, they kept four indoor servants—a children's nurse, a cook, a parlourmaid and a housemaid. Mr. Maybrick was forty-nine years of age; his wife was considerably younger, about twenty-nine. Mr. Maybrick was generally a healthy man, and went daily to his business in the town, where he had an office in Knowsley Buildings. He was, however, in the habit of complaining about his liver and his nerves, saying he "felt out of sorts." He consulted a doctor, who considered him "somewhat hypochondriacal," and gave him tonics, suitable to a patient of sedentary habits who was "out of sorts." The doctor said that, with the

exception of this, he never knew Mr. Maybrick to be ill during the whole eight years of his married life. Mr. Maybrick had three brothers—Mr. Michael Maybrick, the well-known musician, Thomas, who was a shipping agent in Manchester, and Edwin, a cotton-broker in Liverpool, but spending much of his time in America. All three considered him a strong and healthy man.

On the 16th March, 1889, Mrs. Maybrick telegraphed to London for a sitting-room and a bedroom to be reserved for her at an hotel in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick would arrive there on the 21st and stay for a week. On that day she left home, telling her husband that an aunt of hers had to undergo an operation by Sir James Paget, and wanted her to be with her. She arrived at Henrietta Street the same evening. About half-past six a gentleman arrived and they went out together, and did not return till very late. On the following morning they breakfasted together, and it was afterwards clearly proved that the gentleman was a Mr. Brierly, a cotton-broker, residing at Huskisson Street, in Liverpool. They continued to live at Henrietta Street, as man and wife, until the 24th March, when they left together, he paying the bill. Where she went after this was not known, but she returned home to Liverpool at the end of the week, on the 28th, as she had told her husband she would do. The next day, she and her husband went to the Liverpool Races, returning home about six o'clock, when it was evident to the nurse that they had been quarrelling. He began nursing his youngest child, without speaking to Mrs. Maybrick, or she to him, and after a time Mrs. Maybrick told the nurse to order a cab. She later heard Mr. Maybrick say, "Such a scandal as this will be in Liverpool to-morrow," and, "If you once leave this house, you

shall never enter it again." The nurse, seeing how matters were going, coaxed Mrs. Maybrick away, and induced her to go upstairs, and the cab was countermanded.

The next day, Mrs. Maybrick went to see an old friend both of her husband and herself, and told her that, at the Grand National, her husband had complained because she left him and went off with Mr. Brierly, and that they had quarrelled, and he had struck her, and she meant to get a separation. Her friend tried to pacify her, and induced her to go with her to see the doctor who had attended Mr. Maybrick and the family. He also tried to persuade her not to quarrel with her husband. The doctor subsequently went to Battlecrease House, and saw both Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick. Mr. Maybrick complained that his wife had run him into debt to the tune of £1,000 or £1,200, had pawned her diamonds, etc., and had also left him at the Grand National and gone off with Brierly. After much persuasion the doctor got him to promise to pay her debts, and left hoping that matters were made up between them.

On the 13th April, Mr. Maybrick determined to go up to London and consult his brother, Mr. Michael Maybrick, as to arrangements in connection with the payment of his wife's debts. He also saw a doctor, who thought he was a healthy man, and only suffering from dyspepsia. Later, the doctor said that though the symptoms were consistent with poisoning by arsenic, they might have been due to a less serious cause. Mr. Maybrick returned to Liverpool two days afterwards.

About the 17th April, Mrs. Maybrick went to a chemist, near her house, and purchased a dozen fly-papers, saying the flies were very troublesome in her kitchen. It was proved that these fly-papers contained about two and a half grains of arsenic in each. About the 20th April,

the housemaid noticed in Mrs. Maybrick's bedroom a basin, covered with a towel, and under it another basin, also covered with a towel. In the lower basin were a number of fly-papers, soaking in water. These were never seen again, nor were they ever used in the house. On that day Mr. Maybrick once more went to London, to consult the same doctor he had previously seen, who now gave him a prescription, which he took back with him to Liverpool. He had a double quantity made up, one bottle being sent to his office and one bottle to his house. The prescription contained no arsenic. The two bottles were subsequently secured, and the contents analysed. The one taken from the office was found to be entirely free of arsenic, the one from the house was found to contain arsenic.

On the 27th April, Mr. Maybrick became seriously ill, the first of the illnesses later attributed to arsenical poisoning. He complained of numbness in his limbs, and told the cook he was very unwell. Mrs. Maybrick told the servants that he must have taken an overdose of the medicine prescribed by the London doctor. On the following day his local doctor called, but he found Mr. Maybrick so much better that he did not call again for two days. On the 29th, whilst Mr. Maybrick was ill in bed, Mrs. Maybrick bought, from a different chemist, another dozen of fly-papers, which, as before, were never seen, or known to be used, in the house. On the 30th, Mr. Maybrick felt so much better that he again went to his office.

Mr. Edwin Maybrick, his brother, was now staying with him, and at Mrs. Maybrick's request took some lunch for him to the office, consisting of some du Barry's food in a jug, and a similar lunch the next day was given to him by Mrs. Maybrick. The jug was each day washed



MRS. MAYBRICK.

out by the charwoman at the office, but on being examined, after Mr. Maybrick's death, traces of arsenic were found under the rim. On the 3rd May, Mr. Maybrick complained of feeling very ill, and said he had been so ever since lunch the day before. He sent for the doctor again, and remained at home, but at midnight, 3rd-4th May, acute pain, straining of the rectum and sickness came on, and the doctor was hurriedly summoned. He was given morphia to allay the pain, but became gradually worse. He remained in bed, and was fed with beef extract, given to him by Mrs. Maybrick. On Sunday, the 5th, he was no better, and on that day Mrs. Maybrick told the cook that he had "taken another dose of that horrid medicine, and it had made him very ill, and that if he took more he would be a dead man, so she had poured it down the sink." It will be remembered that when the medicine bottle was afterwards examined, it was found to contain arsenic, which was not in it when it was sent out by the chemists.

On the 7th May, Mr. Edwin Maybrick became anxious as to his brother's state and called in Dr. Carter, a well-known Liverpool physician, for a consultation. Mr. Maybrick complained to Dr. Carter of intense thirst, sickness and diarrhoea, with considerable pain. Dr. Carter said there was evidently acute inflammation of the stomach, probably due to dyspepsia. On the 8th May, a trained nurse was brought in, and took charge of the case in the afternoon. Soon after her arrival Mrs. Maybrick gave her a dose of medicine for her husband, but the nurse did not give it to him, and, wanting the glass in which it was, threw the contents down the sink. Traces of arsenic were afterwards found in the sink.

During the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Maybrick gave to the children's nurse, to take to the post, a letter

addressed to Brierly. The nurse said she gave this letter to the little girl to carry, and that she dropped it in the mud. It was so dirty that she, the nurse, opened it, intending to place it in a clean envelope. But, anyway, she read the letter, and seeing its contents, decided to hand it over to Mr. Edwin Maybrick. The letter contained the following passages: "Since my return, I have been nursing him day and night. *He is sick unto death.* The doctors held a consultation yesterday, and now all depends on how long his strength will hold out. . . . I can't fully answer your letter to-day, my darling." The expression "sick unto death" was curious, considering that the doctors had not so far taken a serious view of his case, which they considered to be only one of acute dyspepsia, and had never even suggested a dangerous condition. Mr. Michael Maybrick arrived at the house that night, when his brother handed him the letter the nurse had opened. By this time, both the brothers had become seriously alarmed, and suspicious as to what was happening. They conveyed their suspicions the following morning to the local doctor, and strict orders were given to the nurses (another had now been brought in) that Mr. Maybrick was never to be left without one of them in attendance, and that *no one* was to be allowed to give anything to Mr. Maybrick, or to interfere in any way with his food or his medicines.

On the 9th May, Dr. Carter again saw Mr. Maybrick, and came to the conclusion that he was suffering from irritant poisoning, and not from dyspepsia as he had previously thought. That evening the nurse in attendance opened a fresh bottle of beef extract, which had been given to her by Mr. Edwin Maybrick. Mrs. Maybrick, who was in the room, took the bottle from her, saying, "He has had it before, and it always made him

sick." She then took the bottle into the adjoining dressing-room, and returned in two minutes, and suggested that the nurse should go downstairs for some ice. This the nurse declined to do, saying she did not require ice at that time. Afterwards, she saw Mrs. Maybrick (apparently trying to conceal what she was doing) place the bottle of beef-juice on the washstand, and afterwards leave the room. The nurse took possession of the bottle, and gave it to Dr. Carter the next morning. The same evening Dr. Carter examined it, and found it contained about half a grain of arsenic. Of course the doctor knew that repeated small doses such as this would produce the very symptoms from which he had found Mr. Maybrick suffering, and felt that his diagnosis was confirmed.

The following morning, the 11th May, the doctors again saw Mr. Maybrick, and found that he was in a hopeless condition—dying—and after consultation, decided that nothing could be done for him, and that no other steps should then be taken. At 8.30 in the evening Mr. Maybrick died.

Immediately after his death, his brothers (who suspected the cause) commenced a search of the premises. In a box, in which Mrs. Maybrick kept the children's clothes, they found a chocolate-box, bearing a label, "Arsenic—Poison," with, written underneath, "For Cats." In the dressing-room were several bottles, containing both solid and dissolved arsenic, and a dressing-gown of Mrs. Maybrick's, with a handkerchief in the pocket, pocket and handkerchief bearing traces of arsenic.

The doctors, of course, refused to certify the cause of Mr. Maybrick's death, and a post-mortem examination and inquest were ordered by the coroner. The result of the post-mortem and analysis of various organs was the finding of arsenic in Mr. Maybrick's body, and an opinion

by the doctors that the conditions revealed were exactly those to be expected had the deceased died from the administration of repeated small doses of arsenic, as the history of his case seemed to indicate. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Mrs. Maybrick, and she was committed to take her trial on this charge at the ensuing Liverpool Assizes. Prior to this, she had been arrested on the charge of murdering her husband, and she made no reply whatever when charged. Of course, the usual magisterial investigation took place, when she "reserved her defence," and was again committed for trial.

The trial took place before Mr. Justice Stephen, commencing on the 31st July, 1889, and lasted for eight days. Mrs. Maybrick was defended by Sir Charles Russell, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England), undoubtedly the most distinguished and powerful advocate of the day, and by Mr. Pickford (afterwards Lord Sterndale, and Master of the Rolls), then the leading "Junior" on the Northern Circuit, noted for his great ability in allowing no point of a case ever to be overlooked. The prosecution was in the hands of Mr. Addison, Q.C., and Mr. McConnell, and was forcibly presented. The case created enormous interest, crowds surrounded, and invaded, St. George's Hall, in which the Assize Courts were situate, and the Police had the greatest difficulty in preserving order, and ensuring free access to the Courts.

Mr. Addison, in presenting the case to the jury, did so clearly and succinctly, on the lines of the story already told. But of course the great interest lay in the defence which would be put forward on behalf of the prisoner. Mrs. Maybrick was a good-looking woman, of ladylike appearance, beautifully dressed in deep mourning, with a musical voice, and agreeable, and very pathetic, manner.

These all combined to make her sympathized with by the crowd, whose reception of her was a most remarkable reverse to that awarded a year or two earlier to Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Higgins, two low-class and rather repulsive-looking women. And in Court, too, she could not fail to create a favourable impression. Needless to say that, with Counsel so eminent, her case was put forward with the greatest eloquence and force. Sir Charles Russell rose to commence his speech on her behalf on the 4th August.

After reviewing the evidence which had been given for the Crown, Sir Charles Russell proceeded to formulate Mrs. Maybrick's defence. He argued—(1) That Mr. Maybrick's death was *not* due to arsenical poisoning, and produced medical evidence to the effect that, upon the results given by the post-mortem, the death was due to gastro-enteritis, caused by exposure to wet, or bad food, and not to arsenic. This view was strongly expressed by two or three doctors. (2) That if it was due to arsenical poisoning, it was not clear that the arsenic had not been taken by Mr. Maybrick himself. Evidence was given that seven or eight years previously, when in America, he had taken arsenic as an anti-periodic (to resist attacks of fever) and it was suggested that he had become a confirmed arsenic-eater. Of the latter there was no proof, but a Liverpool chemist stated that, a few years before, Mr. Maybrick had more than once obtained from him a "pick-me-up" containing arsenic. Stress was also laid upon the fact that, in March, 1889, Mrs. Maybrick had told Mr. Michael Maybrick that his brother was in the habit of drugging himself, which Mr. Michael Maybrick flatly denied. (3) That the large quantities of arsenic found in the house could not possibly have been obtained from fly-papers, and there was not a tittle of evidence to

suggest that *Mrs.* Maybrick had ever procured arsenic from any other source. (As to this, as shown further on, important statements were made *after* the trial.) (4) That *Mrs.* Maybrick, if she had meant to use the fly-papers to murder her husband, would surely never have bought them at shops close to her home, and where she was well known. And that, as a fact, she had purchased them to make a face-wash which she had heard of from German friends, because she had lost the prescription for the wash she had been accustomed to use. (5) That adultery was admitted, but that the jury should "not allow repugnance to the abhorrent sin of the wife, who forgot her duty and her faithfulness, to influence them" in thinking she could be guilty of murder. (6) That *Mrs.* Maybrick herself desired to be allowed to make a statement.

It will be remembered that, in 1889, prisoners were not allowed themselves to give evidence, and that "statements," if allowed, were not subject to cross-examination. It seemed pretty evident that Sir Charles Russell doubted the advisability of such a statement, but *Mrs.* Maybrick pressed her wish, and he therefore applied for her to be allowed to make it. The Judge granted permission, and *Mrs.* Maybrick, with "tears falling, frame quivering, and in a manner which touched every heart," said that, with regard to the fly-papers, she had got them altogether for toilet purposes, bought them openly and used them openly. And then she added (what startled all who heard it) that with regard to the bottle of beef-juice, she had put into it a powder given to her by Mr. Maybrick, and which he entreated her to put into his food. This was a white powder, and was the same as she had often expostulated with him for taking, and which she had told Mr. Michael Maybrick and the doctors he was taking. That she was "overwrought, anxious, unhappy, and his

distress overcame her resolution " to prevent his taking them. Of course this statement was entirely incompatible with the nurse's account of what took place, and it seemed difficult to reconcile with the fact that she had previously attributed his illness to the taking of these very powders (if there were such).

In his summing up, the Judge dealt with the difference of opinion between the doctors as to the actual cause of death, but told them they must not forget the fact that arsenic was found in the body, the question for them was—Who put it there? The statement as to " powder " being put in the bottle of beef-juice was entirely disproved by the nurse. Large quantities of arsenic were found in rooms occupied by Mrs. Maybrick, in the pocket of her dressing-gown, in a saturated pocket-handkerchief. How did it get there? He spoke of " the terrible letter " of the 8th May—" sick unto death," of symptoms not in fact present, and of terms of endearment to a man with whom she had behaved so disgracefully. He referred to the fact that here was a man dying of arsenic, and that (as admitted) a person put arsenic into his food, a strong case of suspicion at least. The jury must consider the question of " motive," and of all the circumstances of the case, and consider the medical evidence in connection with them.

After an absence of forty minutes, the jury brought in a verdict of " Guilty," and the Judge passed sentence of death in the usual form.

A disgraceful demonstration against the Judge took place on his leaving the Court. His carriage was hooted at by the assembled crowds, but the Police were present in strength, and restrained them from further action. A little later, cheers were raised as a counter-demonstration, and with police escort the carriage with the Judge and

the High Sheriff got safely away. The prison van, with Mrs. Maybrick, was also got off safely under strong police escort.

No sooner was the result known than the utmost efforts were made to try and secure a reprieve. Public opinion seemed entirely on the side of the prisoner, and it was largely stated that the jury allowed themselves to be prejudiced by the evidence of "motive," and that the general evidence was inconclusive. Numerous petitions were forwarded to the Home Secretary. The Press differed widely in their opinion on the question of proved guilt, and of course, in a case where it was so easy to demand pity, opponents of capital punishment strongly urged their views, even when they agreed with the verdict found. I have reason to believe that Sir Charles Russell personally considered that there was serious question whether the "cause of death" had been proved without doubt, and used his great influence in the prisoner's favour. American opinion was also greatly exercised and strong views expressed. On the other hand, the view publicly put forward by a Liverpool magistrate, a member of the Visiting Committee of the Prisons, in a letter to the Press (under a *nom de plume*), was held by many. He said: "Two women in the lower ranks purchase fly-papers for poisonous purposes, and are hanged; a woman in a higher position does so, and becomes a heroine. Had this unfortunate woman been a cook, or a laundry-maid, we should have heard none of this shameless abuse of Judge and jury." On the 23rd July, the Home Secretary announced that a reprieve was granted, and the sentence on Mrs. Maybrick commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

But this by no means ended the agitation. It was now argued that the Home Secretary's decision was

illogical: that if Mrs. Maybrick had murdered her husband, she should have been hanged; that if not, she should be released. Much influence was brought to bear; it is said that even the American Government intervened on her behalf. Some time later, she was released on licence, with, I believe, the condition that she should leave England. I think she returned to America with her mother, the Baroness von Roques, also an American by birth, who had used long, and unsparing, efforts both in America and in England on her daughter's behalf.

A curious sequel to the case (not, I think, hitherto known to the Public) there is now no harm in revealing. Some time after the Home Secretary had announced the reprieve of Mrs. Maybrick, a highly respectable Liverpool chemist, carrying on business in the centre of the town, came to the Police¹ and said he wished to make a confession on a subject which he had come to the conclusion he should make known to them. He went on to say that, in the spring of 1889, Mrs. Maybrick drove up to his shop in her dogcart, and asked him for powdered arsenic to kill cats, and he supplied her with a considerable quantity, which she took away with her. A week or two later she again drove up to his shop, and told him she had lost the arsenic she had had from him, and asked for more, and he again supplied her. He was afraid to

¹ Since the above was written, the Liverpool Press has given considerable space to the "Maybrick Case," and drawn attention to my account being inaccurate in stating that the chemist "came to the Police," whereas his confession was "brought to the Police" by a newspaper reporter. Such a point seems hardly worth referring to, for of course the only question of any importance is the *fact* of the confession, not how it came into the hands of the Police. But, as it has been mentioned, I readily accord to the newspaper reporter the credit he claims and regret that my memory (after thirty-six years) should have failed me, even in so small a detail.

tell the Police of this, as he feared the consequences to himself.

The Police subsequently compared the chemist's handwriting with the handwriting on the label—"Arsenic—Poison—For Cats"—upon the box, taken from the trunk belonging to Mrs. Maybrick, and found the two writings to be identical. It afterwards came to my knowledge that the fact of the supply of this arsenic by the chemist was known to *the defence* at the time of Mrs. Maybrick's trial.

I reported the chemist's confession to the Home Office, but of course it was then useless for any practical purpose. It is clear, however, what supreme importance it would have had, if it had been proved in evidence at the trial.

CHAPTER X

DRUNKENNESS AND IMMORALITY

Temperance Agitators—"Free Trade" in Licences—Inspection of Public-houses—Memorials to Watch Committee—Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing Laws—Brothels—Police Action—Statistics of other Towns—"Solicitation"—Changes of Police Policy.

Two terrible evils, the attempts to deal with which caused me more anxiety and more trouble than anything in connection with my work in Liverpool, were the questions of Drunkenness and the administration of the Licensing Laws, and of Immorality, and the dealing with Immoral Houses. They were questions in regard to which it was hard indeed to steer any systematic and effective course, owing to the very strong, and opposing, opinions which any consideration of them at once called forth. They also gave me a painful *personal* experience, the only consolation for which was that whilst one party described me as the enemy and persecutor of the licensed trade, the other did not hesitate to suggest that I sympathized with vice, and did my best to thwart improvement, so that, between the two, I could hope I was not far wrong.

My greatest difficulty, however, was with the extreme "temperance and moral" party. The agitation they carried on did, no doubt, to some extent strengthen the hands of the Police in dealing firmly with the evils that existed, and I readily give them every possible credit for their earnest wish to effect good. On the other hand,

their action often tended to produce the exactly contrary result to that which they really desired. The professed "temperance" advocate is, unfortunately, often the most "intemperate" of men. He seems constitutionally incapable of realizing that one who differs from him in the view that "temperance" and "prohibition" are synonymous terms, or as to the best methods for securing a diminution of drunkenness and vice, can possibly be other than a secret sympathizer with both. He cannot believe that a Chief Constable, half of whose labours are due to the effects of drunkenness and vice, may be at least as sincere as himself, and possibly even more experienced in the methods best calculated to secure improvement; and the almost invariably hostile attitude adopted by the "temperance" party towards the Police was one of the greatest obstacles to useful work. Another difficulty in Liverpool was the very heated *political* atmosphere, which caused any action taken, or any policy countenanced, by one political party to be at once attacked by the other.

This had been the state of affairs long before I took office in Liverpool. Two steps at least had been taken at the instance of the "temperance" party which had a most adverse influence. In 1862, what may be described as "free trade" in licences was adopted. As might have been expected, this was soon found to be a mistake, and after four years the policy was reversed. But the result had been to add 336 licensed houses to the previously excessive number. And, in 1875, a vital change was made in the system of Public-house Inspection, by taking it out of the ordinary scope of police duty and placing it in the hands of specially appointed Inspectors. The evils inherent in such a system seemed pretty obvious. It was one which experience determined me to

get rid of, and efforts to do this brought upon my unfortunate head the censure of the "temperance" party. Even though its defects had been proved by trial, it was their own "cherished infant," and any interference with it could only be due to a desire to check temperance and to shield the drunkard and the man who made him drunk. Happily the Watch Committee did not share these views.

On the 14th November, 1889, I reported very fully to the Watch Committee upon the system. I said :

"As the Committee will be aware, I have, on more than one occasion during the last seven years, expressed my opinion of the inefficacy of the system now in force. It was, however, adopted at the instance of gentlemen, zealous advocates of the temperance cause, who were of opinion that it would secure a more satisfactory inspection than was previously the case. It has been considered inadvisable to deal with the system thus adopted until it had had the fullest possible trial, but this it has now had, and the system has been proved to be both expensive and ineffective."

I went on to point out its faults.

"(1) The area allotted to each Inspector is so large that only a very superficial inspection is possible, and in the event of an Inspector being ill, or becoming lazy, it is practically nil ; (2) the Inspectors were *permanently* appointed, and could not be removed without proof (often impossible to obtain) of laxity or misconduct ; (3) they were paid very low salaries, and the enormous monetary interests involved rendered their position one peculiarly exposed to temptation, and it seemed at least inadvisable that Officers with salaries so low as, in some cases, £100 a year should be placed in such a position ; and (4) the system was not only inefficient, but was also expensive."

I suggested, therefore, that the system should be discontinued, and the responsibility for efficient inspection should rest, as it ought to do, upon the Superintendents of Police Divisions, who could use such men (and different men from time to time) in uniform or in plain clothes, as they thought fit, in order to secure effective supervision.

Almost immediately following on this Report, a me-

morial from the "temperance" advocates was presented to the Watch Committee, violently attacking the Police for allowing licensees to permit drunkenness, without taking action against them, and for allowing prostitutes to resort to licensed houses. The charges made were so exactly identical with those they made in 1875 (when their proposed panacea was accepted), again stressing the disparity between the number of convictions for drunkenness and the number for "permitting drunkenness," that I contented myself with merely quoting the recorded reply of the Watch Committee in that year, viz., that "A very cursory examination of the subject will show that there must necessarily be a great disproportion. A person who is drunk in the streets attracts observation, and conviction is almost a certainty, but to convict a publican for permitting drunkenness necessitates proving that the person when served with drink showed such signs of drunkenness as would reasonably arrest the attention of the publican." And I also drew attention to the statistics put forward by the complainants, which were grossly and inexcusably inaccurate *in fact*, though it might have been pleaded that they were *technically* correct. They ignored the fact that the Licensing Act enabled a charge to be laid in either of two ways—for "permitting drunkenness," or for "supplying drink to a drunken person," and whilst the Liverpool Police almost invariably adopted the latter form of charge, those laid under the former heading were alone included in their statistics.

The Watch Committee, after considering my report (as well as the report I had previously made on the subject of public-house inspection), approved both, and authorized me to give effect to them. This I did, and with the very best results.

In 1897, I gave evidence before the Royal Commission

on the Liquor Licensing Laws, then sitting under the presidency of Viscount Peel, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons. I related the facts I have already referred to, regarding action in Liverpool. I then drew attention to the remarkable decrease in convictions for drunkenness during the preceding five years from 16,042 cases to 5,305 cases. I ascribed this decrease to a variety of causes: (1) Closer investigation and more stringent action by the Licensing Bench; (2) improved police supervision of licensed houses, owing to the change in the system of inspection in 1889; (3) the amount of insanitary property which had been demolished, and the consequent clearing-out of undesirable "rookeries"; (4) trade being bad during the five years, and wages low during the period; (5) increased means of recreation—football, cycling, etc.; (6) improved facilities for travelling to and from work, men getting home quickly instead of dawdling by the way; (7) discontinuance of the practice of the "subbing" of wages, i.e. the practice of pay-clerks advancing the men small amounts "on account" of wages during the week; (8) increased strictness by the Benefit Societies, with regard to men who took drink to excess; (9) general improvement in education and intelligence; and (10) the closing of many unlicensed drinking-houses.

With regard to the small number of convictions in Liverpool for "permitting drunkenness," I mentioned the facts already given, and also drew attention to the fact that in the ten cases for "permitting drunkenness" taken by the Police in the preceding year, in all of which the magistrates had convicted, every one of the ten convictions was reversed on appeal to the Recorder. It was not for me to say whether the Recorder was right or wrong in his view of the law, but it was evident that the

lack of convictions was due either to the law, or to the Recorder's interpretation of it, and certainly not to want of action by the Police.

I also dealt at some length with the very important question of the best system of "management" for licensed houses. There were practically four different systems in force in Liverpool :

- (1) Houses the property of great brewers, and run by salaried managers.
- (2) Houses run by the owners themselves (generally, of course, small houses).
- (3) Houses run by the tenants of private owners.
- (4) Houses run by the tenants of brewers, i.e. "tied houses."

It was proved that the first of these systems was, beyond question, the best. The houses under it numbered 1,057, against 1,021 in the other three classes, or *more than one-half of the total* of 2,078 licences in all, whilst the offences committed by these houses were only 107, against 229 committed by the houses of the other three classes, thus showing that they were *more than twice as well conducted*. There is little doubt that, in all the three latter classes, the licences were generally held by men with little, or no, capital, often on the verge of bankruptcy, or with wages which had to be eked out by commission, and who were compelled "to sell to the last pint" to make ends meet. On the other hand, in the first class, the licences were the property of wealthy firms, were in themselves extremely valuable, and could not be lightly risked. The managers were salaried servants, had no *direct* interest in the amount of drink sold, were at once removed if the brewers suspected their conduct to be jeopardizing the licence, and whose principal interest therefore it was to conduct the business without com-

plaint. Indirectly, too, this may seem to point to the advantages which might accrue from public, or municipal, ownership, but I have no personal experience of these systems.

Curiously enough, the "temperance" party could not, or would not, see the force of the figures or the facts, and, adverse as they were to all licences, reserved their strongest denunciations for those owned by the brewers. I cannot help thinking they allowed their horror of fortunes made through the sale of drink to outweigh their judgment in regard to what best tended towards sobriety.

In 1898 a further difficulty presented itself to the Police with regard to any opposition by them to the renewal of licences, where misconduct had taken place. In a case, *Attorney-General v. Mayor, etc., of Tynemouth*, it was laid down that "no costs incurred by the Police in opposing licences can be paid by the Corporation," and Lord Justice A. L. Smith, in his judgment, stated definitely that, in his opinion, the "opposing a publican obtaining a renewal of his licence is no part of the duty of a police constable." It was necessary, therefore, to discard the use of this important weapon for securing proper management, and the Police could in future only *report* to the Justices when misconduct came under their notice. I must add that the Justices, and especially Sir Thomas Hughes (their Chairman, an ex-Lord Mayor, whose services towards the improvement of licensed houses, and decrease of drunkenness, are so well known and so highly esteemed), gave every possible help to the Police, under the new conditions imposed upon them, and, notwithstanding all difficulties, affairs continued to improve.

The other evil, to which I referred at the commencement of this chapter, that of Immorality and Immoral Houses, is one that it is impossible to enter into in detail

in a book of mere Reminiscences. I can therefore only deal with the surface of the question as it affected my own work in Liverpool. There could, of course, be no doubt that the evil was a great and pronounced one, but, once again, I found myself at loggerheads with the "vigilance" party as to the best methods for remedying it, and had to endure a storm of obloquy in consequence. In my view this party altogether ignored *practical* possibilities, and seemed to argue that because it was an offence to keep an immoral house, the Police ought to be able to prevent any such house existing, and that because it was an offence on the part of a prostitute to annoy any person by solicitation in the streets, the Police ought to be able to "clear the streets of prostitutes." As in the case of drunkenness, they would not allow that a mere diminution of the evil was of value, but seemed to argue that unless absolute prohibition could be enforced nothing less was worth striving for. I, on the other hand, considered that the action they advocated could only *aggravate* the evils they complained of.

For many years in Liverpool the practice of the Police had been to at once institute proceedings against immoral houses, when it was known that: (1) young girls were allowed in the house; (2) robberies took place in the house; (3) they were of notoriously bad character, or a public nuisance; (4) they were opened in a street hitherto free of such houses; or (5) two or more inhabitants complained, and were willing to provide evidence to substantiate their complaint. There were necessarily, in a town like Liverpool, many of such houses in existence, but they were generally located in special streets. They were "*known* to the Police," who did not as a rule take action against them, for it was felt that any action taken would not result in decreasing the number

of such houses, but only driving them into neighbourhoods unaffected by the evil, and where (so far as any chance of prosecution was concerned) they would be "*unknown* to the Police." Strong efforts were made by Vigilance Associations, and others, to force the hand of the Police, and compel indiscriminate prosecution. The City Justices were approached, and they remitted the representations made to the Watch Committee. The Watch Committee called upon me to report upon the whole question of the methods of the Police in dealing with houses of ill-fame, and with "solicitation" in the streets.

On the 22nd December, 1889, I reported to the following effect :

"The action of the Police with regard to brothels is [see five points enumerated above]. In 1881, there were 476 brothels in the City, known to the Police. In 1886, there were 465. In 1889, there were 443. It may be well to state plainly the fact that one of the results of this even and systematic method of coping with the evil has been, not only to diminish the number of these houses, but also to localize, and bring under the closer supervision of the Police, those which remain. Brothels and prostitutes have existed in all ages, and the evils in connection therewith can be checked and moderated, but cannot be *suppressed*, by police action, and attempts at suppression in Liverpool, made by men of high character, actuated by the best 'intentions,' have served only to aggravate the evil they desired to suppress. It is hardly necessary to point out how a scattering of brothels into localities hitherto respectable only adds to the evil; and the substitution of 'raids' or indiscriminate prosecution for the systematic procedure hitherto adopted would merely cause this scattering, and not lead to the suppression of vice. This was amply proved in 1885, when a clergyman took action which resulted in clearing fifty brothels out of a street (the most notorious in the town), when almost at once complaints began to come in from some of the most respectable streets (I named them), both in 'high-class' and in 'working-class' neighbourhoods. It took the Police long to trace the people who had removed, but happily they had knowledge of them in their former habitations, and were thus able (before they could possibly obtain evidence to enable them to prosecute) to ensure their departure, in most cases to their old haunts. But not

before grievous pain and annoyance had been caused to very many decent and respectable people. In the end nearly all returned to the street from which they had been forced to remove.

"Liverpool has never been freer from brothels than at the present time. No doubt the number is still unfortunately large, but it must not be forgotten that Liverpool is a seaport with a population consisting largely of seamen, foreigners, and that floating class of young men, free from all restraints of home life, often with much money to spend, who cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament, and who create a demand which, as all history shows us, is sure to be responded to. It is impossible to compare Liverpool (as has been attempted) with other towns by quoting statistics. To state, on such evidence, that Liverpool has 443 brothels, whilst Manchester has only 5, and Glasgow has only 14, is simply fantastic. Such figures only profess to show the number of such houses 'known to the Police,' and all that they can prove is the very superior 'knowledge' of the Police of Liverpool to that of the other towns quoted (owing no doubt to the superior system in vogue). If it were necessary to prove the absurdity of quoting such figures to prove superior morality, the following, taken from the same reports, would be conclusive. In Liverpool, with 443 known brothels, 2·7 per cent. of all persons arrested for crime were prostitutes, yet in Manchester, with only 5 known brothels, no less than 7·3 per cent. of all persons arrested were prostitutes. And in Glasgow, where there are only 14 known brothels, no fewer than 2,631 prostitutes were dealt with for 'solicitation.' But it would be waste of time to argue further on the futility of the comparisons which have been put forward as arguments."

I went on to state my conviction that the system in force in Liverpool, if steadily and continuously applied, would secure further good results, whilst interference with it might seriously interfere with improvement. I added that if, however, the Watch Committee (whose province it was to decide on a question of police "policy" such as this) desired a change of system, I would of course spare no effort to give effect to their decision.

On the subject of "solicitation" I pointed out the legal difficulties of dealing with it. The law only made it an offence when committed "to the annoyance of any

inhabitant or passenger." The mere fact of a prostitute walking in the street, even though there might be little doubt as to her purpose in so doing, did not constitute an offence. There was also the difficulty of proving, in many cases, that a woman *was* a common prostitute, a difficulty that had been shown on more than one occasion to be very real, and very serious, for the Police. To talk glibly therefore of the Police "clearing the streets of prostitutes" was only casting unfair reflection upon the Police, who had no more power to do it than had their accusers. Notwithstanding all difficulties, however, the Police had, during the preceding year, apprehended no fewer than 2,013 of these women, of whom 1,657 had been convicted by the magistrate usually dealing with such cases (probably almost the only one who was ready to accept police evidence alone as to "annoyance").

In conclusion, I said I hoped I had succeeded in showing that "the Police have been neither indifferent nor negligent in trying to deal effectively with these evils, and that whilst the character of Liverpool has been unduly blackened by some who might have been supposed to value her good fame, it was at least satisfactory to know, beyond all cavil, that no town had been so free from those grosser outrages against morality which had recently disgraced so many other large towns."

On the 7th January, 1890, the Watch Committee approved this Report, and passed a resolution that "general instructions be given to the Police to take action upon the lines indicated in the Head Constable's report, and that a copy of that report be sent to the Clerk to the City Magistrates."

But this investigation, and decision, by the Watch Committee did not satisfy the Vigilance Association or its supporters, and a violent *political* agitation followed.

It was a most unfortunate way of trying to influence the settlement of so important a social question, but it proved a valuable political weapon, and as a result of it, after the following municipal elections, in November, 1890, the constitution of the Watch Committee was altered, and the question of Immorality and Immoral Houses reconsidered. Instructions were then given to me "*to proceed against all brothels at present known to the Police without any undue delay, and such proceedings shall be by way of prosecution.*"

The result of this resolution was of course the immediate laying of information against all the 443 of these houses known to the Police, and the consequence was what any reasoning man might have expected. It "shocked the sensibility of the Public; in many cases it led to extreme harshness; it impeded moral reform rather than encouraged it. It was at once irrational and irritating; it did nothing to extinguish the evil, but much to spread it into respectable neighbourhoods and among innocent people."

This soon became evident even to those who were the cause of the action having been adopted, but they had not the fairness to admit that it was their policy which was at fault, and again endeavoured to cast the blame for failure upon the Police. They said that "the Police proceeded against the poorest houses and in the most notorious parts of the town." They ignored the fact that the Police had been compelled by them to take this very action, to which they had long and strenuously objected. They complained that "a large number of these houses re-opened in respectable neighbourhoods"—exactly what the Police had told them would happen. They ignored the fact that before they could again be prosecuted, new and often difficult-to-obtain evidence

must be secured. They said that "*suppression* was the object they had in view," and that "the action taken by the Police had not conduced to this end, that the *intentions* of the Committee were one thing, the policy pursued by the Police was another." But that policy was *not* that of the Police, who had always felt it was a wrong one, but of themselves, and the Police had done nothing but carry out very definite orders.

About this time I was a guest at a dinner, given by the Liverpool Press Club, and in responding to a toast, I made the following remarks: "I hope the Press will, when they may have occasion to criticize the actions of the Police, bear in mind that they were not responsible for Policy, or for Results. Policy was made *for* them not *by* them, and Results depended on magisterial interpretation of the Law, and on whether the policy which the Police did not formulate or control was the right policy. The Police should be judged by the far simpler test of whether they carried out their duties in a fair and honest manner *in accordance with the policy laid down for them by superior authority*, which authority alone must take the responsibility both for it and its results."

There is no doubt that the new policy produced a wonderful improvement in the *statistics*. The number of immoral houses "known to the Police," of course, were reduced to almost zero. As to whether any improvement in *fact* followed, is at least doubtful, certainly I could detect none up to the time I left Liverpool. I am still of opinion that, for the sake of decency and order, the old and systematic procedure of the Liverpool Police was decidedly the best. For the absolute reduction of immorality we must look to religious and moral efforts, not to police suppression. But it is to be hoped that, by this time, these influences, together with improved education

and improved standards of life, have effected a real moral improvement, and made it even less true than it was twenty-five years ago, to stigmatize Liverpool as “the black spot on the Mersey.”

CHAPTER XI

CRIMES AND SENTENCES

Crimes of Violence—"High Rip Gang"—Mr. Justice Day—Visits to Slums—Cases at the Assizes—Severe Sentences—Mr. Hopwood (Recorder of Liverpool)—Short Sentences—Great Dock Strike—Monster Processions—Calling-in of Military—Mr. Michael Davitt—Settlement of Strike.

Liverpool had for long enjoyed an ugly reputation for its excessive number of crimes of violence. For many years the cases of wounding, stabbing, and other assaults, causing grievous bodily harm, had averaged about 250 each year, whilst the number of cases of common assault amounted to about 2,000 a year. The Police were more than successful in making the offenders amenable, as convictions were over 90 per cent. of the crimes. But the danger continued.

Of course when the large population of the town is considered, and the peculiar character of it, much of this crime could hardly be wondered at. Liverpool is a sea-port, where a vast amount of shipping is being constantly loaded and unloaded, involving a great amount of intermittent and precarious work and wages; the latter sometimes being so large as to be a temptation to drink and excess, sometimes so small as to cause dire poverty and discontent. Large numbers of the "failures" from other places flock to the town in the hope of finding work at the Docks, and do not find it. These people are all crowded together in the lowest quarter of the town,

veritable slums. They lived mostly in the "Scotland Division," and were largely an Irish population, with the reckless, violent disposition of that people, and with the unfortunate taste of preferring whisky, which makes them dangerous, to beer, which would make them sleepy. There were many absolute ruffians among them, brought up in poverty, without education or religious influence, wearied with the struggle of life, with a hatred of society, and none of the surroundings which might wean them from drink, and vice, and violence. There were streets in the Scotland Division which were unsafe for respectable persons to enter, and where even the Police could only carry on their duty by patrolling in couples, instead of working their beats alone.

This condition of affairs caused much concern and anxiety, and unfortunately some genius invented an absolutely unfounded cause for it, an invention which seemed to take the fancy of the Press, who exploited it to an extent which caused considerable alarm and comment. It was suggested that the large number of crimes of violence in the Scotland Division was due to the work of an organized gang, banded together for purposes of plunder and violence, and executing vengeance on all who ventured to give evidence against them, or interfere with their nefarious work. And, not content with inventing the Organization, a most euphonious name for it was also invented, and it was stated that this organization was known as the "High Rip Gang." Of course all this created considerable, and entirely unjustifiable, alarm, though there was never the very faintest shadow of foundation for the suggestions made. But letters from all sorts of irresponsible persons, Press comment, and a certain sort of public opinion assumed the impossible, and accepted the fact of a "High Rip Gang." It was

impossible, for such a gang could not have existed without the Police ever *hearing* of it, and the circumstances of the various crimes were such as to render it impossible to assign them to such a cause. But for long the ridiculous scare continued to be boomed, until Mr. Justice Day, in a charge to the Grand Jury at the Assizes, scotched it, and gradually the discussion of it ceased.

I had the honour of close friendship with Mr. Justice Day (the "Day of Judgment" of *Vanity Fair*) for many years. I met him first in 1886, when asked to dine by the Judges of Assize at Newsham House. He was then Chairman of the Royal Commission sitting on the question of the recent serious party riots in Belfast. He had heard of my experience of Ireland, and was impressed with the similar (in many respects) conditions of Liverpool and Belfast. He talked to me much about the evidence given before the Commission, and asked me many questions on the subjects with which they were dealing, and I dined with him several times to discuss them. We also had conversations as to the prevalence of crimes of violence in Liverpool, and he expressed a strong desire to see for himself the locale of these crimes, and to view the residents and their habits. I offered to do my best to show him all there was to be seen. The other Judge of Assize then in Liverpool (Mr. Justice Grantham) said he would much like to accompany us, and I suggested that the best time for the visit would be the time when the public-houses turned out. So, on the following evening I again dined with the Judges, and after dinner they and I, accompanied by two detective Officers, made a complete tour of the district in question, spending two or three hours on the task. I think the Judges saw everything, both outside and inside the houses. They were greatly struck with the extreme

poverty of the district, the squalor of all the surroundings, the drunkenness and debauchery only too visible, and the apparently wild and lawless character of the inhabitants. They entered many houses, and talked to many people. We were generally taken to be detectives, and the only curiosity excited seemed to be as to "whom we were looking for." The two detectives with us seemed known to every one, and were generally greeted with some such remark as "There is no one here, but of course you can look round if you like." And we did look round many houses, upstairs and downstairs, usually greatly overcrowded, people asleep, people drunk, and people drinking. The Judges said that what they saw was a revelation to them, and could not fail to be a help to them in the discharge of their duties. The expedition happily came off without any untoward incident. Mr. Justice Day was so much impressed by what he had seen that later he made another similar expedition, this time accompanied by Mr. Justice Wills.

At the November Assizes in 1886, Mr. Justice Day was the presiding Judge in the Crown Court, and took the opportunity of referring rather scathingly to the absurd stories afloat as regards a suggested "High Rip Gang." The Calendar showed a very great number of "Robberies with violence," often with "Wounding," etc., and the Judge commented strongly on the lawlessness and violence prevailing in many parts of Liverpool, and on the necessity for the law being firmly enforced. I forget the exact number of persons who were found guilty of these offences, but I think it was about twenty. As each verdict of "Guilty" was brought in, the Judge ordered the prisoner to be put back to await sentence on the last day of the Assizes. When that day came, *all* the prisoners were brought into the dock for sentence,

and *every one* of them (in addition to various terms of imprisonment) was sentenced to flogging with twenty, or thirty, lashes with the "cat," to be inflicted in two instalments, the last immediately before release from imprisonment, in order that the prisoners' friends might witness the result. The sentences had a stunning effect in Scotland Division, and gave many "cause to think" before incurring the risk of like punishment.

Mr. Justice Day was a careful and just Judge, though undoubtedly a very severe one. He was personally the kindest-hearted of men, but he felt strongly that tenderness to the ruffians committing these dastardly crimes was cruelty to the many innocent people who suffered at their hands. I saw him often, even after he had retired from the Bench, and he never lost interest in matters affecting the protection and safety of the community.

Liverpool, at this time, offered an extraordinary example of how unequal administration negatives the equal justice which law should deal out. For, whilst Mr. Justice Day was administering a law of terror, the then Recorder of Liverpool (Mr. Hopwood, Q.C.) was administering a law of leniency. Mr. Hopwood was probably the most pronounced advocate of light sentences (no matter how serious the crime, or how habitual the criminal) that has ever been known. Very soon after Mr. Justice Day had inflicted the exemplary sentences of which I have just spoken, two almost exactly similar cases of unmitigated ruffianism came to be tried at the Borough Sessions.

Some persons, passing through one of the most notorious streets, were attacked by a (so-called) "High Rip Gang." A girl, named Janet Bell, was stabbed in the head by a man named John Duggan, and very seriously injured. A man, named James Sliddell, was at the same time struck on the head with the buckle end of a belt,

by a man named Arthur Burns, and received a compound fracture of the skull. Burns was tried before the Deputy Recorder (Mr. Temple, Q.C.), found guilty of "common assault," and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, thus probably getting off much cheaper than if he had been tried before Mr. Justice Day. But Duggan, for the *far more serious* crime, had the good fortune to be tried before Mr. Hopwood. The jury found him guilty of "wounding," and the Recorder, after addressing him at some length, and giving him much excellent advice, pointing out to him the "downright stupidity" of his action, and the fact that his "freak" might have caused the death of the girl, ordered him to be bound over to keep the peace, and thus granted his immediate release. The comments of the Press on this case—"undoing of the wholesome work of the Judges of Assize," "intense egotism," "folly and inconsistency," "inane comments," "mockery of justice," etc.—seemed hardly excessive.

Mr. Hopwood's methods of dealing with "habitual" criminals were hardly less notable than those of his dealing with serious crimes. I can best explain by quoting a typical case. One, Mary Kennedy, aged forty-four, had been several times previously convicted of shop-lifting, when she made her first appearance before Mr. Hopwood. Her record for the following three years (all the offences being the same, viz., shop-lifting) was :

<i>Date.</i>					<i>Sentence.</i>	
1886.	May	.	.	.	3 months'	imprisonment.
"	August	.	.	.	6	" "
1887.	March	.	.	.	3	" "
"	September	.	.	.	3	" "
1888.	February	.	.	.	7 days'	" "
"	March	.	.	.	3 months'	" "
"	October	.	.	.	1 month's	" "
"	December	.	.	.	3 months'	" "

The effect of these short sentences was that the woman spent three-quarters of the whole three years in prison, and the public were victimized by her depredations during the remaining quarter of her life. Surely this was neither prevention nor cure. It seems obvious how greatly the community would have benefited if (after the several previous convictions) Mary Kennedy had been sentenced, in May, 1886, to a long enough period of detention to have saved the Public from her subsequent depredations, and it could indeed hardly have been suggested that it would have been anything but beneficial to Mary Kennedy herself.

Some remarks made so lately as 1925, by Mr. Justice McCardie, appear to sum up the arguments. He said: "While it might be right, in cases of first offenders, to bind them over, or inflict light punishment, it seemed useless to do so in the case of old offenders. It merely resulted in persons going to prison, coming out with the intention of committing crime again, living on the proceeds, and then going back to prison. In other words, they found it worth while to intermingle two lives—one in prison and the other out of prison."

The opinion of the Liverpool "High Ripper" on Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Hopwood was recorded at the time in a doggerel something like this:

"Oh, Mr. Hopwood, what shall I do?
They've sent me to Assizes,
And I wanted to go to you,
For though I may only get the sentence of a 'Day,'
Oh, Mr. Hopwood, the cat may spoil my stay."

I referred earlier in this chapter to the unfortunate conditions of Dock labour in Liverpool. These conditions seemed the inevitable consequences of the work required. At one time, a large number of ships in the Docks, dis-

charging or taking in cargo, work which it was essential should be done with the utmost rapidity, and which needed the services of a very large number of men. At another time, few ships in, work very slack, and employment for a comparatively very small number of men. "Daily" wages were high, any man could "hope" to secure work at the Docks, and large numbers of "out-of-works" from other towns flocked to Liverpool in the expectation of obtaining it. Consequently there was always a great excess of labour for the work required at normal times, and few men could obtain more than two (or possibly three) days' work in the week. Thus the average weekly wage was always low, often absolutely insufficient for reasonable maintenance. And it is not surprising that much discontent should have existed. Both the men and their employers fully recognized the gravity of the evil, and both would gladly have discovered a remedy, but the problem seemed insoluble, no remedy was even suggested by either side. The employers were anxious to engage a *minimum* number of men at regular weekly wages, but this was, rather naturally, objected to by the men, on the ground that it would merely establish a privileged class, whilst leaving the bulk of the men worse off than ever—with *no* work save in times of stress. A "Dockers' Union" had been formed, but its only efforts at first were directed to secure an increase of the daily rate of wage. The employers refused this demand, and before long the Union declared a Strike. The employers responded by importing more men from outside Liverpool, and providing them with living and sleeping accommodation inside the Docks. But, on the 4th March, 1890, they decided to accede to the men's demand, and grant the increased wage asked.

It was indeed unfortunate that the Dockers had not

then some such real friend and wise adviser as Mr. James Sexton, M.P., who later was the Secretary of their Union, instead of being led by agitators whose only desire seemed to be to prevent any settlement. The most prominent of these was one McHugh, who came from I know not where, and assumed the position of leader, distinguishing himself by making the most mischievous and inflammatory speeches. His principal assistant was a man named McKeown, who was also very voluble. Neither seemed to have regard for the real interests of the men whom they essayed to lead, being apparently far more interested in securing notoriety for themselves. Later, these "leaders" were reinforced by the well-known Mr. Tom Mann, and by Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., that stormy petrel with unbalanced judgment, who had a way of throwing himself into the trade disputes of that time. The action of all these men undoubtedly led to a prolongation of the disastrous and hopeless Strike, to grievous loss and suffering to large numbers of men and their families, and very nearly to bringing about conditions of lawlessness and violence which could only have terminated in bloodshed. But, happily, the Liverpool Dockers were a well-intentioned and level-headed body of men, whose self-restraint and orderly conduct were little short of miraculous, considering the terrible hardships they were enduring, and the almost open incitements to violent action which were constantly being urged upon them. They did indeed deserve the very highest credit, and admiration, for their action.

But, on the 4th March, the influence of McHugh was all powerful, and the reply to the employers' concession of the wage demand that had been made was simply the formulation of further demands to be conceded before the Strike could be called off. They required that in future

all work at the Docks should be "under Union rules" (as to time for meals, wearing the Union "button," etc.), and that there should be no working with non-Union men. These demands the employers refused to consider, and the Strike continued.

It was impossible not to sympathize with *both* sides to the dispute. The Dock labourers were in a most unhappy position, almost poverty-stricken, with a most natural, indeed commendable, desire to improve the wretched conditions of their employment. The employers were absolutely unable to grant the demands made, which would simply have made the work of the port impossible, and have been a breach of faith with the men who had been brought to Liverpool. And necessarily, as time went on, feeling on both sides became more exasperated, and both became inclined to be more unyielding. Mass meetings of the Union were constantly held, resolutions to "stand out to the end" were passed with the greatest enthusiasm, and large processions through the streets were daily organized.

On the 7th March, a huge procession was formed, 25,000 men or more taking part in it. Numerous bands were engaged, flags and banners carried, and all the men wore prominently the "Union button." The procession moved along the Docks, and through all the principal streets of the town, and was peaceful and orderly, except that, when passing the Shipping Offices, all the bands played the "Dead March," and when passing the enclosed Docks where the imported labourers were working, the processionists loudly groaned and "boo'd." Of course such a procession entirely dislocated all traffic, and prevented any business, or shopping, being carried on in the town. Another of these enormous processions followed a day or two later, when the demon-

strations of disapproval at the Shipping Offices and the Docks were even more marked, but otherwise everything was peaceable.

The Mayor, at this time, made great efforts to induce the men to accept arbitration, and there is little doubt that if a secret ballot of the men could have been taken, an enormous majority would have joyfully accepted this course, but the question was considered at an open mass meeting, where the men were advised to stick to their claim for "the rules, the whole rules, and nothing but the rules," and a resolution was unanimously passed "to continue the struggle to the bitter end." And now isolated cases of assault upon non-Union men began to take place, and there were several cases of conviction before the magistrates, resulting in sentences of imprisonment with hard labour. McHugh made a speech in which he said, "it would be *regrettable* were the Docks of Liverpool converted from their natural purpose into a slaughter-house," showing clearly what he contemplated as the necessary result of his incitements. Altogether, though the men generally continued to behave in the most exemplary manner, tempers were undoubtedly rising, and I began to fear what might happen before long, if matters did not improve.

The Police Force were clearly incapable of coping with the position should serious trouble arise. There were no military quartered in Liverpool, or within quick and easy reach, and the loss of life and damage to property which would inevitably occur, were an attack to be made upon the Docks where the "imported" labourers were, were too terrible to contemplate. I was then, as I continue to be now, a confirmed believer in the principle that "Prevention is better than cure," and I was convinced that if the Docks in question were merely "garri-

soned" by military, it would effectually prevent any possibility of attack, and thus avoid not only the terrible consequences inevitable but also the otherwise unavoidable later "action" of the military, and the serious results of such action. I therefore advised the calling in of the military for this purpose. On the 15th March, a meeting of the Borough Magistrates was held, under the presidency of the Mayor, which passed a resolution asking for military aid. I also reported to the Secretary of State that "It was possible that acts of violence might occur which could not be met by the Force under my command." As a result, Infantry were ordered to Liverpool, and stationed within the Docks affected, quarters being found for them on board ships lying in those Docks. The result was everything that could have been desired: real danger was at an end, and the peace and safety of the town and community from bloodshed had been secured.

I have dealt rather fully with this question, for I have reason to believe,¹ from subsequent experience, that the policy of the Government (or at least of the War Office), as regards the use of troops for preventive purposes, would not permit of similar action now. No doubt the calling in of military aid is generally unpopular, but I still strongly hold to the view that, where future loss and bloodshed may be *prevented* by placing troops on the spot, or in garrison, it is little short of criminal to put off calling them in until such time as their only action can be to *use their weapons*, and this only after much other loss of life, limb and property has already taken place. "Prevention is better than cure."

¹ The great "General Strike" in May, 1926, leads to the hope that this belief is (now at all events) a mistaken one, for the use of troops for protective purposes was largely adopted, and with the most beneficial result.

A little later, another great "Labour leader" arrived in Liverpool—Mr. Michael Davitt—a man to whom both the men on strike and the whole of Liverpool owed an enormous debt of gratitude. He had great influence with the men, who knew him to be their friend. He asked them to place themselves in his hands and allow him to negotiate with a view to settlement of the trouble, and this they cordially agreed to. He then interviewed the employers, who received him most courteously, but said that any negotiations must be conducted directly with the men themselves. Davitt advised the men to agree to this course, and to appoint a delegation of seven of their own number to negotiate with the employers. They met, and had a *friendly* discussion, the tone on both sides being all that could be wished. But some little delay was unavoidable, and advantage was taken of this by McHugh, Cunningham Graham, and others to make violent and indiscreet speeches, which might easily have wrecked the negotiations. But they continued, and on the 31st March Mr. Davitt once again met the employers, and managed to reach a final agreement. He obtained for the men the best terms possible, not of course what they had demanded, but more than they could have hoped. The employers agreed to concede the disputed point as to times allowed for meals, and also as to the hours of night work. On the other hand, the men (unpalatable as it was to them) had to agree to work harmoniously with non-Unionists, to allow the employers to enter into weekly engagements with men when so desired, and that Union "buttons" should not be worn at work.

And so the disastrous "Great Dock Strike" ended, with little gain to either side, with much terrible loss and suffering, and with a very sincere wish of masters and

men alike that some such wise and disinterested Labour leader and friend of Labour as Mr. Michael Davitt could have appeared in Liverpool a month earlier than he did. On the 2nd April work at the Docks was resumed.

CHAPTER XII

A GREAT IMPOSTURE

Extraordinary Impostures—John Hollis Yates—Estates in Chancery—Forgery of Bibles, Watches and Coffin-Plates—Police, 1835–1899—Progress in Nineteenth Century—Boer War—Lord Roberts in Liverpool—Lord Roberts, and Sir William Nott—End of Service in Liverpool.

One of the most amazing and gigantic frauds ever conceived was that worked out by one John Hollis Yates, a Liverpool solicitor, which was finally exposed and frustrated by the Liverpool Detective Department in 1896.

Yates' career had previously been anything but creditable. He was born in Gloucestershire, and brought up to be a schoolmaster, but in 1888 he began business as a solicitor in Gloucester. Here he made the acquaintance of a young man, from whom he borrowed £50, giving him a promissory note for that amount. When the note became due, Yates not only refused to meet it, but actually had the audacity to charge the young man with forging his signature, and his father with uttering the alleged forged note. He went so far as to prosecute both at the Gloucester Assizes, when they were honourably acquitted, and Yates' costs disallowed. He was then made a bankrupt, and of course Gloucester became too hot to hold him. He was afterwards heard of at Leeds, and at Wigan, and finally came to Liverpool, where he took an office, and commenced business (nominally) as a solicitor

Actually, however, he devoted all his time and energies to the study of unclaimed moneys lying in the Court of Chancery, and to forming elaborate schemes for exploiting them. When he came to be arrested, and his office was searched, several schemes for fraudulent claims were found there, more or less prepared, including one relating to a property of nearly half a million of money, and also the one for the extraordinary fraud with which it became my duty to deal. The ability, intelligence, and ingenuity exhibited by Yates in these schemes were such as would most certainly have brought him the greatest prosperity and success, had they been devoted to honest purposes. As it was, he fortunately met more than his match in the Liverpool detective Officers engaged in the case, who conducted their most complicated and difficult investigations in a manner deserving of the very highest praise.

The case in question was that of a claim to the estate of one Lieutenant-General Blake, who had died in 1850. When quite a young Officer, General Blake had been quartered in Dublin, and there met his future wife, a girl of the name of Helen Sherridan. She belonged to a family of the small-farmer, or peasant, class, in the West of Ireland, and had come to Dublin and was residing there. Blake fell in love with her, and ran away with her to Scotland, where he married her. They lived happily together for many years, until General (as he then was) Blake died, and left the whole of his very considerable property to his wife unconditionally. She outlived him for twenty-five years, dying in 1875, intestate, and without children or any known relatives. In 1883, the property, now of the value of about £200,000, was adjudged to the Crown, for want of heirs.

A considerable number of claimants had come forward to endeavour to establish themselves as next-of-kin to Mrs. Blake. Most of them were poor persons of the Sheridan family, residing in the West of Ireland, but among them were persons of the same family, then living in Liverpool. None of them, however, had made good any rightful claim to be considered the heirs of Mrs. Blake.

Yates managed to get into communication with the Liverpool Sherridans, and to secure from them an undertaking that, if he could procure the necessary evidence, and successfully establish their claim to Mrs. Blake's property, a very large proportion of the amount recovered should be his reward. And he then, in the most thorough and methodical manner, made it his business to manufacture the necessary evidence. He went to Ireland, and interviewed many of the "oldest inhabitants," with the view of obtaining evidence that the Liverpool Sherridans and Mrs. Blake belonged to the same family, as indeed was probably the fact. He then submitted this very hazy and inconclusive evidence to eminent Counsel, asking their detailed opinion as to what *additional* evidence was needed to establish his clients' claim. Thus he was advised exactly of what it was necessary for him to produce, and he lost no time in manufacturing it.

He had been advised that certain certificates of births, marriages and deaths would be essential. These would have been difficult to forge, and many would have been required. So Yates' fertile brain conceived the idea that a "Family Bible" would prove an efficient substitute, and one far more easily procurable. He searched old bookstalls in Liverpool, and bought several, which were subsequently found at his office. Among them was

one of the old-fashioned kind, which seemed exactly adapted to his purpose. The fly-leaves in it were unused, it was old and yellow, the cover worn, edges frayed, and it presented the appearance of great age : nothing easier than to make it the "Sherridan Family Bible." He omitted to notice one important fact, however, viz., that it was an English Protestant Bible, one most unlikely to have been the property of a West of Ireland Roman Catholic peasant. But notwithstanding this, it became the property of "Martin Sherridan," the supposed father of Mrs. Blake. It was most carefully and artistically prepared. Entries were made with specially prepared ink, to produce old and faded writing. These recorded the marriage of old Martin Sherridan, the birth on the 5th February, 1800, of his daughter, Helen (i.e. Mrs. Blake), a note that "my daughter Helen has run away with a young Officer staying in Dublin Castle, and has married him privately in Scotland," and (in different handwriting) the death of old Martin Sherridan himself, and the births of the Liverpool Sherridans, "his grandchildren," besides other entries. To add to the value of this evidence, Yates bought several other old books, in which he wrote "Martin Sherridan—his book," etc., with various dates, and his ingenious story was that he had got the Bible and all these books "*quite by chance*" at a Liverpool bookstall, without realizing their value until he afterwards examined them more fully. Thus the first portion of the evidence required to establish the Liverpool Sherridans' case was ready.

Next, Yates had two coffin-plates prepared in Birmingham, recording the names and dates of death of some "necessarily deceased" members of the Sherridan family. These he carefully buried for some time, to secure the requisite "age" and appearance to justify his statement

that he had dug them up from a churchyard in the West of Ireland. He also prepared a drawing of a broken tombstone, bearing the name and date of death of old Martin Sherridan.

And then Yates set to work upon the last piece of his "evidence." He bought an old silver watch, and took it to an engraver, giving him instructions to engrave inside the lid the inscription—"From Helen Blake to her dear nephew, Patrick Sherridan, 1866." (Patrick was the Liverpool Sherridan.) But the engraver, thinking 1866 must be a mistake, engraved 1896 instead. This exercised Yates very much, and he returned the watch to the engraver in order that the "correct" date might be inserted. This roused suspicion in the mind of the engraver, who informed the Police of the occurrence. They watched the engraver's premises, and when Yates' messenger called for the watch they tracked him back to Yates' office, and thus obtained the clue which subsequently led to the detection of the whole of the gigantic fraud contemplated. Later they obtained a warrant, and searched Yates' office, finding the coffin-plates, Family Bible, watch, and much documentary evidence, which they verified, and pieced together, with infinite pains, and thus completed an unanswerable case against Yates, who was tried at the Liverpool Assizes in 1896, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

His case was one of the most interesting, in the course of its development, with which I was ever concerned, and the very great intelligence and efficiency exhibited by the Liverpool detective Officers who were in charge of it naturally afforded me the utmost gratification.

With the year 1900, the old century had come to an

end—the century which had seen the origin in this country of Police Forces in their present form, and I referred in my Annual Report for that year to the vast changes which had taken place, during their sixty years of existence, in the views of the Public as to what they should be, and what they should do. It may not be without interest if I again refer to the question.

It will hardly be credited now that “in the early ‘thirties” there was actually a wide difference of opinion as to “whether it were desirable to have Police Forces *at all*.” Many people considered that their institution would seriously endanger the liberties of Englishmen, and lead to continental espionage, and dragooning. Even those who favoured their institution never contemplated them as anything more than a provision for preserving the peace, preventing robberies, and apprehending felons. They never for a moment even dreamt of them as agents to enforce innumerable By-Laws and Acts of Parliament, to regulate street traffic, to supervise public-houses, to take action against drunkenness and immorality, to render aid to the injured and remove them to the hospitals, to prevent cruelty to children and to animals, and to perform many other duties never at that time thought of; in other words, of doing *nine-tenths* of what is now a policeman’s daily work.

Prior to 1835, the safety of the then 240,000 inhabitants of Liverpool had been entrusted in the *night-time* (they had to take care of themselves in the daytime) to a body of watchmen, or “Charlies,” some of whom were corrupt, many of them drunkards, most of them aged or crippled, and all of them utterly useless for almost anything but “calling the hours” of the night. In 1835 the new Liver-

pool Police Force was inaugurated, with a strength of 390 men. In 1899 that strength was 1,804 men, and the population of the borough had increased to 668,000.

But the difference in the Police was not in numbers alone, as can be almost comically proved by a quotation from the official Report presented by the Watch Committee to the Town Council in February, 1839. That Report says that : “ The Committee have the satisfaction [*sic*] to state that the character of the Police Force has progressively improved. The Tables show the number of men dismissed and fined for misconduct during the year.” Turning to these Tables, we find recorded that the strength of the Force was 574 *men*, and that among these 574 *men* there were no fewer than 639 cases of drunkenness, and 1,592 cases of other disciplinary offences. What a cause for “ satisfaction ” ! and what must have been the previous record ? But in 1899, amongst 1,804 men, there were only sixty-eight cases of drunkenness and fifty-one cases of other offences, showing an improvement of 375 per cent.—some cause for satisfaction. And I know (though I cannot give figures) that since 1899, “ the character of the Police Force has progressively improved,” and it has now reached a very high standard—a standard of which both the Police and the Public may be justly proud.

In that same Annual Report I dealt with other matters also. I noted the great advance in the education of the Police. In 1880, a great proportion of its members were absolutely illiterate, many unable to spell, or to write the very simplest report so as to be intelligible. Now all possess an elementary education, some a fair secondary education, and all are carefully instructed in the theory and practice of their duties as policemen. I also referred

to the many social services now willingly performed by the Police—aid to the sick and injured, care and fatherly help to children, their life-saving work (drowning, street accidents, fires, etc.), and noted that, in addition to all this, they had become *twice* as efficient (as statistics proved) in their primary functions—the prevention and detection of crime. The Police are often criticized, and criticized rather unsparingly, but at least no impartial judge can fail to admit that they have justified their existence, and that the ninety years which have elapsed since their foundation have conclusively proved their value, and dispelled any doubt as to it which might have existed in 1835.

In 1899 the Boer War broke out, and, for the first time, the men of the Army Reserve were called upon to rejoin the Colours. There were a very large number of these men serving in the Liverpool Police, and of course their sudden departure caused considerable inconvenience and dislocation to police duties. But all did their best to make the loss good, and the peace and order of Liverpool were fully maintained during their absence. Any extra work and inconvenience was felt to be compensated for by the pride of being directly represented at the Front, and by the knowledge of the value to many good soldiers of being able to obtain suitable employment in the Police when released from Army service. Their comrades, in the very short time available, organized a great dinner as a send-off to our Reservists, at which I took the chair and voiced the good wishes of the Force for the best of luck, and a safe return to all.

After he came back from South Africa, Lord Roberts visited Liverpool, and on the 8th October, 1901, presented medals to a large number of soldiers who had served in the

War, and were then quartered, or residing, in Liverpool and adjacent districts. Among them were more than fifty Liverpool police constables, who attended the distribution as a unit, and in police uniform, and who received the especial congratulations and commendation of the Commander-in-Chief.

During his stay in Liverpool, Lord Roberts was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley. In honour of his visit Lady Derby gave a large evening party to meet him. The evening was one of especial interest to me, for in the course of it Lord Derby introduced me to Lord Roberts, who at once asked me if I was related to Sir William Nott, and when I said I was his grandson, he expressed his pleasure at meeting me, and told me he had always had the highest admiration for him, and had learnt much from *his* march through Afghanistan. (It will be remembered that Sir Frederick Roberts led his Army in 1878 from Cabul, through Ghuzni, to Candahar; and that Sir William Nott led his Army in 1842 from Candahar, through Ghuzni, to Cabul—exactly the same march reversed.)

And now my time at Liverpool was drawing to a close. At the end of 1901 the Commissionership of Police of the City of London became vacant, through the retirement of Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B. There are only two Commissioners (the highest position held by Officers of Police) in England, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis and the Commissioner of Police of the City of London. Of course the former has a far greater responsibility, and a much larger force under his command. The City Commissioner can only claim to be *secundus inter pares*. But it was naturally an object to one who had spent thirty years of his life in the police service to attain to the position of highest rank and responsibility within it,

and I at once decided to become a candidate. On the 21st March, 1902, I was duly elected, and my appointment being approved by His Majesty the King, I ceased to be Head Constable of Liverpool, after twenty-one years' service in that position.

CHAPTER XIII

CITY POLICE COMMISSIONER

Election as Commissioner of Police for the City of London—Position of Commissioner—City Hospitality—Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra—Visits of Foreign Sovereigns and Presidents—Funeral of King Edward VII—Coronation of King George and Queen Mary—The War, and After.

I have referred before to the (very undesirable) "electioneering" necessary for the obtaining of an appointment as a Chief Officer of Police. And if such electioneering was necessary in the case of a Chief Constablenesship, it was still more so in the case of the City Commissionership, for in the former case the electing body was a Watch Committee, composed of fifteen or twenty persons, whilst in the latter it was the Court of Common Council, composed of 230 persons. So that (I am happy to say for the last time) I found myself in the position of being compelled to "canvass" and solicit "votes."

My predecessor, as Commissioner, had come into very strong collision with the Court of Common Council, and feeling on the matter ran very high in the City. The then Assistant-Commissioner, Major E. F. Wodehouse, had been *appointed to his office by my predecessor*, and might ordinarily have hoped for promotion, but as it was, the election seemed mainly a question of "for or against the *late* Commissioner," and Major Wodehouse's chances were gravely prejudiced, inasmuch as the contest came to be considered as one between him and *some* outside

candidate. He was one of the most able and courteous of Police Officers, and his position was a hard and unfair one.

Early in 1902, the Police Committee submitted to the Court of Common Council the names of five candidates to be considered for the appointment. These were—Major E. F. Wodehouse, Assistant-Commissioner of the City Police; Captain the Honourable G. A. Anson, Chief Constable of Staffordshire; Major J. S. Mayne, Chief Constable of East Suffolk; Colonel H. Mackinnon, Grenadier Guards (who had commanded the City Imperial Volunteers in the Boer War—now General Sir Henry Mackinnon, G.C.B.); and myself. On the 21st March the election took place. It was somewhat of an ordeal for the candidates. We had to take our places on the dais, next to the Lord Mayor, and were questioned as to our qualifications. Then a vote by ballot was taken, and (in our presence) each paper was openly read out on removal from the ballot-box, and the vote recorded. Then the count was taken, and the result announced. The first ballot left Major Wodehouse and myself at the head of the poll, but neither with a clear majority of the whole Court. So a second ballot became necessary, with the result that I was elected by a majority of five votes only.

Whilst the votes were being taken, an amusing remark was made to me by the candidate to whom I was sitting next. He said: "I never expected to win, and I really think you ought to, but I never knew before how many damned liars there are in the Court of Common Council. I had double the number of *promises* that I have *votes*." Let us hope he did injustice to the Corporation by having accepted cordial promises of favourable consideration for definite promises of votes.

The election of a Commissioner of City Police is min-

utely regulated by statute, and differs in many respects from that of a Chief Constable. In the first place, it is not enough that a candidate should "apply" for the appointment, he must be nominated by a member of the Court of Common Council. (I was nominated by Alderman Sir James Ritchie, Bart.) Then election is not complete (as it is in the boroughs, as soon as the vote has been taken), but requires the formal approval of His Majesty the King. And finally, a declaration of acceptance of office, etc., must be made before a Judge of the High Court before the duties are taken up.

But once preliminaries are completed, the office is an extraordinarily independent one. The "Police Authority" of the City is the Court of Common Council, and they of course hold that most potent of all powers—the power of the purse; but even that power is now subject in many respects to the sanction of the Home Secretary. In matters of Police Administration and Discipline, having once selected a Commissioner, they have no authority over him.¹ He holds his appointment subject only to dismissal by the Crown; or by the Court of Aldermen (the Magistrates of the City), for "misconduct or other reasonable cause"; and his duties (for which he is responsible to himself alone) and his powers are regulated by statute. It has even been laid down, on legal authority, that the Officers and constables of the City Police are technically *his* servants, and not the servants of the Court of Common Council, and he appoints, promotes, reduces or dismisses all, including even the Assistant-Commissioner. Sir Robert Reid (afterwards Lord High Chancellor, and Earl Loreburn) stated his opinion that "the

¹ I showed, when dealing with drunkenness in Liverpool, how different to this is the position in boroughs, where police policy is directed by Watch Committees, and necessarily therefore varies from time to time, as the *personnel* of Committees changes.

Commissioner of City Police was apparently the greatest autocrat in the country ; he was responsible to no one for the performance of his duties, and could do anything *except act as a constable*, for although he could order a constable to act, he was not himself a constable (as are Chief Constables in the Provinces), and therefore could not act personally."

Early in April I left Liverpool, where the Watch Committee, under the Chairmanship of my old friend, Mr. Hyslop-Maxwell, C.B.E. (who is still Chairman—a wonderful record of nearly a quarter of a century's valuable service), did everything to facilitate my acceptance, and taking over, of office in London. A matter which gave me great pleasure on appointment was the kind and ready response which Major Wodehouse made to my expressed hope that he would continue to serve as Assistant-Commissioner, and I must always feel grateful to him for the cordial and generous help he gave me to become fully acquainted with City Police work and conditions. I was very glad (much as I missed him) when, a year later, he became Assistant-Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, from which position he recently retired. (Now Sir Frederick Wodehouse, K.C.B.)

The first thing which struck me in the City, as it must strike every new arrival there, was its enormous and generous hospitality. Functions at the Guildhall were upon an almost regal scale, the dignity and impressiveness of the ceremonial, the magnificence of the old Hall, and the surroundings, the number of the guests, and the warm reception given, are well known. And the banquets, and other entertainments, given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House were, if not so large, scarcely less magnificent, and even more constant. Then the City Livery Companies never tired of exercising the most

sumptuous hospitality, and dinners in their fine old Halls seemed never-ending. Indeed, the City seemed bent on "killing with kindness."

When I took up my work as Commissioner of City Police early in April, 1902, I was at once immersed in the many important arrangements which had to be made in connection with the approaching Coronation of Their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, then fixed for the 24th June, and the Royal Progress and Visit to the City which was to take place on the following day. This involved many meetings with Major-General Sir Henry Ewart, then Crown Equerry, for every street, every corner, every space where carriages had to turn etc., had to be viewed and considered in the minutest detail. Early in June all these arrangements were completed, all police orders were prepared ready for issue, and it was anxiously hoped that all might prove efficient, when exposed to the test of the great functions that would try them. But about the middle of the month ominous reports as to the state of the King's health became known, and even then some began to fear whether it would be possible for it to withstand the tremendous strain of the Coronation and its attendant ceremonies. The King, with marvellous courage, was, however, determined if possible that it should take place as arranged, rather than that the enormous trouble, inconvenience and expense of postponement should be incurred. The Public at large had little conception of how matters stood, until the announcement on the 24th June of the very serious operation which His Majesty had to undergo, an announcement which came as a terrible grief and shock to the entire nation, and of the inevitable postponement of the Coronation. Soon, however, reassuring news came to hand; the King was reported to

have borne the operation well, and to be making satisfactory progress. By the end of the month his condition had so improved that it was arranged for reviews of the Colonial and the Indian troops brought over for the Coronation, to be held by the Prince of Wales on the 1st and 2nd July, and soon after the middle of that month His Majesty's recovery was so marked that it became possible to fix the 9th August as the date for the postponed Coronation.

Necessarily, considerable changes had to be made from the original programme. The Royal Progress and Visit to the City, which had been intended to take place on the day following the Coronation, was now fixed for the 25th October, in order to avoid the fatigue and strain to His Majesty which such heavy functions on two successive days would involve, and most of the Colonial and Indian troops, who were to have formed part of the procession, could not be left longer in this country and had to return home before the later date. My personal work did not demand any early attention, for it was concerned with the second day's proceedings only—Westminster Abbey and the route to and from the Palace being, of course, altogether within the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction. My only part in the ceremonies of the 9th August was to send a strong body of City Police to assist the Metropolitan Police in keeping the route in Trafalgar Square, etc., and it was a pleasant surprise to these men to find they were so popular with the Public, being received with cheers and cries of "Good old City" when they took up their positions.

On the 25th October, however, the major part of the responsibility fell upon the City Police. The Royal Procession made its way through the Strand to Temple Bar. It was shed of much of its intended magnificence by the

departure of Colonial and Indian troops, and by the fact that, owing to the weather, the troops taking part, other than the escort round the Royal carriages, were cloaked. But notwithstanding it was very impressive. It was met at Temple Bar by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with members of the Corporation and City Officers. The old ceremony of the presentation of the City's Sword here took place, after which the Civic party took their places in the Royal Procession, preceding the King's carriages to the Guildhall. After having early made a close inspection of all arrangements along the route within the City, I had taken up my position at Temple Bar to await the arrival of the Royal Procession. A small matter, which gave me personal satisfaction, was that, owing to the kindness of the Liverpool Watch Committee, I was able to ride one of the handsomest and best-trained chargers in the whole procession, a magnificent chestnut, belonging to the Liverpool Mounted Police, which I had often ridden in Liverpool. I rode in front of the Royal carriages from Temple Bar to the Guildhall, and (after the luncheon) to the City boundary, where I resigned my place to Sir Edward Bradford, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. The State Luncheon at the Guildhall was a gorgeous function, carried out with all the splendour and completeness with which City ceremonies are conducted. Their Majesties and members of the Royal Family sat at a table placed across the end of the Great Hall, on a raised dais, the seats of the King and Queen placed in the centre and raised above all others. The Lord Mayor sat below at the end of one of the cross tables immediately in front of Their Majesties, and after the luncheon was permitted by the King to propose the toasts of Their Majesties' healths, to which the King responded by giving the toast of the Lord Mayor and

Corporation of London. No speeches were made in the proposal of the toasts. The scene in the Hall can never be forgotten—the grandeur of the Hall itself, the splendour of uniforms and decorations, the dresses and jewels of the ladies, and the knowledge that all the greatness of the country were there assembled, could not fail to impress. After the luncheon the procession was re-formed, and the Royal Progress continued to the boundary of the City, and thence back to the Palace. It was a great relief to be able to feel that all had passed off without hitch or accident.

On the 26th October the King again visited the City, to attend a State Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's for His Majesty's recovery from his severe illness. An immense choir, many bands, and a finely rendered service expressed the feelings of gratitude in the hearts of all. Outside the Cathedral and in the streets the King received a more than loyal and enthusiastic reception from the great crowds assembled.

After this the City was honoured by visits from many foreign Sovereigns and Heads of States, the first being that of the President of the French Republic, M. Loubet. The proceedings were practically the same on all occasions. The Royal, or Presidential, guests drive to the City in a State carriage, attended by the Master of the Horse, and escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry, the route of the procession being lined with troops. At the Guildhall a Guard of Honour is mounted, and State Trumpeters are in attendance. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs (accompanied by the many members of our own Royal Family who invariably attend these functions) receive the Sovereigns, or Presidents, at the entrance to the Guildhall, and a procession is formed, which passes to the Library, where an address from the

Corporation is presented. Those invited to the Déjeuner having taken their places at the tables in the Great Hall, the procession is re-formed, and enters the Hall, preceded by trumpeters, and passes round it to the seats allotted to the distinguished guests. After luncheon, toasts are proposed and speeches made, and the departure from the Guildhall is upon the same lines as the arrival. The whole of the ceremonies are carried out in the most stately and effective manner. In this way the City received in succession—President Loubet and the King and Queen of Italy in 1903, the King of Spain and the King and Queen of Greece in 1905, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany in 1907. All honoured me by the conferment of Orders of their respective countries. In addition to these great visits, there were visits from other Sovereigns and rulers, and many presentations of the honorary Freedom of the City to members of the Royal Family and other distinguished persons.

Of one Royal function in the City I have a somewhat *painful* recollection. It was on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of new buildings at St. Bartholomew's Hospital by the King in July, 1904. Their Majesties were to enter the City by way of Holborn Bars, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation were assembled there for the usual presentation of the City's Sword. A red carpet with a yellow fringe edging had been laid down for them. Just as the Prince and Princess of Wales, who drove down in advance of Their Majesties, were passing, a gust of wind blew up the carpet almost on to my horse's nose. This so startled him that he reared up, and, losing foothold on the rather slippery paving, fell over backwards, with me under him. I had, however, got my feet free, and the horse rolled off me and got clear. Those round, who helped me to get up, thought I must

have been seriously injured, but I was able to remount in time to ride in front of the King to the hospital. It was not until I got home that I found I was badly bruised and aching all over, but fortunately no bones were broken, and a few days saw me all right again, after a narrow escape and a very unpleasant experience.

I certainly had altogether a rather large experience of the always responsible, and often difficult, duty of organizing and controlling the police arrangements for great public functions. I think not a few considered that this was the *main* work of my office, indeed a statement was recently made in the Press that "most of us are chiefly familiar with his name in connection with official ceremonies at the Guildhall."

After a short, but brilliant, reign, King Edward VII died at Buckingham Palace on the 6th May, 1910. The Lying-in-State took place in Westminster Hall, and the funeral at Windsor followed on the 20th May. The Funeral Procession from Westminster to Paddington station was a most imposing and impressive one. The King and members of the Royal Family, with many foreign Sovereigns and Princes, rode behind the gun-carriage. The Queen, the Queen Mother and the Princesses followed in carriages. The main procession, however, moved on foot, large military contingents leading the way. The Police were specially honoured by being allotted a place in it, and were represented by a detachment of the Metropolitan Police, commanded by the Assistant-Commissioner (Mr. Bullock, C.B., who took the place of the Commissioner, Sir Edward Henry, whose responsible duties on the day prevented his taking personal command); a detachment of the City Police, commanded by the Commissioner (myself); a detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary, commanded by the

Inspector-General (Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B.); a detachment of the Dublin City Police, commanded by the Commissioner (Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, K.C.B.); and a detachment of the Edinburgh Police, commanded by the Chief Constable (Mr. Roderick Ross, M.V.O.). It was a long tramp from Westminster to Paddington station, but one not to be forgotten. The magnificent solemnity of the procession itself, the appealing music, the huge concourse of reverent spectators, all testified to the sense of loss felt at the passing of a great, and very popular, King.

In a subsequent talk with Sir Neville Chamberlain he told me an amusing story, which once again illustrated the interest taken by King Edward in the details of uniform worn by Officers. I had made a remark to him on the new pattern of uniform he was wearing (one, by the way, similar in design to that now ordered for the Commissioners of the Metropolitan and City of London Police), and he replied that I might like to know its history. When the sketches for it were submitted for the King's approval, His Majesty referred them for the opinion of the Duke of Connaught. On his approval being given, he (Sir Neville Chamberlain) procured the uniform, and on the occasion of the King's visit shortly after to Dublin, he wore it to a Ball given at the Royal Hospital in His Majesty's honour. There he was informed by an equerry that the Princess Patricia would dance with him, and after introduction, the Princess walked with him in front of the dais, where the King was seated, and then laughingly informed him that she had been ordered to parade the new uniform for His Majesty's inspection.

With the commencement of 1911, preparations were in full swing for the Coronation, fixed for the 22nd June, of Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, and

for the ceremonies incidental to it. In many respects these were to follow the precedent of 1902, but it was decided to spread them over three days instead of two, in order that the Royal Progress should include North as well as South London. On the 23rd June, the Royal Procession was to proceed direct, and without stop, through the City, thence over London Bridge to South London, but Their Majesties would again visit the City on the 29th June, attend a Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral, then proceed to the Guildhall to honour the Corporation by their presence at a State Déjeuner, and return to the Palace, after a circuitous Progress through North London. With the experience of 1902 to guide, the making of the multitudinous police arrangements necessary was of course made easier.

On the morning of the 23rd June, I was out early to inspect the line of the Royal route, and make sure that, so far as the Police were concerned, all was in complete readiness and every precaution taken. I was riding back from London Bridge, and looking to the arrangements in St. Paul's Churchyard, when the procession of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs passed through on its way to Temple Bar, for the presentation of the City's Sword to the King on his arrival there, and I was much struck (as I think were most of those present) with its picturesque and old-world aspect. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were mounted on fine black chargers (lent to them by the Life Guards) and were, of course, in full dress, with their flowing robes of office—the Lord Mayor himself (Sir Vezey Strong) looking the part admirably—a typical “John Bull”—portly, jovial, smiling, waving salutations on every side in return for the very cordial reception accorded to him. I followed the Civic party to Temple Bar, and it was not long before the head of the Royal Procession came

in sight. For a long time mounted troops continued to file past, one Regiment succeeding another, until at last the approach of the Household Cavalry heralded the arrival of Their Majesties. The King and Queen drove in the last of the Royal carriages, and their carriage was (almost for the last time) horsed by the famous cream ponies. The City's Sword was duly presented by the Lord Mayor, who with the Civic party took his place in the procession, and the Royal Progress was continued. I rode, with the General Officer commanding the Home District, immediately in front of Their Majesties' carriage, from Temple Bar, past St. Paul's Cathedral, to the south side of London Bridge, when, the boundary of the City being passed, I resigned my place and drew out of the procession. Everything had gone most successfully, and Their Majesties' reception, by the vast crowds assembled in the City, was as cordial and as enthusiastic as it was bound to be.

On the 29th June, Their Majesties again came, in Royal Progress, to the City, and attended a great Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral. A large and distinguished congregation had assembled, and the service was as magnificent and impressive as those at St. Paul's invariably are on great public occasions. When it was over, the King and Queen proceeded to the Guildhall, where a State Déjeuner was given with all the elaborate ceremony already described. On leaving, the Royal Progress was continued through Moorgate Street to the boundary of the City, and thence through many streets of North London, before returning to the Palace. And so ended one more memorable experience of my police life.

Since that time there have been comparatively few great public functions in the City. The funeral of Lord

Wolseley at St. Paul's in March, 1913, was the occasion of a great military display, and an impressive funeral service. I recall an incident which, for those who witnessed it, momentarily relieved the general gloom of the occasion. As the head of the procession approached the great west doors of the Cathedral, it became necessary to stop the further ingress of ticket-holders by those doors, in order that a clear entrance should be obtained for the funeral party. Consequently, the Police turned away persons from those doors and directed them to other entrances. A military Officer of high rank thought it a good opportunity to act as an amateur policeman, and seeing two gentlemen who had passed the Police Inspector at the foot of the steps, ascending them in order to enter by the main doors, he blocked their way and told them rather brusquely to get back, as no one could enter that way. Fortunately the Police Inspector at the foot of the steps saw what was happening, and ran up the steps, saying, "It is all right, sir; it is the German Ambassador," and so possibly saved an outbreak of war a year sooner than it actually arrived.

With 1914 came the Great War, and necessarily the end, for the time being, of all the entertainments and public functions usually so constant in the City. The King and Queen came many times to St. Paul's, for solemn services of Intercession, Commemoration, and Thanksgiving. Funeral services for three great Field-Marshal—Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and (later) Sir Henry Wilson were held. There were many presentations of the City's Freedom to Generals and Admirals, to Marshal Foch and General Diaz, to President Wilson, and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, but the City lay under the shadow of the War. After Peace came, it was honoured with visits from the King and Queen of Italy, the King

and Queen of the Belgians, the King and Queen of Roumania, and the Shah of Persia. Their Majesties The King and Queen came to the City on the 23rd May, 1925, to lay the foundation-stone of the new "Lloyd's." But all these events, interesting as they were, and especially so to me as being my last experiences of great public functions, need no special description.

CHAPTER XIV

POLICE SPORTS

Sport in the City Police—Tug-of-War—Swimming—Boxing—Wrestling—Athletic Sports—Financial Results—Cricket—Football—Quoits—Bowls, etc.—Ju-Jitsu—Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage—Visit of Prince of Wales—City Police and Service in the Great War.

Many may think that a considerable space devoted to records of "Sport" is out of place in what purports to be an experience of fifty-two years' police service. But I have already expressed my firm adhesion to the doctrine of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and to the opinion that if full efficiency of police service is to be assured, every member of a Police Force should have facilities of healthy recreation and inducement to keep himself fit. In a Force like that of the City of London, working in the midst of a densely crowded area, such opportunities seem doubly necessary.

I was glad therefore to find on coming to the City that an active, and well-organized, Police Athletic Club was already in existence. It had been originally founded in 1886, and in 1899 had been re-constructed on its present lines, and had become a popular and successful institution. In 1902 it was divided into three sections—one for Cricket, one for Swimming and one for Athletics. Since then several other sections have been added for Football, Bowls, Angling, etc. Dealing with the various sports :

TUG-OF-WAR, for which the City Police have obtained world-wide renown, was at first confined to inter-divisional competitions, but in 1899 the City sent a team to Cambridge, to pull at the Police Sports there. In 1900 the City Police team pulled against a team of the Royal Marine Artillery, at the Military Tournament, for which "offence" against their amateur status they were suspended by the A.A.A., but afterwards duly "white-washed." For many years open Tug-of-War competitions were held at the Annual City Police Sports, and at last the City team attained such a reputation as to find it difficult to obtain opponents. Probably their most successful year was 1914, when they entered for the Championships for teams of three different weights (men averaging $13\frac{1}{2}$, 14, and 15 stone respectively), won all three championships, being successful in thirty-four pulls out of a total of thirty-five in all. In 1908 they were selected to represent Great Britain at the Olympic Games and won the event for this country in no half-hearted fashion. And in 1920 they once again represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games, and were again successful.

SWIMMING has always been a most popular sport with the City Police, and has brought them many honours. Water Tug-of-War was in early days a favourite competition, but had to be dropped as the Police so invariably won, that at last they could find no one to oppose them. Water Polo has been most successfully followed, and the City team has to its credit the following championships—Southern Counties (three times), Middlesex (three times), London League (twice), and London Juniors (twice). The Captain of the Police team, Police Constable Bugbee, has received fifteen International Caps, has captained England *v.* Scotland, and England *v.* Ire-

land ; and has four times been a representative of England at the Olympic Games. Sub-Inspector Hunt has also once represented this country at these games, and received six International Caps. Police Constable Innocent was selected to represent Great Britain for breast-stroke swimming at the Olympic Games in 1912, and again in 1920. The following general record will show what the City Police Athletic Club has done in this sport ; it has won, during my time in London alone, the—

Southern Counties Bath Shield for Life-saving,
100 yards Bath Championship of Islington,
Quarter-Mile Police Championship of England (twenty-two times in all),

Long-Distance Police Championship at Hull,
300 yards National Police Championship,
“ Back ” team race for Police of United Kingdom,
100 metres “ back ” championship of the world,
150 yards Championship of London,
100 yards Southern Counties Championship,

220 “ “ “ “

Quarter-mile “ “ “

Quarter-mile Western “ “

100 yards “ “ “

Quarter-mile Devon “ “

1,000 yards “ Ulpa ” Championship at Yarmouth,

100 yards National Police Race at Hull,

500 yards Championship of London.

In 1913 the Club had a gold medal struck for presentation to members of the Force who risk their lives in attempts to save life from drowning, and since then this medal has been won thirteen times. Among these cases may be specially mentioned that of Police Constable Richardson, who dived into the River Thames from the parapet of Blackfriars Bridge, *a distance of 51 feet, into*

BOXING is another sport in which the City Police Athletic Club has secured many successes. Among others, they have won the—

Amateur Heavy-weight Championship of England,
 " " " Scotland.

Boxing is regularly carried on at the Stations, with great advantage to the health, temper, and handiness in a row, of the City Police. His Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales) took a gracious interest in what was being done, and, accompanied by his two young sons (Prince Edward and Prince Albert), honoured the City Police with an informal visit to Moor Lane Police Station, remaining for a considerable time watching various boxing competitions, and expressing his pleasure at what he saw.

WRESTLING, another *practically* useful accomplishment for a policeman, has also been taken up with success. The "wins" include the—

"Catch-as-Catch-Can" Heavy-weight Cup,
Græco-Roman Heavy-weight Cup,
Cumberland and Westmorland Heavy-weight Cup,
Middlesex "Catch-as-Catch-Can" Heavy-weight Cup,
Cumberland and Westmorland "Mirror of Life"
Trophy.

ATHLETICS are also enthusiastically pursued, but naturally the build and the work of a policeman are not such as to conduce to championship performances on the track. Practising for sports and competitions, however, affords constant recreation, gives useful exercise and conduces to health and strength. Probably the most notable success in this section has been gained by the Relay (running) Team, which in 1924 only failed once to get "placed," and in 1925 secured twelve Firsts (besides Seconds and Thirds), always handicapped at "scratch." They also were second for the Middlesex County Championship, and won the "Edward Grant Trophy" at Southend.

Commencing in 1902, the Annual Athletic Sports were held at the Crystal Palace, in combination with those of the Metropolitan Police, and the large financial proceeds of these Sports were devoted to the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage. But necessarily between 1914 and 1918 no athletic meetings could be held. And in 1919 the grounds at the Crystal Palace were no longer available for the purpose. Now, the City Police Athletic Club hold their Annual Sports at Stamford Bridge, and during the last seven years have been able to contribute the following large sums to police institutions :

	£
M. and C. Police Orphanage	1,831
City Police Convalescent Home Fund . .	1,200
„ „ Benevolent Fund	450
„ „ Festival Fund	526
	<hr/>
	£4,007

The prizes won at the Sports have now for many years been presented by the Lady Mayoress, the Lord Mayor always kindly allowing the use of the Mansion House for the occasion.

Cricket, Football, Quoits, Bowls, etc., also afford constant opportunity for sport, recreation and health, through the medium of the Athletic Club, and I think I have shown ample grounds for expressing to it sincere congratulations, not only on the athletic successes gained, but on the important aid it has rendered to police efficiency.

Though not directly connected with the work of the Police Athletic Club, it may not be out of place here to mention another matter bearing on physical training. All City Police recruits are now (as a part of their ordinary probationary instruction) given a full course of training in the art of Ju-jitsu, proficiency in which is most useful in carrying out their duties as policemen, which so often expose them to danger of violent attack. The system of training is a thorough one, and owes much to the first Instructor, ex-Inspector Wheeldon, who was an expert in Ju-jitsu, and laid the foundation for the very practical course still followed.

I have referred to the large sums contributed by the City Police Athletic Club to the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, that magnificent institution at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, which was founded so long ago as 1870, and which, during the fifty-five years that have passed since then, has rendered

inestimable service to thousands of children, orphans of men who have been unable themselves to provide for them, but for whom their fathers' comrades in the two Forces have always felt a personal responsibility. And when I mention that, out of their comparatively small incomes, the men of the two Forces contribute about £14,000 every year to the Orphanage, and in addition raise by their personal services (concerts, entertainments, Athletic Sports, etc.) a further sum of about £16,000 each year, no further proof is wanting to show how well they have met that responsibility. And this Self-Help (if I should so call it) has brought also much generous outside assistance. Something like £5,000 a year is given by the general public, in donations and subscriptions to the Institution, and in addition many noble gifts and legacies have been received.

The Orphanage is managed altogether by the Police themselves. The General Court of Management is composed of the superior Officers of the two Forces, and elected representatives of other ranks, and it appoints a Board of Managers (a Committee of its own body) to control all detailed arrangements. The objects of the Institution are defined to be "to afford relief to as many of the necessitous orphans of the members of the Metropolitan and the City of London Police Forces, as the funds will permit; to provide them with clothing, maintenance and education; and to place them out in situations, where there is a prospect of a successful career being secured." About 240 children are always being provided for in the Orphanage, and an immensely greater number, who are either unfitted for admission, or for whom there are no vacancies, are granted compassionate allowances for maintenance and education. Practically *no* policeman's orphan is now left uncared-for.

His Majesty the King is Patron of the Institution, and members of the Royal Family have always shown the most kindly sympathy with its work. Her Majesty the Queen, with the Princess Mary, visited the Orphanage in 1919, and distributed the prizes won by the children, afterwards spending a long time in the buildings, and in the grounds, watching drill, etc., by the children, and honouring the Court of Management by taking tea in the gardens. Her Majesty, the late Queen Alexandra, always took much interest in the Orphanage, and scholarships (to secondary schools, etc.) for the children, founded by Her Majesty, perpetuate her name. The last Royal Visit to the Institution was that of the Prince of Wales, who on the 29th June, 1923, opened the new Schools which had been built to meet a much-felt want, and also the War Memorial Hospital in the grounds. This Hospital was "erected as a permanent memorial of the 386 Officers of the Metropolitan and City Police, who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War." Their names are recorded in the main hall of the building, and many of their children have been, and are being, provided for in the Orphanage. The Memorial Hospital was built and furnished *entirely* by the special subscriptions of members of the two Forces to commemorate their comrades who had fallen. The Prince of Wales formally opened the building, and unveiled the memorial tablets in the hall; and the Hospital was dedicated by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryle, K.C.V.O., Dean of Westminster. The Prince made an excellent and most sympathetic speech from a platform erected in the grounds, and spent a considerable time viewing drill, dancing, etc., by the children, and conversing with several of them. Hearing that two boys were about to emigrate to Australia, he sent for them, talked to them of his own visit to Australia, and con-

gratulated them on the future before them. It may be imagined how delighted the boys were, and how often the story of their conversation with the Prince will be told and re-told, in Australia. Before leaving the Orphanage the Prince had tea in the Board Room with a few of the higher Officers present. I think I have said enough to show how great a work the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage is doing. If funds were greater, even more might be done, and if any feel drawn to lend a hand, their assistance would be warmly welcomed by the Court of Management.

The mention of the Memorial Hospital leads one to speak of the War Services of the City of London Police in the Great War. At its outbreak, on the 4th August, 1914, 75 Naval and Military Reservists then serving in the Force at once left the Police to rejoin the colours. Four more men left voluntarily in the same year to join the Army. In 1915 *all* single men serving in the Force were released (their places being kept open for them), and 223 more men joined for active service. In 1916 another 15 constables joined ; in 1917 a further 5 ; and in 1918 (when the need became so acute) 53 more were released. Thus the City of London Police provided no less than 377 men in *all* (*more than one-third of its then total strength*) for service at the Front.

Of these men there were :

(1) Killed in action, or died of wounds or sickness	34
Pensioned on account of wounds or sickness .	14
Did not return to police service . . .	9
Returned to City Police	320
	<hr/>
	377
	<hr/>

(2) Promoted to Commissioned Rank . . .	24
„ „ Warrant „ . . .	20
„ „ Non-Commissioned Rank . . .	193
	<hr/>
	237
	<hr/>

(3) Awarded the Military Cross	2
„ „ Distinguished Service Medal	4
„ „ Military „	8
„ „ Meritorious „ „	5
„ Foreign Decorations	5

In addition to the 377 men joining the fighting services, 24 old police Officers, who had previously been non-commissioned Officers in the Army, were “lent to the War Office,” to act as drill-instructors to the New Army, making over 400 of the City Police employed on military service during the War. And, with a view to assist recruiting, no new appointments were made to the Police after the 17th December, 1914. The City certainly spared no effort to “do its bit,” and by the end of the War the strength of its Police was depleted to an extent realized as a grave risk to civil safety, but also realized as a duty to national necessity. How that risk was, to some extent, minimized by the formation of the City Police Reserve, I tell later.

CHAPTER XV

VON VELTHEIM

A Romance of Crime—"Von Veltheim"—His Boyhood—At Sea—"Don Juan" Career—Bust at Trieste—Interview with Barney Barnato—Capetown—Johannesburg—"Kismet" Letters—Murder of Woolf Joel—Transvaal, etc.—Threats to S. B. Joel—Trial at Central Criminal Court—Subsequent Career.

Probably the most extraordinary case, with which I had to do during the whole of my police service, was that of the man who was tried under the name of Franz von Veltheim, at the Central Criminal Court in 1908, for demanding money with menaces from S. B. Joel.

The life-story of this man was a positively amazing one, one which no novelist could possibly have imagined. His real name was Carl Ludwig Kurtze. He was born at Hahausen, in Brunswick, on the 4th December, 1857—his father then holding a situation as a Forester's Clerk at Hasselfelde. Before he was twelve years of age he commenced his life of crime by stealing his father's watch, and some silver spoons, selling them and running away from home. He was, however, caught and brought back. Shortly afterwards, his father died, and he was sent by his guardian to a school (Gymnasium) at Blankenburg. Here, in 1870, he stole a pistol belonging to his master, and with this he managed to shoot himself in the face, and thus marked himself for life. Altogether his conduct at school was so bad that his guardian was called upon to remove him. He was then sent to an Orphan Home

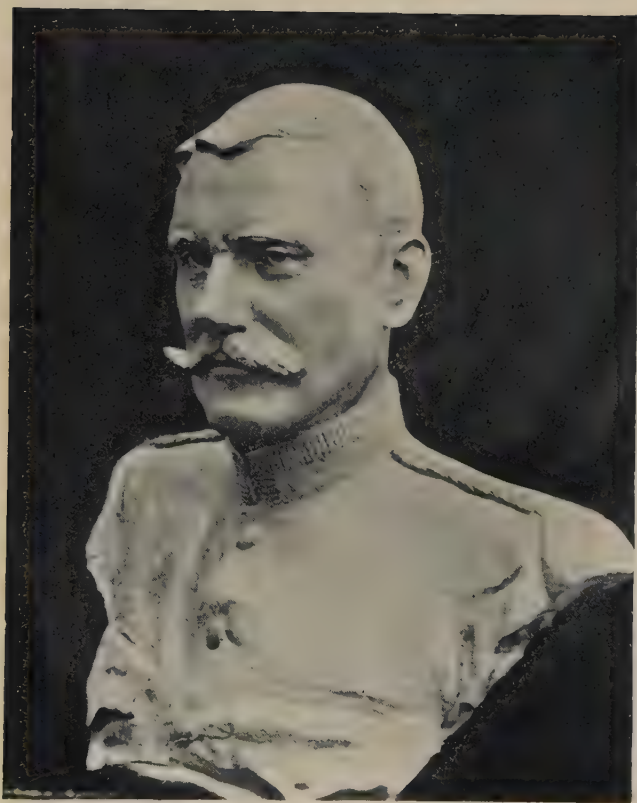
at Brunswick, where he remained rather more than a year, when his guardian again had to take him away, and sent him to sea as a cabin-boy on a German sailing vessel. But in the autumn of 1872 he deserted his ship in New York, and worked his way to London, under the name of Louis Werder, in an English ship.

After that he was lost sight of for six or seven years, during which he was believed to have mostly spent his time at sea in various ships. But in 1879, having then come of age, he demanded his patrimony from his guardian, and received about 750 marks. He then spent some time in Germany, but in 1880 he enlisted into the German Navy as a sailor. Here he served under Freiherr von Veltheim, from whom he stole a gold chain, a diamond ring and a seal engraved with the von Veltheim arms, and then deserted his ship. Next, he seems to have served on various British ships under the name of Kurtze, but in 1886 he was again in Germany.

It was now that he began his *known* career as a Don Juan, when just over twenty-eight years of age. He was an extraordinarily handsome man, very agreeable in manner, and his fascination to the fair sex is proved by the number of his victims. He went to stay at an hotel in the Black Forest. He arrived, wearing the uniform of a Captain in the English Navy, and gave the name of Captain Oliver Jackson, R.N. He made love to the innkeeper's daughter, Clara Ketterer, but departed without marrying her (his further connection with her is mentioned later), and once again went to sea, once again deserted his ship, this time at Fremantle, from whence he went to Perth, Western Australia. Here he posed under the name of von Veltheim, son of Baron von Veltheim, and possibly the stolen seal, with the von Veltheim arms, may have helped the imposture.

In Perth he met Mary Laura Yearsley, and on the 19th of November, 1886, he married her. He lived with her until early in 1887, when he left her and went to South Africa, which, however, he soon left for England. His wife in the meantime had sailed for London, but on the voyage she met another man, with whom she lived for some time, and with whom she travelled on the Continent. Finally, however, she came to London, and commenced a search for "von Veltheim," and in some way they eventually met, and again agreed to live together, and to endeavour to extract money from the man with whom she had been travelling. "Von Veltheim" demanded £2,000 of this man, but at last brought his demand down to £750, for which sum he agreed to hush up the matter. He threatened to shoot the man if the money was not paid, and he continued for a long time to send him menacing letters. In 1888 he took his wife to Brussels, and leaving her there, he went himself again to Germany, where he was supposed to have obtained a very large sum of money by fraud, from a wealthy German lady. At all events, he rejoined his wife at the end of the year, well supplied with cash, and the two departed for New York, where they spent some time, and all their money, in a spell of riotous living.

In 1894 he again left his wife, and returned to Europe, where he actually had the audacity to go to Hasselfelde, of all places, calling himself the Baron von Veltheim. He was, however, recognized by a Forester, and made a rapid departure, returning to America and rejoining his wife. In some way he managed to get appointed as Consular Agent for the U.S.A. at Santa Marta, and thither he went, with his wife. Whilst there, he was probably largely engaged in the many usual South American revolutionary conspiracies, but found time to advertise for a



VON VELTHEIM.
From a bust at Trieste

wife in the German newspapers, and received a reply from one Paula Schiffer, at Grunstadt, in the Rhineland. He then left Santa Marta for London, his wife accompanying him. Before doing so, he had collected 3,000 dollars for a brewing company, but failed to account for it, and had defrauded a Mr. Sanders of a considerable sum, a matter which the New Orleans Police was "inquiring into." Arrived in London, he told his wife he was penniless, and must at once go to Germany to get his family to help him. She knew nothing of Paula Schiffer, and he went off, leaving her in London, and made straight for Grunstadt. Here he met Paula Schiffer, got her to promise to marry him, and managed to extract £500 from her, in order that he might establish a business, so that their marriage could take place. But her father found out what was happening, and objected to such a marriage, whereupon he agreed to delay, and promised to return to London, which he did. But he induced Paula to follow him to London, and she crossed to England in company with her brother, and "married" him at the St. Giles' Registry Office, he giving his name as Carl Ludwig von Veltheim, son of Wilhelm Franz von Veltheim. After this "marriage" he and Paula Schiffer went to Devonshire, and there he persuaded her to give him another £1,000 (making in all £1,500, being one-half of her entire fortune) for the purpose of establishing a business in America. He proposed himself at once to go there, and for her to return to Germany, until a home was ready for her, and she could rejoin him. Accordingly she went to Germany, but he remained in London.

From 1896 up to the time of his trial at the Central Criminal Court, most of "von Veltheim's" activities were engaged in his schemes against Mr. Barney Barnato and the Joels, and these can be more easily followed if

dealt with separately, as they are later, but the *other* part of his story may be continued here.

In February, 1897, he again "married," this time under the name of Franz Ludwig Platen, son of Wilhelm Franz Platen, a girl named Marie Mavrigordato. After he had been "married" less than six weeks, and obtained from her some £300 in cash, he called upon Miss Mavrigordato's trustees and demanded from them money belonging to her, but as they held it under trust, his demand was naturally refused. He then accused his "wife" of having deceived him, and married him under false pretences—at last, in the course of a quarrel with the unfortunate girl, divulging that he was already a married man when he "married" her. Afterwards, afraid of being prosecuted for bigamy, he left her and went into hiding near the Docks, calling himself Captain Vincent. In April, 1897, he left Plymouth for South Africa, booking his passage in the name of Franz Ludwig Kurt. In July, he enlisted in the Cape Mounted Police, giving his name as Kurt, and requesting that if anything happened to him, communication should be made to his friend, Baron von Veltheim of Brunswick. His wife (Yearsley) had in the meantime been making inquiries for him, and had gone for that purpose to the London Police, who managed to trace him, and informed her that he was serving in the Cape Police. Thereupon she wrote to his Commanding Officer, complaining of his desertion of her, with the result that eventually, in January, 1898, he was ordered to resign from the Police.

During the next two or three years he was in South Africa (and his doings there will be described later), but was deported to England at the end of 1900. Later, he went to Capri, and from there to Trieste, where he remained, living at the Hôtel Pastore, under the name of

Ludwig von Veltheim, from July, 1901, to May, 1902. Here he carried out a marvellous fraud, and netted considerable sums of money. He alleged he was the only remaining survivor of several men who had been entrusted with the burial of treasure belonging to ex-President Krüger, amounting in value to over £1,000,000. He stated he could at any time recover it, and that he was only waiting for a suitable opportunity, and sufficient funds, to return to the Transvaal, and do so. For this purpose he managed to raise considerable capital, giving Bills of Exchange as security, the terms he offered being such that he was actually acclaimed a "public benefactor!" and a *bust executed in his honour*. As an illustration of Italian sense of humour—after "von Veltheim" was convicted at the Central Criminal Court in 1908—the Municipality came to the conclusion that this bust should be removed, and desiring not to be losers over it, they actually wrote to Mr. S. B. Joel (of all people) suggesting that he should purchase it. Needless to say, he did not respond to the offer.

When "von Veltheim" had collected all the money he could obtain at Trieste, he left "to recover the treasure," but only proceeded as far as Nervi, where he stayed at the Strand Hotel. Here he met a Mrs. Henrietta Crodell, whose husband was in Munich, and induced her to live with him, taking her to Genoa, but leaving her there, and returning to Capri once more. At the Hôtel Pagano there, he met Maria Carrie Hulse, the separated wife of a Signor Ceris, an artist. She was a lady of very large means, and was living at Capri under her maiden name. He lived with her as his wife at Naples, and at Sorrento, and then induced her to accompany him to America. In California she obtained a divorce from her husband, and "married" him, he giving his name as Franz Louis von

Veltheim, and stating he was the owner of the great von Veltheim estates in Brunswick. From time to time he extracted considerable sums of money from her, but finally began to treat her very badly, and early in 1905 she left him, and obtained a divorce in one of the American State Courts.

In June, 1905, "von Veltheim" left America and proceeded to Cherbourg. On board the steamer he met Miss Ernestine Gauthier, with whom he went to Paris, and went through a mock marriage, a friend of his personating a priest. He lived with her until April, 1905, when he abandoned her, and again went to Germany.

In August, 1905, he was once more in the Black Forest, at Neustadt, where he managed to ingratiate himself with the children of Mrs. Mathis (the Clara Ketterer of twenty years before), found out that she was at Offenburg, and went there to meet her. She recognized him as "Captain Oliver Jackson" of the old days, and he explained to her that Jackson was his mother's name, which apparently satisfied her. He visited her constantly and ascertained full particulars of her fortune, which was very considerable—Mr. Mathis having been a rich man. He obtained large sums of money from her under pretence that he had the control of a large mining business, in which he himself had invested 393,000 marks, and could profitably invest her money for her. He promised to marry her, and gave her an engagement ring. In November, 1906, however, the relatives of the late Mr. Mathis demanded repayment of certain moneys entrusted to him, which were the property of the children. He only replied by asking for more, which they refused, and in May, 1907, he wrote to them, saying, "in consequence of refusal, his speculations would fail and all his money would be lost." After this he left Mrs. Mathis,

but wrote to her in October, begging her to send him money. In November the unhappy woman committed suicide by drowning herself in the River Rinzig, having been driven to despair by "von Veltheim's" conduct and the loss of the whole of her children's fortunes, of which he had defrauded her.

The man was thus responsible for the death of one woman, the ruin of seven, the desertion of (at least) three, children who had been born to him, and the defrauding of all his "wives" of nearly every penny each of them possessed.

At the end of "von Veltheim's" "matrimonial" career, it may be interesting to note the large number of *aliases* used by him during his nefarious proceedings between 1872 (when he was only fifteen years of age) and 1907 (when Mrs. Mathis committed suicide). It will be remembered that his real name was Carl Ludwig Kurtze; his *aliases* were:

1. 1872 and 1879—Louis Werder (sailor on British ship).
2. 1883 to 1886—Louis Kurtze (on various ships).
3. 1886 and 1888—Captain Oliver Jackson, R.N. (at Neustadt).
4. 1886—W. L. Kurtze (on landing at Fremantle).
5. „ —Moritz von Veltheim (on marriage to Laura Yearsley).
6. 1887—Mr. Holmes (in London).
7. „ —Franz von Veltheim (Letter to *Truth*, etc.).
8. 1896—Freiherr von Veltheim (in Aix and London).
9. „ —Carl Ludwig von Veltheim (on marriage to Paula Schiffer).
10. 1897—Franz Ludwig Platen (on marriage to Marie Mavrigordato).
11. „ —Captain Vincent (at Docks hotel).
12. 1898—Franz Louis Kurt (in Cape Police).

13. 1898—Baron von Veltheim (at Hasselfelde).
14. „ —Karl Brown (when arrested for murder of Joel).
15. „ —Franz Louis Kurt von Veltheim (at Delagoa Bay).
16. 1901-02—Ludwig von Veltheim (Trieste, etc.).
17. 1903—Franz Louis von Veltheim (on “ marriage ” to Carrie Hulse).
18. 1904—Franz Destedt (after deserting Carrie Hulse).
19. 1905—Franz Louis von Veltheim (on “ marriage ” to Miss Gauthier).
20. 1907—Franz Ludwig von Veltheim (Antwerp, etc.).

This man of many *aliases* was “ a person of amazing vitality. For many years he had wandered between Germany and England, the United States, South America, Australia, Cape Colony and the Transvaal. He had been soldier and sailor, conspirator and policeman, financier and desperado. He had wives enough to people a village, and had spent money enough to have made that village prosperous. He was always frankly the adventurer and the rascal of imagination.” He had spent some years in South America, and there, doubtless, as he himself said he was, he had been mixed up with some of those constant revolutionary activities common to the country. These experiences probably led to his formulating his plan of operations against Mr. Barney Barnato and his nephews, Mr. S. B. Joel and Mr. Woolf Joel. The fabulous wealth of Messrs. Barnato Bros. must have formed a glittering bait for predatory action, and coupled with the then troubled state of the Transvaal, must have seemed to offer him a fertile field. According to his own statement (if it is to be believed), he had in 1906 a friend who was then Minister to England of a foreign State, and who was formerly Governor of a South American Republic, and this friend “ had a great opinion of his ability in handling

a revolution." He also knew and was in the confidence of Mr. Barney Barnato. He says this friend mentioned to Barnato that he, "von Veltheim," was the very man he required for certain action he was contemplating in the Transvaal, and that he arranged for Barnato to have an interview with him. "Von Veltheim," however, always refused to divulge the name of this friend, on the alleged ground that he was pledged not to do so, and that therefore honour (!) prevented his doing so.

The interview with Barnato (he alleges) took place in August, 1896, in the smoking-room of the Hotel Metropole, where his friend introduced him to Mr. Barnato, who at once began to explain the position in the Transvaal, and said, "The only opposition to a reasonable and progressive policy was Mr. Krüger." He asked Mr. Barnato if there was any prominent Boer who was ambitious enough to be a leader, or anyone jealous enough of Mr. Krüger to cause a split among the Boers. He said *his* policy would be to cause a split, and then to lead the whole force of the Uitlanders secretly to join the rival Boer leader, and to assist him with all the capital possible. He said he thought the cost of this venture need not exceed half a million and that, if successful, he should expect to be paid £30,000 to £50,000 for his services. If it failed, he should only expect his expenses. Mr. Barnato replied that "if the whole plan could be carried out within a million it would be cheap, and that money was no object." Mr. Barnato gave him £500 for preliminary expenses, and promised him £1,000 a month whilst employed.

He said he saw Mr. Barnato again (shortly before he sailed for Capetown), and he then said, "You must hold yourself at my disposal. I shall expect to meet you in Capetown before my return (to England) and you will get all further instructions there."

In April, 1897, "von Veltheim" started for Capetown, arriving on the 7th May. He says he met Mr. Barnato outside the Club, and they went together to a public-house. While there talking, Mr. S. B. Joel came in, but only passed through, and Mr. Barnato remarked, "Solly is a good boy, and must not know anything about this business." He was told by Barnato to "go on with the preliminaries." Barnato seemed strange in his manner, and appeared to have been drinking, so he arranged for a further meeting. Barnato afterwards left the house, in company of Mr. S. B. Joel.

He met Mr. Barnato twice within the next few days, the second conversation lasting over three-quarters of an hour, when it was settled that he should get all the information he could about the Transvaal Government, and the surroundings of Mr. Krüger, and that he should generally prepare for the perfection of their plans when Mr. Woolf Joel arrived. Shortly after, Mr. Barnato returned to England.

It must not be forgotten that the whole of this story *rests on the unsupported statement of "von Veltheim."* As against it, it is certain that Mr. Barnato only arrived in London from the Cape on the 1st August, and left for Scotland on the 9th, where he remained until the 1st September. Thus there was only a week during which all the numerous arrangements and interviews between "von Veltheim," his "friend," and Mr. Barnato, could possibly have taken place. Mr. S. B. Joel also emphatically contradicts the whole story. He says that he was not at Capetown *at all* in the early part of May, he was at Johannesburg. That Mr. Barnato was far too ill at that time for the transaction of any business whatever, and was actually confined to his bed for most of the month. That his condition became so serious

towards the middle of the month that he (Mr. Joel) was cabled for to come to him, and that he arrived in Capetown on the 20th May. That he at once decided to take Mr. Barnato to England, and that during the voyage, on the 14th June, Mr. Barnato managed to elude observation, jumped overboard, and was drowned.

Another matter which also seems worth notice is that it was in 1896 that "von Veltheim" obtained £1,500 from Paula Schiffer, which might account (even without the £500 alleged to have been received from Mr. Barnato) for the undoubted fact that he was well supplied with money at that time.

Soon after Mr. S. B. Joel and Mr. Barnato had sailed from Capetown, "von Veltheim" (as has already been remarked) enlisted in the Cape Police, from which he was dismissed on the 15th January, 1898. After that, he proceeded to Johannesburg, where he arrived on the 5th February, and at once opened his attacks on the Joels, with the so-called "Kismet" letters. Mr. S. B. Joel had returned to Johannesburg soon after the death of Mr. Barnato, and Mr. Woolf Joel arrived there from England on the 6th February.

On the 12th February the first "Kismet" letter, addressed to Mr. Woolf Joel, was received. It ran :

"SIR,—

"You and yours are now capitalists, that is, merely brigands, who safely plunder the Public under the protection of the public law. More fools the Public to have such. Well, I also for one propose to be a brigand, but in defiance of the law, accepting the consequences willingly. It is the last resource of a desperate man, whom ruin stares in the face, before seeing the only escape possible for utter misery, a bullet. I am not the sort of

meek character that gives up life without a struggle for success, or failing that, for revenge. I mean to play this last game with Fate between yourself and me. As I have only my life to stake in the game, and that is not worth much as matters are now, no doubt you will hardly admit the game to be a fair one, but it is the only one open to me, one in which I must win—either a new start, or revenge.

“ This is how the game stands. I must have £12,000 at once, or face ruin and disgrace, but if my race is run, so also shall yours be, on the word of a man who has nothing to fear from man or devil. In a word, you shall find me the money, or come with me to explore Gehenna. It is only poetic justice, anyhow. Don’t take me for a vulgar blackmailer, who is merely trying to frighten you into giving him money, or for a harmless madman. I am remarkably sane, but in a desperate condition, with enough decency left to infinitely prefer oblivion to existence as a disgraced pauper, and enough virility not to want to die like a hunted rat in a hole, or unavenged.

“ Even a Czar, or a President, is at the mercy of a man who is not a fool, and who is fearless of the consequences. All the Police could do would be to see that your death is avenged, they could never prevent it, and even that trouble I should save them as we shall both die together. Now let Fate take its course—this, or the other side of the River Styx, where Barnato might be glad to see you again.

“ Reply by advertisement in the *Johannesburg Star*.
—KISMET.”

This letter was in the handwriting of “ von Veltheim ” (as afterwards admitted by himself), and was at once handed over to the Johannesburg Police by Mr. Woolf

Joel. The next letter, *No. 2*, arrived a few days later, saying the writer intended to see the matter out to the bitter end, and he hoped Joel would die like a man when he heard the word "Kismet." This letter, as all those following, was at once handed to the Police. *No. 3* and *No. 4* soon followed, the latter stating, "You are neither fool nor coward, but the die is cast. I must go on to the end, there is no turning back. I am a desperate man, there is more than life at stake. Your game is short and certain, you need not doubt that." *No. 5* said: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, the luck of the house of Barnato has departed. You will know your blunder when it is too late. What a feast those d——d newspapers will have. You will only know at the last minute who Kismet is." This letter was addressed to Mr. S. B. Joel (Mr. Woolf Joel had left for Capetown to meet his family on their arrival from England; he returned to Johannesburg ten days later). It went on to refer to the fact that, though the Police had arrested the wrong man, he (Joel) had made his choice, and they would die together.

(The Police had arrested a man named Smith on the charge of writing the letters, but he had nothing to do with the matter, and was discharged. His arrest, however, of course made "von Veltheim" aware that the matter was in the hands of the Police.)

No. 6, again to Mr. S. B. Joel, repeated that nothing on earth could save him or his brother. "I am a man with no fear of death but have a horror of disgrace. I live to make the journey to the great Unknown in your company, as a protest against fate," and concluded with a warning not to show the letter to the authorities, or he would regret it. *No. 7* and *No. 8*, both written to Mr. S. B. Joel, on the 25th February, again warned him

that if he were arrested the result would be disaster to all the Joel family.

On the 28th February the Police sent a reply in the name of "Violet" to the Johannesburg *Star*, saying, "Arrange place and time if you mean business." On the 2nd March, Mr. S. B. Joel received letter *No. 9*, stating he must bring the money to a rendezvous, and make an appointment by advertisement. The Police replied, "Make your own appointment." Letter *No. 10* made an appointment for Joubert Park, and said the money must be brought in small notes. By this time Mr. S. B. Joel's health had broken down, and on the 7th March he left Johannesburg for Capetown, with the intention of proceeding to England. Mr. Woolf Joel remained in Johannesburg.

On the day Mr. S. B. Joel left, Mr. Woolf Joel received letter *No. 11*, which was addressed to him, and signed "Chief of the N.C.N." (the letters designate a secret society, of which the objects are theft and murder), and made a fresh appointment at Joubert Park for Mr. Woolf Joel. Letter *No. 12* followed on the 9th March, with an offer to call at Mr. Woolf Joel's office, and to this a reply was given by advertisement. "To-morrow, if you have anything reasonable to propose." *No. 13* fixed an appointment for three o'clock on the 11th March. On that day, "von Veltheim" called, and saw Mr. Woolf Joel, who immediately afterwards informed the Police of the statements he had made, and the demand for £12,000. On the 12th March, however, letter *No. 14* arrived, reducing the demand to £8,000, and requiring interview the following day. Letter *No. 15* also came later on the 12th, stating that the writer meant "to leave for good and all." Following on these (to gain time, owing to the absence from Johannesburg,

for a few days, of the Chief of Police), Mr. Woolf Joel had other interviews with "von Veltheim," and on the 13th March letter No. 16 arrived, asking for £2,500 immediately, "as I must rush off to England." This last letter was signed "Baron von Veltheim." It asked Mr. Woolf Joel to meet him the following day at the President Tea Rooms, with the cash.

Mr. Woolf Joel desired to avoid meeting him, but on that day, the 14th March, 1898, "von Veltheim" called at his office, and insisted on seeing him. Mr. Strange (Mr. Woolf Joel's manager) was present at the interview, of which he gave the following account: "Von Veltheim" demanded an immediate £2,500 from Mr. Joel, who refused, and said all he would do was to lend him £200 on a promissory note. "Von Veltheim" replied, "If that is your final decision, you two know too much, and neither of you will leave this room alive." Thereupon he slung a revolver out of his pocket and fired at Mr. Joel. He, Mr. Strange, then pulled out a Derringer pistol, and fired at "von Veltheim," who at once fired at, and shot, him, afterwards firing two more shots at Mr. Joel, who had no time to draw his revolver, and did not do so. (His revolver was in his pocket, undischarged, when his body was searched.)

"Von Veltheim's" account of the affair was that, without any warning, Mr. Woolf Joel drew a revolver and fired at him, hitting him in the face, which bore the marks (it will be remembered that he had received such marks as a boy), that then he saw Mr. Strange also with a pistol in his hand, and he therefore fired, first at Mr. Strange, who fell to the ground, and then three shots at Mr. Woolf Joel. He only acted in self-defence, and immediately went into the outer office and told them to send for the Police.

The Police soon after arrived, and arrested "von Veltheim." The result of the affair was that Mr. Woolf Joel had been killed, Mr. Strange wounded, and "von Veltheim" had escaped unhurt (unless his own story of injury to his face was true).

On the 20th July, "von Veltheim" was placed upon his trial at Johannesburg for the murder of Mr. Woolf Joel, and had the advantage of being tried by a Dutch jury (who naturally had little liking for Barnato Bros.), who brought in a verdict of Not Guilty. On this being given, the Judge took the somewhat unusual course of saying that he could not agree with the verdict. The prisoner was of course discharged, but was immediately re-arrested on the charge of blackmailing Mr. S. B. Joel. On the 28th August this charge was adjourned *sine die*, and a decree of expulsion from the Transvaal was served on "von Veltheim" as being "a public danger," and he was put across the Portuguese frontier.

He then went to Delagoa Bay, from which he wrote another threatening letter to Mr. S. B. Joel, demanding £2,000. Owing to Mr. S. B. Joel's health, this letter was kept from him, but as he was then in London, the London Police were communicated with and asked to afford him protection, should "von Veltheim" return to England. But he did not do so, and on the 2nd December he re-crossed the Boer frontier. He was then arrested, and served four months' imprisonment for breach of the expulsion order, after which he was again deported—this time to Natal. The Natal Government, however, at once sent him back, and the Boer Government then deported him to Lorenzo Marques. There he was arrested as a vagabond and shipped off to the Cape.

In September, 1899, the Boer War broke out, and "von Veltheim" at once returned to the Transvaal,

and offered his services (as a secret agent) to the Boer Government. They, however, arrested him and imprisoned him in Pretoria Gaol, where he remained for nearly a whole year, at the end of which time Pretoria was taken by the British troops, and he was released, but with other "undesirables" sent to Capetown, and subsequently shipped off to England. He arrived on the 19th October, 1900, and on the same day Mr. S. B. Joel applied to the City Police for protection. But "von Veltheim" did not molest him at this time, and soon left England for Capri, Trieste, etc., where his doings have already been recorded.

In the summer of 1907, he commenced his final attempt to extort money from Mr. S. B. Joel. He wrote a letter, which was received by Mr. Joel on the 8th June, which ran as follows :

" ODESSA,

" *June 6.*

" SIR,—

" I dare say you will not quite have forgotten the writer of these lines, and the unsettled account between us. I have purposely delayed the inevitable settlement day till now, because I intended such to be worthy of the issue between us, and somewhat different from what I propose doing now. For reasons which do not concern you, I will be satisfied once and for all with a purely financial settlement of my outstanding account against you, provided you accept my decision promptly and frankly. To assist you to come to reasonable terms corresponding to your best interest, I must remind you to recall to your memory the character and grievances of the man addressing you. You have every reason to know from the history of the past that he keeps his word,

regardless of the consequences. Had you known this in Johannesburg, and acted accordingly, the history of your house and S.A. would have been a different one. Let me see now if you have learnt anything from the past, or not, or again regret when it is too late. There will be no threats made, no further letters, only a bill drawn against you for payment, which you can refuse to honour if you choose. In the latter case I can only assure you you will have a sure opportunity to tell me personally your reason why you have refused.

“VON VELTHEIM.”

On the 12th June, Mr. S. B. Joel applied for, at the Guildhall, and obtained, a warrant for the arrest of “von Veltheim,” which was placed in the hands of the City Police for execution. On the 28th June the following letter was addressed to Mr. Joel :

“ST. PETERSBURG,

“June 28.

“SIR,—

“I enclose copy of letter sent from Odessa. There is nothing to add to it. I shall shortly be in London, and I may soon communicate with you by proxy. The gentleman who will call on you is in no way inwardly acquainted with the issue between us, but considers the whole matter an everyday business one. So you need not fear treachery. Now, act as you think proper, but remember that your decision is a final one.

“FRANZ VON VELTHEIM.”

This letter also was handed to the City Police. On the 29th July “von Veltheim ” drew a bill on Mr. S. B. Joel for £16,000, and endorsed it to a Mr. Bumiller. On the 5th September Mr. Bumiller presented the bill

personally to Mr. S. B. Joel, and payment was refused. Bumiller was watched, and followed to Antwerp, and finally "von Veltheim" was located in Paris. He was arrested there on the 19th September. Extradition proceedings took some time, but on the 19th December extradition was granted, and "von Veltheim" was handed over to the City Police and taken to London on the 28th. He was charged at the Guildhall Police Court on the following day, and after two remands was on the 15th January, 1908, committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of "demanding from Solomon Barnato Joel by menaces certain property, money, and securities, of the value of £16,000," as well as on various other counts.

His trial commenced, before Mr. Justice Phillimore, on the 8th February. The facts already narrated were given in evidence, and the prisoner himself gave evidence at considerable length in his defence. The hearing of the case lasted for four days, and on the 12th February the jury brought in a verdict of Guilty on all the charges, and the Judge sentenced "von Veltheim" to twenty years' penal servitude. The sentence was undoubtedly a heavy one, but, as the Judge remarked in passing it, the prisoner had been found guilty of one of the most serious crimes known to the law, and it was also necessary to prevent him from ever getting at the man he had threatened, and to enable him, and society generally, to live in peace. The Judge added, "I only look upon your past life as showing that you are a man who can be desperate, and do many forms of wickedness, in order to get money, and are therefore capable of carrying out such threats as you have employed here."

I cannot conclude this account of "von Veltheim's" nefarious and criminal career of over fifty years without

paying a tribute to the great detective acumen of Mr. J. B. Stark, O.B.E. (now Assistant-Commissioner of the City Police, then), Acting Superintendent of the City Detective Department. I doubt whether any case of criminal investigation has ever produced so complete a record, over so long a period of a criminal career—a record gathered from all parts of Europe, America, and South Africa, and presented clearly and succinctly to the Court. Mr. Stark received valuable assistance from Detective-Inspector Pentin, who gave evidence at the trial.

After serving some years of his sentence, “ von Veltheim ” was, during the Great War, released on licence. He owed this mainly to his courageous conduct in defending a warder, who was dangerously attacked during a prison *émeute*. He was at first removed to an Internment Camp, but was subsequently deported (of course with the unexpired portion of his sentence hanging over him, should he venture to return to this country).

I understand that he went to South Africa once more, where he again tried to exploit “ the Krüger millions,” but was arrested, and deported to Germany. Finally, in March, 1925, he is said to have been sentenced, at Magdeburg, to $3\frac{1}{2}$ years’ imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences. It remains to be seen whether his story is yet complete.

CHAPTER XVI

FRAUDS AND FIRES

Frauds in the City—Credulity of Victims—American Mining, Milling and Smelting Co.—La Chivia Mining Company of Denver, Colorado—Case of Bevan—Arson in the City—City Fire Inquests—Fire in Old Swan Lane.

No account of police work in the City of London would be even approximately complete without some reference to those constant business frauds, the investigation of which creates nearly three-fourths of the duties of the City Detective Department. These frauds are a record of the monumental credulity and the crass stupidity of the persons defrauded, only to be accounted for by the folly which greed engenders. The Tichborne Claimant was credited with some such note in his pocket-book as that “the world is peopled with Wise Men and Fools. Fools exist for Wise Men to live on.” The City Detective would be inclined to endorse his observation.

These cases demand much ability, and great patience, to unravel, and the Police are always hard at work endeavouring to protect the “fools” from the “wise men,” but they present few features which lend themselves to an account which would be of general interest, and I therefore restrict myself to a reference to three only, which may serve as samples of the many others.

In the early part of 1904, notices appeared in certain newspapers as follows :

"AMERICAN MINING, MILLING AND SMELTING CO.

"A monthly dividend (No. 90) at the rate of 15 per cent per month will be paid to all holders of ordinary shares on the European register on and after February 15th, at the office of the Company, 10, Coleman Street, London, E.C."

This notice at once attracted the attention of the Police as being obviously suspicious, but they failed to elicit any information that anyone had parted with money to the Company; nor were they able to ascertain particulars of the concern until 1906. Then, what purported to be a balance sheet, and other details, came into their hands, which suggested that the Company had extensive properties in various parts of the United States. Inquiry was then instituted to ascertain whether these alleged properties really existed. While these inquiries, which extended over a large area, were in progress, a complaint reached the City Police from a person who stated he had purchased shares in the Company, from a firm styling themselves "Palmer & Palmer, of Moorfields," that he had tried to realize these shares, and, being unable to do so, had complained to Palmer & Palmer, and afterwards received from a firm styling themselves "Weston & Co., 10, Coleman Street," less than half what he had paid for them.

Further inquiry showed that both Palmer & Palmer and Weston & Co. were really two men named Anthony Young and Henry Jonas. The first of these two was known to the Police as an ex-convict, and the second as an ex-solicitor who had been struck off the rolls for misconduct. They were posing as Weston & Co., the European Agents of the American Mining, Milling and Smelting Co., which, with the aid of a confederate in America, they had managed to get incorporated under the laws of one State. Police inquiry in America showed

that the properties which the Company were said to possess, according to the balance sheet, etc., were purely imaginary. Having thus ascertained the bogus character of the Company, and the channel through which the shares were disposed of, and obtaining the names of a number of persons who had purchased them, the next difficulty for the Police was to persuade any one of them that they had been defrauded. They had "*received their dividends*," they refused to believe that the Company was fraudulent, they would not realize that the "dividends" were only a return of a small portion of their own "capital," and not one of them would come forward to help the Police to put a stop to the fraud.

Eventually, however, the Police were themselves able to obtain process against Young and Jonas for conspiracy to defraud, and arrested them. On their arrest, about *two tons* of blank share certificates were found in their office, all ready for issue to further dupes. The two men were tried at the Central Criminal Court, where Young was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and Jonas to eighteen months' imprisonment.

They had managed to obtain no less than about £50,000 from the credulous people who expected so easily to obtain dividends of 180 per cent per annum, and never thought of making due inquiry into the *bona fides* of a firm offering such marvellous returns. Truly, "fools and their money are soon parted."

The next case to which I would refer was far more satisfactory, inasmuch as the Police were able to "nip in the bud" what might have been another gigantic fraud, before a penny-piece had been obtained from the Public.

On the 28th January, 1906, the Police received information from a man engaged in a small printing

business, that he had been asked by a person who gave his name as Harry S. Simons, occupying an office in Basinghall Street, to do some printing of circulars, etc., for him, including the lithographing of a facsimile (from what was apparently a genuine share certificate) of the names of the President and Secretary of the La Chivia Mining Company of Denver, Colorado, upon blank share certificates of that Company. The printer was doubtful about the business, and asked Simons for some proof of authority. Simons then gave as a reference the name of The Mining and Securities and Investment Corporation, Alderman House, Alderman's Walk, E.C.2, of which he said he was a Director. He also stated that he was in possession of the seal of the La Chivia Company, and he subsequently gave an order (bearing what purported to be the seal) for the lithographing of the names to be carried out, furnishing the printer with a number of blank share certificates for the purpose. The printer, however, was still doubtful as to the matter, and sought the advice of the Police.

The Police of Denver were communicated with by cable, and inquiry made as to the La Chivia Company, and they replied that the lithographing might have been done to expedite business. This did not appear to be a sufficient, or satisfactory, answer, and a letter was sent, asking for further details.

Inspector Ottaway (afterwards Superintendent, and now in the Military Intelligence Department) was instructed to make full inquiries, pending a reply to this letter. He ascertained that the so-called "Mining and Securities and Investment Corporation" (which had been given by Simons as a reference) consisted only of Simons himself, and another man, named Franklin Everhart, who had not long previously come from

America ; and that they were about to circulate a large number of prospectuses, etc., of the La Chivia, and other Companies, and were offering 12 per cent to investors through their "Corporation."

The Inspector then proceeded to pose as a prospective investor, got into touch with Simons and Everhart, and was shown a quantity of certificates purporting to be for shares in various American Mining Companies. It became obvious that they were endeavouring to perpetrate a huge swindle, but pending further information from Denver, it was, of course, impossible for process to be obtained. The letter to the Denver Police having at last reached them, it was shown to the officials of the La Chivia Company, who then promptly cabled to the City Police that Simons had no authority, as he had stated, for the lithographing of the names on the share certificates.

On the 28th February, the City Police obtained a warrant for the arrest of the two men. On the office in Alderman House being searched, there were found share certificates of the nominal face value of over 1,000,000 dollars, all either forged or worthless, as proved by the fact that they were never claimed. Inquiries in America elicited that both Simons and Everhart were wanted for offences committed there—Simons having been previously convicted in several States.

On the 30th May, both men were convicted at the Central Criminal Court for conspiracy to defraud, Simons being sentenced to two years', and Everhart to eighteen months', imprisonment. Both were deported upon their release from prison. As Mr. Muir (who prosecuted) remarked at the trial, the American authorities were "pleased to see both of them again, when we had done with them in this country."

Inspector Ottaway deserved great credit for his work in this case. He no doubt saved a great number of people from losing their money—his action was so prompt that not a penny had been taken from the Public. Mr. Muir said “it was the best piece of police work of its kind within my knowledge,” and (as is known) that knowledge was very extensive. The case shows the great value to the Public of a thoroughly reliable and acute detective Officer.

If an account of this, and the previous case, could be the means of stopping some silly people from investing in “dud” shares, which American, or other, “share-pushers” are *still* trying to foist upon them, they will have been worth relating, but warning seems hopeless to the ever-credulous British Public. The “share-pushers” of to-day are even cleverer than those of twenty years ago, and it is wonderful how much money they manage to extract without bringing themselves within the meshes of the Law, though even the vast amount of their illicit gains is less wonderful than the vast gullibility of those who “invest” their money without making any sort of sufficient inquiry.

The third example I quote is of a somewhat different kind—that of Gerard Lee Bevan in 1922. It was a very ordinary case of commercial fraud, with no point of especial interest, but typical of many—an unscrupulous criminal, taking advantage of his supposed respectability to abuse the trust reposed in him by those with whom he was associated. It only differed in the magnitude of the defaults, the social position of the criminal, and the notoriety given to the case by the Press, which was full of “Bevan” for many months.

On the 10th February, 1922, the City Police were first notified that Bevan’s affairs were under investigation,

and that it was believed he had absconded. Inquiries were at once made, and it was ascertained that Bevan had been staying at the Carlton Hotel, which he had left on the 8th February, and accompanied by a woman, named Jeanne Pertuisot, had motored to Croydon, and left by aeroplane for Paris. Except to endeavour to locate his whereabouts, nothing further could be done by the Police, pending the issue of a warrant which would justify an application for extradition. Owing to the very extensive research into Bevan's affairs, which was necessary in order to obtain evidence to prove a criminal offence, much delay was inevitable before that warrant could be obtained, but it was at last issued on the 28th February. The nearly three weeks' delay had, however, enabled Bevan to escape observation, and to get away from Paris, and he went from place to place in Europe, cleverly hiding his movements.

But on the 16th May the City Police obtained information that he had been seen at Salsburg, and at once communicated with the Police there, as well as with the Vienna Police. In reply, the Salsburg Police wrote on the 11th June that Mr. Hugh Williamson, an English subject, had seen the man who was being sought for, on two different occasions in Salsburg, but that notwithstanding careful inquiries he could not be traced by the Police. On the 17th June, however, the Vienna Police reported that :

“ A man, probably Bevan, but describing himself as Leon Vernier, artist, Lisle, had been staying, with ‘ his wife,’ at the Hotel Krantz at Innsbruck, which he left on the 1st June for Reichenau. He only stayed there, however, for a few days, and travelled to Vienna on the 6th June. His ‘ wife ’ had previously left for Paris. He was wearing a beard, and his hair was dyed dark brown. He did not register his arrival in Vienna, and was arrested by the Police on the 13th June, in order to be taken to the police office. He refused

to go, when called upon in the name of the law to comply, and asserted that his papers were at the Hotel Krantz. He then went into an adjoining room, ostensibly to get his hat, and the officers followed him. He suddenly took from his waistcoat-pocket a glass phial, and before he could be prevented took a tablet (apparently poison). As the detectives tried to remove him from the house, he resisted with violence, and struck and pushed them, and it was only with much effort, and with the assistance of a man in the house, that they conveyed him to the nearest guard-room. There a doctor was called, and applied the stomach-pump. He was then taken to the hospital, as not being fit to be arrested. There he was (or posed as being) mentally ill, and nothing could be learned from him. A 'palpably forged' passport was found upon him, made out in the name of Leon Vernier, and a bag containing, among other things, many hair-dyes, and some money. Two large trunks were found at the house. On the 17th June (this day) the alleged 'Vernier' was told he would be taken to the District Court, whereupon he admitted that he was the Gerard Lee Bevan wanted in London, and also that he had falsified balance sheets, but that he had derived no personal benefit therefrom."

Bevan's extradition followed—after the lengthy formalities necessary had been complied with, and he was brought to London, in charge of a City detective Officer, arriving on the 17th August. The usual Police Court proceedings led to his committal for trial to the Central Criminal Court, where on the 5th December he was found guilty on nine counts of an indictment for "publishing false balance sheets, fraudulent conversion, etc.," and on six counts for False Pretences. He was sentenced to seven years', and to five years', penal servitude, the sentences to run concurrently. The amounts alleged in the indictment to have been fraudulently misappropriated amounted to about a quarter of a million sterling.

Another very serious class of crime (usually associated with fraud) is that of Arson, i.e. "the unlawful setting fire to, and burning, of any house or premises with the intent to injure or destroy." This is probably one of

the most difficult of crimes to bring home to its perpetrators. It is obvious, no matter how prompt the action of a Fire Brigade may be (and certainly the citizens of London can congratulate themselves on the smartness and efficiency of their Fire Brigade); that before a fire can be extinguished, proof of its origin must almost generally have been destroyed by the action of the fire itself, and this applies more especially to cases in which wilful incendiarism is the cause. Even where there is a moral certainty as to the cause, and the strongest suspicion as to the incendiary, it is very difficult to obtain evidence as to the one, or the other.

This difficulty was long ago recognized by the City of London, which obtained powers (possessed, I believe; by no other jurisdiction), under the City of London (Fire Inquest) Act, 1888, to enable H.M. Coroner for the City to hold inquests for the investigation of the causes of obscure fires. The powers have proved valuable, both for the prevention of fires and for the detection of their cause. They have undoubtedly deterred many evil-disposed persons from committing arson in the City, on account of the greater fear of detection, and cases of arson are now comparatively few; and the formal inquiry, where evidence can be taken on oath; and witnesses can be compelled to give evidence, although no person can be definitely charged with an offence, has often enabled evidence to be procured which has led to the ultimate conviction of the offenders. A notable case showing the value of such an investigation was that of Lewis and Abraham Segal, who were convicted of arson at the Central Criminal Court on the 14th March, 1921.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 30th November, 1920, an explosion was heard inside the premises, 18,

Old Swan Lane, and smoke was observed issuing from the windows of the first floor. The Fire Brigade was summoned, and on arrival found the premises fully secured, all doors being locked and barred. Entrance had to be obtained by breaking in the doors, when the fire was found to be on the first floor, its apparent centre being a pile of skins. The windows had been blown out, and several joists and beams had been smashed. The fire was extinguished, and upon search of the premises, the firemen found among the *débris*, and lying on the skins, a brown leather brief-bag, a watch with an electric circuit attached, two coils of insulation wire, and an electric battery. These were submitted to the Home Office experts, who, after examination, gave the opinion that the explosion had probably been caused by common gunpowder, or some home-made mixture, possibly loose in the bag. They considered that the contrivance was an *incendiary* machine, and not one intended to produce a violent explosion. The hour-hand of the watch had been removed, and replaced by a piece of metal, which, when it reached a certain position, would make contact with the battery, and cause an explosion to take place. The watch might have been set at any time within twelve hours of that at which the explosion took place.

It may be remembered that at this period (November, 1920) there was much talk of possible outrages, and use of explosives, by adherents in England of the Irish Sinn Féin movement. This explosion was at once therefore assigned to that cause, and there was considerable excitement both in the Press and amongst the Public, on account of it. But the Police (especially after receiving the report of H.M. Inspector of Explosives) never attributed it to that cause. They had long noticed that the recent increase in the practice of insuring against fire

was the cause of many City fires, and in the circumstances surrounding this case they at once directed their inquiries in this direction.

These inquiries brought to light the following facts (in addition to those already known, i.e. (1) the manner, (2) the time, and (3) the place, of the explosion), viz. (4) that the first and upper floors of 18, Old Swan Lane, were occupied by Messrs. Gerhard & Hay, Wharfingers, and that on the 29th November some of their employées were upon the premises until 12 noon, when they left, leaving the doors and windows fully secured. (It will be remembered that the watch found must have been set *later* than that time, for the explosion was *thirteen* hours later.) (5) At 3.15 p.m., Mr. Stanley, foreman to Messrs. Gerhard & Hay, brought Abraham Segal, his father, Lewis Segal, and another man to examine the skins on the first floor. On arrival, Mr. Stanley climbed over the pile of skins, and he was positive that there was no bag upon them. Subsequently he went, with Lewis Segal, and the other man, to the second floor to see some more skins stored there. Abraham Segal did not accompany them, but joined them later, saying (on his return after five or ten minutes' absence) that he had been to the lavatory on the ground floor. They all left the premises about 4 p.m., again leaving them securely closed. (6) At 5.30 p.m., the premises were examined by a watchman, who found everything secure, and (7) at 1 a.m. on the 30th, as already mentioned, the firemen found the doors locked and barred.

From this it was apparent that the only opportunity for anyone to have set the watch, and placed the bag upon the pile of skins, was during the ten minutes when Abraham Segal left Mr. Stanley, his father and the other man, to go to the second floor, whilst he went (or said he

went) to the lavatory on the ground floor. It seemed almost impossible that, during this ten minutes, any further person could have entered and left the premises without being seen by either Abraham Segal, who must (if he had gone to the lavatory) have passed twice through the room where the explosion took place, or by Mr. Stanley and those with him. Suspicion, therefore, seemed strongly to point to Abraham Segal.

Upon this, the Police at once turned their inquiry to the question of what motive he could have for committing such a crime. And they soon obtained startling information. They ascertained that — (1) Abraham Segal had agreed to purchase the skins, on the first floor of the warehouse, for 5s. each. There were about 46,000 skins, so the total value was about £11,500. He had paid a deposit of £900 to secure the option of purchase to the 3rd November. He had then insured the skins for their full value of 5s. each. (2) On the 3rd November, when that option expired, he got it extended to the 3rd February, in consideration of his paying interest at the rate of 7 per cent per annum on their value. (And he apparently had no means by which he could have met this liability.) (3) On the 19th November a summons had been issued against Abraham and Lewis Segal, and another man named Hemmelschein, for illegally selling some of the skins in question for £750. This summons was for hearing on the 2nd December. (4) On the 29th November, the market value of the skins had decreased to 4s. each, but notwithstanding this, Segal had increased his insurance from 5s. to 8s. 4d. per skin.

From all this, "motive" became very apparent. Segal was not in a position to meet his liabilities, he was threatened with legal proceedings for the unlawful sale of

some of the skins, and he stood to gain £19,000 from insurance, should the skins be destroyed.

Soon after the fire took place, the coroner had intimated an intention to hold a fire inquest. He, like others, was inclined to believe the fire to have been of Sinn Fein origin. But, at my request, he most kindly refrained from commencing proceedings until the Police had had time to make some preliminary inquiries. Then the inquest was opened. It enabled the information gathered by the Police to be elaborated and confirmed, and a clear case to be formulated. It ended in the coroner's jury bringing in a verdict of "Arson" against both Abraham and Lewis Segal, and both were committed by the coroner to take their trial on that charge at the Central Criminal Court.

After a three-days' trial in March, 1921, the jury at the Central Criminal Court were unable to agree to a verdict, and were accordingly discharged. The prisoners were, however, again placed on their trial on the 7th April, when both were found guilty. Lewis Segal (the father) was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour, and Abraham Segal to four months'.

Inquiries as to their antecedents showed a somewhat remarkable record. Lewis Segal was a Roumanian subject, but had come to England in 1899, and was employed as a working cabinet-maker for about five years. Abraham was born in England in 1902.

In 1904, Lewis Segal started in business on his own account, as a cabinet-maker, at 69, Brick Lane, E. There, he had a fire, and was paid £200 on account of his loss (?).

In 1908 he had a similar business at Bethnal Green, and here he had another fire, and drew £500 on account of insurance.

In 1919 he was carrying on the business of a General Dealer, at Pentonville, and had yet another fire. He claimed £800 on account of this insurance, but finally settled to accept £495. His son, Abraham, was the last person on the premises at Pentonville before the fire was discovered.

Lewis Segal, being an alien, and with such a record, was, at the expiry of his sentence of imprisonment, deported by order of the Secretary of State, but of course the same action was impossible in the case of Abraham, who was an English subject.

The difficulties of the case were very great, as, indeed, was proved by the disagreement of the first jury, and I am satisfied that, but for the complete and thorough-going investigation made possible under the Fire Inquest Act, the Police would never have been able to complete a case which could have led to the conviction of the two prisoners ; and Lewis Segal would still be in this country, free to continue his acts of fire-raising and fraud.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BATTLE OF SIDNEY STREET

Murder of Constables in Houndsditch—Anarchist Murderers—Composition of Gang—Death of Leader—King's Recognition of the Services of Police—Funeral of Murdered Constables—Tracing the Criminals—Presence of the Secretary of State—Impotent Legal Proceedings—Aliens in England.

Quite the most startling occurrences, with which all my "Fifty-two Years a Policeman" brought me in contact, were the dastardly murder in Houndsditch, on the night of the 16th-17th December, 1910, of three unarmed policemen, and the wounding of two others, by an armed gang of Russian Anarchist Burglars; and the subsequent much-talked-of "Battle of Sidney Street."

I have no hesitation in describing as I do this criminal gang, even though (from quarters which might have been supposed to have knowledge) connection with the Anarchist movement has been discredited. But the *evidence* obtained by the Police, and even more, the private *information* given to them, leaves no doubt in my mind. Every one of the gang was a constant, and well-known, frequenter of the Anarchist Club in Jubilee Street. Gardstein, the leader of the gang, was an intimate associate of one Malatesta, a notorious Italian Anarchist, who had escaped from prison in Italy, and was then residing in England. Jacob Peters (*not* Peter the Painter, with whom he was often confused) was later

an active member of the Cheka, the Russian Soviet terrorist organization. The Police also had good reason to believe, though they had no available evidence, that some portion, probably only a small percentage, of the proceeds of their crimes was allotted to political purposes.

The names, etc., of the gang supposed to have been concerned in the conspiracy to rob the jeweller's shop in Houndsditch were :

Men.

Gardstein (<i>alias</i> Muromzev)	Accidentally killed by his confederates when firing on the policemen.
Fritz Svaars } Joseph (or Yoska) }	Killed at Sidney Street.
Peter Piakon (<i>alias</i> "Peter the Painter") } Marx (or Marks) } "Joe Levi" (probably not real name) }	Escaped abroad. Not sufficient evidence of Murder to secure extradition.
Jacob Peters } Yourka Duboff } John Rosen (<i>alias</i> Zelin) }	Tried at Central Criminal Court and acquitted.
Karl Hoffmann } Osip Federoff }	Discharged at Police Court.

Women.

Luba Milstein } Sara Trassjonsky }	Discharged at Police Court.
Nina Vassileva	Tried at Criminal Court, and convicted of conspiracy, but conviction reversed on appeal.

All the above were of Russian nationality. It is doubtful, however, whether the name of the Italian, Malatesta, might not almost be added to the list. Undoubtedly, he procured for Gardstein the cylinder of acetylene gas used at Houndsditch. Undoubtedly, too, it was upon his premises that Gardstein made, or fashioned, the burglars' tools also used there. But there was

insufficient evidence to prove guilty knowledge of the premeditated burglary. He was, however, convicted of another offence, at the Central Criminal Court, in 1912, and recommended for deportation.

About a fortnight before the murders, the house, 11, Exchange Buildings, immediately behind the jeweller's shop in Houndsditch, was taken by the man known as "Joe Levi," the landlord accepting him as a tenant, upon payment of rent, without any inquiry, and without even knowing his name. "Levi" took up his abode there, together with three women, Milstein, Trassjonsky, and another (probably Vassileva). The house was furnished with a part of a suite of furniture, the other part of which was found in the rooms at 59, Grove Street, then occupied by Fritz Svaars and "Peter the Painter." During the fortnight before the murders, these two men, as well as Jacob Peters (who was a cousin of Fritz Svaars), Osip Federoff, and Yourka Duboff, were frequently seen to enter 11, Exchange Buildings. During the afternoon of the 16th December, nine men—Gardstein, Peter the Painter, Fritz Svaars, Joseph, Duboff, Federoff, Rosen, Marx and Hoffmann, and two women—Trassjonsky and Milstein—all met together at 59, Grove Street, and at this meeting, doubtless, final arrangements were made for the evening's intended work.

During the previous week, the jeweller had heard knockings in some adjoining house, and told the Police of them. The Police made inquiries, but could not ascertain the cause. On the night of the 16th, however, these knockings seemed to be louder and nearer, and to come from the back of his premises. He became alarmed, and sent to the Police. The constable on the beat at once summoned assistance, and the Police—Sergeant Tucker, Sergeant Bentley, Sergeant Bryant,

Constable Woodhams, Constable Choate and another constable—at once proceeded to examine the premises, 11, Exchange Buildings, to the back of the shop. On knocking at the door, it was partially opened by a man, who was asked by the Police whether there was any work going on there. He did not reply, but pushed the door to, and ran upstairs. Sergeant Tucker opened the door, and entered the room adjoining, which was lighted with gas, and waited to have a reply to his query. Suddenly, and without the smallest warning, the door of the room was violently pushed wide open and a pistol-shot was fired, striking the Sergeant, who fell to the ground in a dying condition. The Police who had remained outside, hearing the shot, rushed for the door of the house, but were met by a hail of bullets, fired by a number of men leaving the house. Sergeant Bentley, Sergeant Bryant and Police Constable Woodhams at once fell, fatally, or dangerously, wounded. Police Constable Choate, who had also been slightly wounded, courageously grappled with one of the men, believed to have been Gardstein, and in spite of receiving further wounds; held on to him, until a shot in the back finally incapacitated him, and he too fell, fatally wounded, having received no less than twelve separate bullet wounds. With all the Police (the sixth constable was some distance away) thus disposed of, the party from the house had, of course, no difficulty in making their escape, even though handicapped by having to carry Gardstein with them. He had been dangerously wounded during his struggle with Police Constable Choate, by a shot fired at Choate by Marx (as Hoffmann afterwards said he was told by Fritz Svaars). He was carried away by Jacob Peters and Joseph, assisted by Nina Vassileva. And apparently no clue whatever was left to enable the



THE HOME SECRETARY AT SIDNEY STREET.

assassins to be followed. But before dealing with the steps subsequently taken by the Police in their pursuit, it may be well to relate the circumstances as regarded their victims.

The wounded Officers were all conveyed to various hospitals, and not long after, Sergeant Tucker, Sergeant Bentley and Police Constable Choate died from the effects of their wounds. Sergeant Bryant and Police Constable Woodhams, though very dangerously injured, slowly recovered, but were never again fit to resume police duty. All London, indeed, the whole country, was horrified and shocked at the terrible tragedy, an outrage such as had never before occurred, or even been dreamt of, in the streets of the metropolis. The greatest indignation against the murderers was aroused, and the utmost admiration and sympathy was expressed for the Police.

His Majesty the King promptly awarded the "King's Police Medal" (the policeman's V.C.) to each of the five men, though unhappily the award to Tucker, Bentley and Choate was necessarily a posthumous one. I at once promoted the two survivors to higher rank in the Police—Bryant to Sub-Inspector and Woodhams to Sergeant, and when, soon afterwards, they had to retire from the police service, they were pensioned on the maximum rate for the rank to which they had just been promoted. The Corporation granted pensions on the most generous scale to the widows and children of the murdered men, and everything possible was done to help them in their grievous sorrow and loss.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's offered the unprecedented honour of a public Funeral Service for the three Officers killed, and this was held on the 22nd December, under most impressive circumstances, and with every

mark of public sympathy. His Majesty the King was represented at the service by Mr. Edward Wallington, C.V.O.; Groom-in-Waiting to His Majesty. The Lord Mayor and Corporation attended in full state. The Home Office was represented by the Secretary of State, and the Under-Secretary of State. Many metropolitan Mayors and members of public bodies were present. The Commissioners of both the Metropolitan and the City Police, several of the Assistant-Commissioners, and a great number of all ranks in the two Forces, also attended; and the County and Borough Police Forces, the Dock Police, the Fire Brigade, the Salvage Corps, the City of London Rough-Riders, the Post Office, the Water Board, etc., were all represented. Soldiers (including representatives of the Brigade of Guards), sailors, including some of the U.S. Navy, and a large deputation of London taxi-drivers, were also present. After the service, an imposing funeral procession proceeded through some of the principal streets of the City, past the Mansion House, to the City boundary in Aldgate, where it divided to allow the hearses to pass through its ranks. Then the remains of Sergeant Tucker and Sergeant Bentley were taken to Ilford Cemetery, where the final portion of the funeral service was taken by the Bishop of Barking, and the body of Police Constable Choate was conveyed to Byfleet, for burial there. The names of the three men will always be held in honourable memory by their comrades of the City Police.

During the afternoon of the 17th December, it had come to the knowledge of the Police that a man was lying dead at 59, Grove Street, and was said to have been shot. They at once went to the house, and there found the body lying on a bed, in a room on the first floor. Under the pillow of the bed they found an automatic pistol,

fully loaded ; and near the bed, and about the room, was a large quantity of ammunition. The only person in the room was the woman—Trassjonsky—who was busily engaged in burning papers before taking an intended departure. She was arrested, but declined to give any explanation, or information. The Police ascertained that the room in which the body was found had been rented by a man well known as “Peter the Painter,” and that the adjoining room had been occupied by Fritz Svaars and Luba Milstein, but that all three, with another man (afterwards found to be Joseph), had left Grove Street shortly after the murders. It was also found that a doctor had been called in about 3 a.m. on that day, and had been told, by the man found dead, that he had been accidentally shot in the back by a friend a few hours previously. Subsequently, the body was recognized as that of a man constantly seen at 11, Exchange Buildings, during the past fortnight, and later it was fully identified as that of Gardstein, who was regarded by the whole gang as their leader, and whose loss they all (even those who professed to regret the murder of the policemen) seemed to consider the greatest possible calamity.

Soon after this, it came to the knowledge of the Police that Gardstein had, for the last nine months, resided at 44, Gold Street, Stepney, and they at once went there and searched the room he had occupied. They found in it a great quantity of Anarchist literature, a magazine pistol similar to the one found under his head when lying dead in Grove Street, a large store of ammunition, a belt with 150 soft-nosed bullets, a sharp double-edged dagger, a number of books dealing with the manufacture of explosives, together with all the essentials for the preparation of high explosives—nitric acid, sulphuric

acid, etc ; all tending to show that he was not a person engaged on mere ordinary crime, but rather one whose real aim was dangerous Anarchist conspiracy.

The Police now soon began to gather further information. At first it was obtained very slowly, but after a time more rapidly. The misfortune was that it had to be gathered from the very lowest type of people, who were quite ready to tell the Police privately what they knew, and who gave information which was both true and valuable, but who (either from a sort of sympathy with the murderers, or from terror of what the consequences might be to themselves) absolutely refused to give evidence, and when pressed to do so, simply denied all the statements they had made. But, so far as it went, their information was useful in enabling the Police to make progress. The first result was the arrest of Luba Milstein, who had left 59, Grove Street, with Peter the Painter and others, on the night of the murders. She had afterwards separated from the men, and was found by the Police on the following day, and arrested. She and Trassjonsky were both identified as having been residing at 11, Exchange Buildings, with "Joe Levi."

On the 19th December, the Police managed to trace Peter the Painter, Joseph, and Fritz Svaars, to a house in Lindley Street, where Karl Hoffmann was living ; but on arrival there, they found that all four men had got away. Peter the Painter was followed to 36, Haverling Street, but he had again managed to escape, only a very few minutes before the arrival of the Police, and the next that was heard of him was that he had succeeded in getting off to France, from which country he could not be extradited on the charges for which sufficient evidence could be produced. Though not known

until later, it may be best recorded here that Joe Levi and Marx also managed to effect escape to France, but beyond the fact that they had got there, nothing further was heard as to their movements.

On the 23rd December, the Police obtained information that a man, named Jacob Peters, who was a cousin of Fritz Svaars, and who was said to resemble one of the men who had been seen at 11, Exchange Buildings, was then residing at 48, Turner Street. They accordingly proceeded to that address, where they found Peters, and took him into custody. They also received other information which enabled them to trace, and to arrest, Yourka Duboff and Osip Federoff. All three men were put up for identification, and were all recognized as having been constantly going into and coming out of 11, Exchange Buildings, during the fortnight previous to the murders. Jacob Peters and Yourka Duboff were also identified as the two men who had carried away Gardstein after he had been shot.

Fritz Svaars and Joseph, after making their escape from 36, Lindley Street, on the 19th December, were reported to be in hiding at an (unknown) address in Stepney, where they were being maintained by a woman. This woman was later pointed out to the Police, who, on the 2nd January, 1911, followed her to 100, Sidney Street, where she entered and remained. Very definite information had been given to the Police that the two men were armed with Mauser pistols (probably each having at least two) and a large quantity of ammunition, and that they were determined to shoot as many policemen as they could, in the event of any attempt being made to arrest them, and in no case to allow themselves to be taken alive. Also that they had decided, if necessary, to set fire to the house, and kill themselves, rather

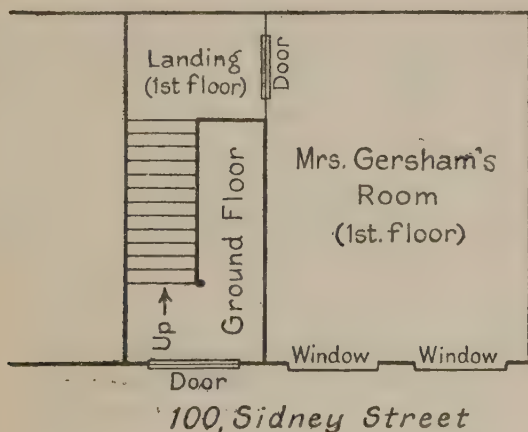
than be arrested. *This information proved to be amazingly correct.* In view of the importance attached to it, it was decided to take every possible precaution in order that the men should not escape.

About 1 a.m., on the 3rd January, 1911, Chief Superintendent Stark (now Assistant-Commissioner) of the City Police, with Detective Superintendent Ottaway, Superintendent Nicholls, and about fifty detective Officers and other constables in plain clothes, of the City Force, quietly surrounded the block of buildings in which 100, Sidney Street, was situated. As many as practicable of these men were armed with revolvers. They were supported by Superintendent Mulvaney of H Division of the Metropolitan Police (in which Division the house was), with Detective Inspector Wensley (now Chief Constable) and a number of detective Officers, besides about forty men of the Metropolitan Police in uniform. After consultation between the superior Officers present, it was decided, in view of the almost certainty that the men would take to shooting should an attempt be made to arrest them, not to enter the house, but gradually to induce all the other occupiers to leave it. This was very cleverly accomplished by using one tenant to induce another to come away, and in this way even the woman in whose room the men were hiding was got out. She gave her name as (Mrs.) Betsy Gersham, and admitted that the two men were in her room, but declared they had only come there at 10.30 p.m.—an obvious lie, for the Police had been watching the premises for some hours previously, and the men had certainly not entered during that time.

It was rightly decided that it would be criminal to endanger valuable lives by attempting to force a direct entry, though the Police on the spot were most anxious

to undertake the duty. The premises were so constructed as to make approach to Mrs. Gersham's room impossible, save by exposing the Police to heavy fire from men in a position of comparative safety. The stairs were only broad enough for one man to go up at a time: the Police must have gone up in single file, and could have been picked off one by one as they came within view of Mrs. Gersham's door. Those behind the man in front could not see the doorway and consequently could not use their revolvers. "To have attempted to rush the room would have been to court disaster. The scene on the stairs would have been a veritable inferno."

The following sketch (it does not pretend to be a plan, for it omits all unnecessary detail, and shows *two* floors) may possibly help to indicate what was the position:



In the meantime, the Police had been reinforced by the arrival of an additional 200 Officers and men, in view of the densely populated neighbourhood, the class of

the inhabitants, and the excitement which was sure to arise, so soon as it became known what was going on. A police cordon was drawn round the whole block of houses, at some considerable distance away from 100, Sidney Street, which no one was allowed to approach.

About 7.30 a.m. the Police decided to try and communicate with the two men—Fritz Svaars and Joseph. They knocked at the front door of the house, but could get no reply. They then tried throwing gravel at Mrs. Gersham's windows, and suddenly these were thrown open, and the Police were heavily fired upon. Sergeant Leeson, of the Metropolitan Police (who was standing, with Mr. Stark and others, in a doorway on the opposite side of the street to the windows), was dangerously wounded in the chest, and had to be conveyed to the London Hospital, where he lay for a long time in a critical condition, but happily eventually recovered. Another Officer received a bullet through his hat, but fortunately escaped injury. Others also had miraculous escapes, for a shower of bullets dented every wall and door of the opposite house. In view of the turn matters were taking, Mr. Stark and Mr. Mulvaney went to Arbour Square Police Station, and telephoned to Scotland Yard, asking for military assistance.

Soon after 9 a.m., Major Wodehouse, C.B., Assistant-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, arrived on the scene, and of course took over control of the operations—Sidney Street being in the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction. At 10.15, two squads of the Scots Guards arrived from the Tower, and were posted at various spots commanding the house, in the hope of being able by their fire to disable the two men, who continued to fire

upon all Police or other persons who came within view of the windows. No other suitable means could be devised to overcome the men, and effect their arrest, without dangerously jeopardizing the lives of all engaged. A battery of Horse Artillery subsequently came up, but their services were not required, and it seems uncertain by whom they had been requisitioned.

Not long afterwards, the Home Secretary (Mr. Winston Churchill) arrived. Much criticism has been directed at his personal attendance, and he has himself even expressed doubt as to the wisdom of the course he took in being present. Personally, I should not be justified in offering any opinion whatever on the general policy of his action, but I should like to say this (speaking from the point of view of the policemen in Sidney Street), that the presence of the Home Secretary gave them a feeling of support and of confidence which was highly valued at such a time. I was myself in Sidney Street during the operations, and later, whilst standing in the gateway of a yard on the opposite side of the street to No. 100, and about fifty yards away, Mr. Churchill made some suggestion to me as to possible action by the Police. I replied that I was not there in any position of authority, as Sidney Street was within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police, whose Assistant-Commissioner was in charge, and I think he afterwards spoke to him. Certainly the Home Secretary never interfered by giving any "orders" to the Police.

The scene at this time was an extraordinary one, the last we should have ever expected to see in the streets of London. Fifty yards away, to our right, was the house in which the two criminals had taken refuge.

The door was bolted and barred, and was immediately under the fire of the two men from the windows of Mrs. Gersham's room. They continued to fire incessantly up and down the street, at any soldier, policeman or other person who showed himself, the bullets striking the brickwork and doors of the houses opposite, the windows of which were protected by pillows, mattresses, etc. No corner was safe, the soldiers (sheltering as far as possible in doorways, etc.), such of the Police as had rifles, and some with pistols, or shot-guns, kept up a constant fire on the windows, hoping to disable the criminals, who, however, were most wary, firing from behind curtains, etc. It was warfare on a reduced scale, and the scene was not unlike what, those who saw both say, occurred frequently a few years later during the Great War. It was impossible to help admiring the courage of the desperate ruffians in the house, their *one* redeeming quality, a quality, however, shared with most ferocious animals, as were also others—cunning, cruelty, treachery, thieving, and enmity to the human race.

About 1.30 p.m. the upper portion of 100, Sidney Street, was observed to be on fire; the fire gradually becoming fiercer, and spreading to the lower floors. The desperate men within still kept shooting on all who showed themselves in the street, sometimes from one window of the house, sometimes from another; they seemed to have an endless supply of ammunition. In the meantime the Fire Brigade arrived with engines, and insisted on their right to approach the house to extinguish the flames. In view of the danger, the Police firmly and decidedly refused to allow them to do so. They resented the police order, and appealed to the Home Secretary, who refused to interfere, and told

them that "the house was to be allowed to burn down, and that they should stand by, in readiness to prevent the conflagration spreading." The place soon became a furnace; and at last firing from the house ceased. It was then fully expected that the two men would rush out, determined to sell their lives dearly. But they did not come, and it became certain that they must have perished in the flames. Then the Police ran to the door of the house, and burst it open, hoping to enter, but the raging fire made entry impossible.

The Fire Brigade, however, at once got to work, and after some time managed to subdue the flames and obtain entry, and as soon as possible began to search the premises. They showed much heroism in doing so, and ran considerable risks. Unfortunately, five firemen were injured (one seriously) by a fall of masonry, whilst engaged in their perilous work. They found a number of magazine pistols among the *débris*, and they found two charred bodies, which were removed to await inquest.

And so ended the "Battle of Sidney Street." It was a deplorable occurrence to have taken place in the streets of London in the twentieth century, but I cannot see how the action forced by two desperate criminals could have been different, or better than it was, considering all the circumstances. Unsatisfactory as the results were, they might have been inconceivably worse. It would have been very desirable to have captured the two men alive, but at least two human pests were exterminated. And it was no small gain that even this had been done without the loss of valuable lives, any one of which would have been of greater value than those of a horde of such miscreants as had perished. As it was, the only casualties suffered by the Forces of order were—

Police Sergeant Leeson, seriously wounded early in the day, and one Guardsman, one police sergeant and three other persons slightly wounded later ; besides the five firemen, injured whilst engaged in searching the premises after the fire had been subdued.

At the inquest held by Mr. Wynne Baxter, the Coroner, the two bodies found were identified as those of Joseph and of Fritz Svaars. In the case of Joseph a bullet wound in the head, behind and through the brain, was found on post-mortem examination, and medical evidence showed that this was the cause of death, and was not self-inflicted. From various circumstances, it seemed probable that it was due to a shot fired from outside the house. In the case of Fritz Svaars, medical evidence was to the effect that death was probably due to suffocation. In both cases, the jury returned a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide."

It will be remembered that Karl Hoffmann had managed to escape, on the 19th December, from 56, Lindley Street, along with Joseph, Fritz Svaars and Peter the Painter, and it was not until the 2nd February, 1911, that the Police were able to trace his further movements. But on that day they heard that he might be found at Well Street, Hackney, and they at once followed him there. Hoffmann, however, had again departed, but the Police found in the house another member of the gang, for whom they were searching—Rosen—and arrested him. On the morning of the 7th February, they at last managed to arrest Hoffmann, whom they had traced to 114, Cannon Street Road, N. Both these men were identified by a number of witnesses as having been constantly in the company of Gardstein and Duboff, entering and leaving 11, Exchange Buildings. And finally, the Police found Nina Vassileva, who, curiously

enough, had also chosen Sidney Street as a place of refuge, and arrested her there on the evening of the 7th February. She was identified as the woman who had assisted Jacob Peters and Duboff to remove Gardstein from Exchange Buildings after he had been shot, on the occasion of the murders.

And so the entire gang of eleven men and three women had now been accounted for. Gardstein had been killed by his co-conspirators; Fritz Svaars and Joseph had been killed at Sidney Street; Marx, Levi and Peter the Painter had escaped to France; and five men—Jacob Peters, Duboff, Rosen, Hoffmann and Federoff—and three women—Milstein, Trassjon-sky and Vassileva—were in custody, awaiting legal proceedings.

As to these, it would be of little interest to enter into details. To recount them would only be to prove the intense jealousy of the English Law and of English Judges, that every possible advantage shall be given to accused persons, and that where even the faintest shadow of a doubt exists, no man must be deemed guilty. In a case such as this, where evidence (even when it could be obtained at all) was only to be had from persons of the very lowest type, often themselves of the criminal class, some of them active sympathizers with the murderers, many in grievous terror of them and their associates, most of them foreigners unable to speak or understand English, none having the smallest regard for truth, all reluctant to give the very least assistance to the Police, whom they regarded with suspicion, the difficulties in the way of successful prosecution proved insuperable. The result, if not so unfortunate, would be comic, considering all that was *known* (as recorded above); but conclusive "*evidence*" could not be produced, English Law

maintained its great traditions, and the criminals went free. Sara Trassjonsky, Luba Milstein, Osip Federoff and Karl Hoffmann were discharged at the Police Court, where the evidence against them was not considered strong enough to warrant committal for trial; Jacob Peters, Yourka Duboff and John Rosen were acquitted after trial at the Central Criminal Court; Nina Vassileva was convicted for "conspiracy," but the conviction was afterwards, on the ground of misdirection, quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal.

If nothing else was proved, this at least conclusively was—the unhappy consequences of allowing indiscriminate "right of asylum," and of making this country the common dumping-ground of foreign criminals. But for that, these terrible occurrences would never have taken place. No other country save England would ever have tolerated for a moment such danger, and such risk, as their presence entailed. Matters are possibly somewhat better now, and the present Home Secretary has done much to try and diminish the evil. But the danger and loss to this country from the free admission of the scum of foreign nations, whether Russian Bolsheviks, Italian Anarchists, or even American crooks, still exists, and it is one with regard to which we ought never to be off our guard.

The Police at all events had done their duty in this case, and done it with courage and with thoroughness, and had at least broken up the gang. They earned the highest approval and commendation from all in a position to judge the importance of their work, and the patience, intelligence and zeal with which it was performed. After the trial at the Central Criminal Court, I received the following letter from the Director of Public Prosecutions;

“ WHITEHALL, S.W.

“ SIR,—

“ *Rex v. Duboff and others.*

“ I cannot allow this case to close without expressing my high appreciation of, and my thanks to Superintendent Stark, Superintendent Ottaway, Chief Inspector Willis, and all the Officers engaged under them, for the intelligent and untiring zeal which they brought to the performance of their difficult duties throughout it, and I shall be obliged if this expression of opinion and approval may be conveyed to the Officers, named and unnamed, who worked with so much patience and so much diligence against difficulties which were quite extraordinary.

“ I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ CHARLES W. MATTHEWS.

“ Sir William Nott-Bower,

“ Commissioner of Police for the City of London.”

The Court of Aldermen, at my instance, awarded handsome recognition to the Officers principally concerned—Chief Superintendent Stark (now Assistant-Commissioner), whose great ability and judgment were again revealed; Detective Superintendent Ottaway (now serving in the Military Intelligence Department), who also showed much ability in directing inquiries, and in preparing the case for the Public Prosecutor; Chief Inspector Willis; Inspector Thompson (now Superintendent of the Detective Department of the City Police); Inspector Newell; and several others. Also to—Superintendent Mulvaney, of the Metropolitan

Police ; Detective Inspector Wensley (now Chief Constable), who rendered invaluable aid to the City Police in the tracing of the criminals ; Sergeant Leeson ; and two other Officers of the Metropolitan Police.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CITY POLICE RESERVE

Position of City in Times of Tumult—Special Constables—Police Reserves—Commandant of City Police Reserve—Inauguration of Force—Services during the War—Review by the King—Formation of “Ward Companies”—Value of a Reserve.

The question of the strength of its regular Police Force for the safety of the City of London in times of tumult or disturbance has always been one for anxious consideration. The area of the City, the one square mile, is very small, the “night” population is negligible, and although the “day” population and traffic in the daytime are both great, the normal requirements for police protection and regulation are only such as to require a very small Police Force. At the same time, the City is the centre of a vast surrounding population, and it is the custodian of much of the wealth of the country. It is therefore exposed to especial danger when troubles arise. The great Metropolitan Police Force has always been ready, when asked in times of emergency, to render every possible assistance, by lending detachments to strengthen the small City Force; but it has to be remembered that, at the very time when assistance might be most urgently needed, the emergency might also threaten the Metropolitan Police district, and necessarily *the protection of their own jurisdiction* must be the first consideration for every Police Force. Military aid can rarely be obtained until disturbance

has broken out, and has been proved to be beyond the power of the Police to quell; in other words, not until *after* serious consequences have ensued. Labour troubles (Docks, Railways, etc.), great meetings at Tower Hill, huge processions through the heart of the City, the assemblage, not merely of the men directly affected, but also of many of the most disorderly and criminal members of the London underworld, give cause for great anxiety as to the preservation of the public peace and the due protection of life and property.

In 1831 the Special Constables Act had been passed, which authorized the Justices to swear in special constables, on the oath of a credible witness that tumult or felony had taken place, or was apprehended. This power was more than once exercised, notably in 1848 (Chartist Riots), when 22,653 *persons* were sworn in; again in 1867 (Clerkenwell outrages), in 1887 (Trafalgar Square Riots), and in 1911 (Great Railway Strike). But the inherent weakness of such provision was evident. It only came into force after the trouble had arisen, and it only provided a "mob" of men, no doubt individually good men, loyal and well-intentioned, but without organization, leadership, or discipline.

But, on the 15th September, 1911, the Secretary of State issued a circular letter to all Local Authorities, drawing their attention to the state of affairs which existed, and urging them to take immediate steps to "build up adequate Police Reserves to cope with future troubles without recourse to Military Aid." This circular letter the Police Committee referred to me on the 11th October, asking me to report my recommendations, and this I did on the 15th November. I prefaced my Report by the reservation that—

"In my opinion no Police Reserves which can possibly be formed

can ever render the police independent of Military Aid in *grave emergencies*. The knowledge that Military Aid is readily available is the most valuable reserve of strength, and the greatest moral support in such cases. I am satisfied too (from my own experience ¹) that such aid, promptly given, is the best means of *preventing* bloodshed, safeguarding property, and securing communities from riot, pillage, and terror. I think it is only my duty, in the forefront of this Report, to place upon record the strong view, founded on long and extensive experience, that I hold upon this point."

But having said this, I recognized fully the very valuable suggestions made in the Secretary of State's circular letter, and formulated a complete scheme for giving effect to them in the City of London. I recommended that a "First Police Reserve," consisting of Police Pensioners, etc., should be formed—men who would undertake to join for service as regular constables when required in a time of emergency, and suggested scales of pay, payment for overtime, travelling expenses, supply of uniform, etc., to be applicable to them. I also recommended the formation of a "Second Police Reserve" to be formed by the registration of all "men of suitable age, physical fitness, steady habits, and trustworthy character, who would undertake to serve as special constables in the event of emergency arising." I suggested that the men so registered should be efficiently organized, with a Commandant, and other Officers, to be appointed by me, and with arrangements for all being immediately sworn in, when their services seemed likely to be required. My recommendations were approved by the Police Committee, and I at once proceeded to carry them into effect.

With regard to the "First Police Reserve" I need say little except that, when the strain of the Great War came, it gave us some few extra *regular constables* to

¹ See my account, in Chapter XI, of the Liverpool Dock Strike.

help to meet the great depletion of strength due to the abstraction of the whole of our younger men for service with the colours. In that way, though its numbers were necessarily small, it proved of some value.

As to the "Second Police Reserve," which later assumed (as indeed it was practically justified in doing) the title of *the* "City of London Police Reserve," I felt from the first that its success, or otherwise, must depend almost entirely on the Officer I could secure to carry out its organization and to undertake its command. A selection was by no means easy, the qualifications required being hard to find. It was imperative to find a man who was an able organizer, accustomed to discipline and to the command of men. It was necessary that he should possess tact and discretion, and it was also desirable that he should be *persona grata* to the special constables we hoped to enlist, and, if possible, to the Corporation. And I was fortunate indeed in being able to secure the services of Colonel Vickers Dunfee, C.B.E., V.D., for that very important office. His experience in command of a Volunteer Regiment, his knowledge of the City, and his own personality, made him an ideal Commandant, and in addition, his membership of the City Corporation for many years, and his position as a Deputy Alderman, gave him the important advantage of influence with those who "held the purse-strings." I offered him the position of Commandant, which he readily and cordially accepted. He started vigorous work at once, and it was not long before the organization of the City Police Reserve was in an advanced state, Officers appointed, large numbers of men registered, and every preparation made to meet emergency when it should arise. Colonel Dunfee continued in command of the Reserve until August, 1914, when he

joined the Army, and remained (serving as Colonel, and Brigade Commander) until May, 1919, when he again became Commandant of the City Police Reserve, an office which he holds to the present time. The City owes him a great debt of gratitude for energetic and unceasing work, both before and after the War. The high efficiency of the City Police Reserve is largely owing to him, and it is to be hoped he may long continue to command it. During his absence in the War, Colonel Benningfield, O.B.E., V.D. (also a member of the Corporation), was Commandant from 1914 to 1918, and rendered valuable service, during a very strenuous period, in spite of ill-health, which finally compelled him to resign. I then reappointed Colonel Vickers Dunfee to the office, but owing to military duties at Aldershot, he was unable to take over the command until late in 1919, and Mr. Leslie Hendricks, O.B.E. (Assistant-Commandant), and his successor, Mr. A. H. Beatty, O.B.E., most kindly and most efficiently undertook the duties of Acting Commandant for the fourteen months pending his return.

The City Police Reserve is organized in four Divisions, of six companies each, attached respectively to the A, B, C, and D Divisions of the regular Police, at Moor Lane, Snow Hill, Bishopsgate, and Cloak Lane. The Officers consist of—4 Divisional Commanders, 4 Assistant Divisional Commanders, 4 Adjutants, 24 Company Commanders, and 48 Assistant Company Commanders; with 24 Staff Sergeants, 96 Sergeants, and 192 Assistant-Sergeants. The Headquarters' Staff comprise—the Commandant, an Assistant-Commandant, and a Deputy-Assistant-Commandant; with a Staff Officer (who now receives an allowance to cover his time and expenses); and Clerks, supplied from the regular police service.

Commodious offices for the Reserve are provided at the Guildhall, by the Corporation.

A very large number of men at once came forward in 1912, and undertook the obligation to be sworn whenever emergency should arise, and enrolled themselves as members of the City of London Police Reserve, the inauguration of which as a *permanent organization* thus dates from early in that year. As already mentioned, the Special Constables Act of 1831¹ did not permit of these men being "sworn in" until emergency actually arose, but it was not long in arising, for the Great War, and the urgent need for the services of special constables, made it necessary to at once swear in the members of the Reserve. 1,679 men were so sworn on the 19th August, 1914; others followed, and since that time all members are sworn when they join the Reserve.

The strength of the City Police Reserve, when war was declared, was about 2,000 men, and during the whole period of the War it never fell below that strength. In June, 1919, it had risen to 2,601 men. The services it rendered were most valuable. The regular Police had been reduced to less than two-thirds of its normal strength, by the releasing of the whole of its younger members for active service; and without the ready and cordial help of the Reserve, it would have found it almost impossible to discharge even its ordinary duty of watch and ward. And, when the stress of frequent air-raids arose, serious trouble and danger must undoubtedly have occurred, had not the regular Police been able to rely with confidence upon the full support of this large body of organized and efficient men. On the 2nd November, 1914, the City Police Reserve commenced

¹ This has now been amended, and special constables can be sworn at any time.

the regular street duties, which it continued to perform throughout the War, including the guarding of vulnerable points—search-lights, electric light stations, bridges, etc.—and from the 25th June, 1918, it provided, in addition, three reliefs, each consisting of 26 to 32 men, working four hours each between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m., as regular night patrols in the streets, thus affording material help to the *ordinary* duties of the regular Police. The Reserve also turned out in considerable strength on the occasion of all great public functions—visits of Their Majesties to the City, Services at St. Paul's Cathedral, Lord Mayors' processions, etc. Above all, when air-raids took place, "they mustered in force and with alacrity, and regardless of personal inconvenience or danger, to render steady and invaluable help by assisting in police duties in the streets while the raids were actually in progress as well as in the essential and important work of preventing signs of panic by their example of steadiness and courage, by guiding and controlling the Public in the places of shelter, and rendering first-aid when casualties occurred." An average of about 300 men paraded for each air-raid, a wonderful record when it is remembered that most of these raids occurred in the night-time, and that nearly all the men resided outside the City, many at a considerable distance away. Yet "with true patriotism, in response to the appeal of the City authorities, who of course had but few local residents to appeal to, they volunteered their services where they were most wanted."

In January, 1916, the City Police Reserve were supplied with uniform, greatcoats, caps, and boots, at the cost of the Police Fund; and on the 4th September an issue of *complete uniform* was authorized, a great aid for the efficient discharge of police duties.

On the 13th July of that year, the Reserve being then partially equipped with uniform, and having some experience of drill and discipline, paraded in considerable strength in the Tower Moat, for inspection by the Lord Mayor. After a close inspection, company by company, the Reserve marched past, headed by the City Police Band, which attended. The Lord Mayor expressed his approval of all he had seen, and warmly commended the services of the Reserve.

On Armistice Day, the 11th November, 1918, the Reserve mustered in strength, and remained on duty all day, and until late in the evening, to assist in maintaining order during all the celebrations, and the excitement of the vast crowds assembled in the streets, especially during 'Their Majesties' drive through the City in the course of the afternoon. From Armistice Day, of course, the more strenuous duties of the Reserve began to decrease, but it continued to provide street patrols until a sufficient number of the City Police had returned from the Front to enable the regular Force to, more or less, resume its ordinary duties. In February, 1919, however, I felt that the time had come when the Reserve should be released, and I addressed the following letter to the Commandant :

“ CITY POLICE OFFICE,

“ 28th February, 1919.

“ DEAR COLONEL DUNFEE,—

“ In view of the number of members of the City Police who have returned to the Force from H.M. Services, the Special Constables who are patrolling beats may be withdrawn on and after the 6th *prox.*

“ I take this opportunity of asking you to convey to the members of the City of London Police Reserve my



INSPECTION OF POLICE RESERVE BY THE KING.

grateful and sincere thanks for the valuable assistance they have rendered to the City Police Force in safeguarding the public welfare in the time of stress through which we have passed.

"Though the necessity has ceased for daily routine duty by members of the Reserve, their services will be of great value on occasions of special celebrations, etc., to which we may look forward, and it is a source of satisfaction to those responsible for the making and carrying out of such regulations as may be necessary in the public interest, to know that they can confidently rely upon the continued support of such a useful and efficient Force as you have the honour to command.

"Yours faithfully,

"J. W. NOTT-BOWER,

"Commissioner.

"Colonel Vickers Dunfee, V.D.,

"Commandant,

"City of London Police Reserve."

On the 11th June, 1919, His Majesty the King honoured the Police Reserves of the Metropolis and of the City of London by reviewing them in front of Buckingham Palace. The two Reserves mustered in Hyde Park, proceeded down Constitution Hill, and marched past Their Majesties, who had taken their places on a small stand, erected in front of the main gates of the Palace. The day was fine, huge crowds filled the Park, the numbers and appearance of "the Specials" earned universal commendation, and the King was graciously pleased to express his satisfaction with their turn-out, and his appreciation of the services they had rendered during the long period of the War. It was a day of which the City Police Reserve felt justly proud, as I am

sure was also the Metropolitan Reserve. It was a fitting conclusion to more than four years of valuable and self-sacrificing work.

One more honour came to the City Police Reserve in the following year, when the honorary Freedom of the City was conferred on 415 of its members, who had served continuously through the whole of the most arduous period of the War.

I have mentioned that, in June, 1919, the City Police Reserve had attained a strength of 2,601 men. Naturally, when the urgent call for service was relaxed, these numbers began to decrease. Many of its members, who had acquired a strong sense of *esprit de corps*, and a real interest in the work they had undertaken, were ready to continue their services, but many others felt that they had "done their bit" and were entitled to be relieved from further obligation. And recruits were not readily forthcoming to fill the vacant places, for many (and especially the younger men) in the City did not realize possible emergencies, and the necessity for being *prepared* for future dangers; whilst it was clear to them that there was no immediate call for service. Many, too, objected to bind themselves for the lengthened period of three years, for which the City Police Reserve was sworn.

These difficulties had to be considered, and surmounted. It was felt that, even with reduced numbers, the old Reserve should be continued. A "Standing Reserve," with its experienced, trained, and uniformed special constables, its staff of qualified Officers and its complete organization, was not only most useful in the everyday assistance it rendered to the Police on all occasions where great crowds assembled in the streets, but would also form a most valuable nucleus, round which a large body of less-experienced men, who would

certainly volunteer their services should grave emergency arise, might be efficiently organized and directed. And to make this even more effective it was decided to raise a "Reserve" to the "Reserve," by enrolling men more or less on the old pre-1914 plan. The various Wards of the City, with their Aldermen, were approached by the Lord Mayor, and asked to co-operate by forming "Ward Companies" for the City Police Reserve in their respective Wards. It was decided that men joining these companies should be sworn for one year only (not three), that they should not be required to have uniform, and that they should not be called on for *any* duty until such time as the Commissioner of Police formally declared a situation of emergency to have arisen. The Ward Companies were to have their own Officers (as in the Standing Reserve), and each company was to be attached to the "Division" of the Standing Reserve in which its Ward is situate, and when "emergency" arose would form an integral part of that Division. Great institutions in the City, such as the Stock Exchange, the Baltic, Lloyd's, etc., and the City Banks, were all asked to form companies of their own employees, and were given an undertaking that, in case of trouble, a certain proportion of the company might always be retained to protect their own premises. Of the Banks which cordially responded to the appeal were—Bank of England (one *very* strong company, now contemplated to be increased to two), Westminster Bank (two companies), Lloyd's, Barclay's, Glyn Mills, Coulter Martin, Standard Bank of South Africa, and Guaranty Trust Company of New York (one company each). All these companies are formed of young and active men, whose services might be invaluable. 275 of them have now voluntarily undertaken the wearing of uniform.

The new organization was soon complete, thus securing an homogeneous addition to the old Police Reserve, urgently required if it was to remain in *as strong* a position as it held in 1914. In January, 1926, the strength of the "Standing Reserve" had fallen to 1,330 (630 fewer than in 1914), but the strength of the "Ward Companies" had risen to 1,134, thus making the total number of special constables in the City at the present time—sworn, organized and ready for duty—500 *more* than were available in 1914. And, above all, the "Organization" is such that it could absorb and direct the services of the far greater number of loyal and law-abiding citizens who would certainly rush to offer their services were a condition of serious civic tumult to arise, and who would not then be a mere "mob."¹

I have written at some length on the subject of Police Reserves, for I consider their provision is vital, in view of possible future threats to law and order, and the comparatively small numbers of the regular Police. This consideration applies not to London alone but to the whole country, and it is possible that an account of the action taken, and the experience gained, in the City of London, may not be without interest to other great towns.

¹ The General Strike of 1926 has once again proved the immense importance of an organized Police Reserve, and the invaluable services rendered to the country during that strike both by the regular Reserve and by the special constables who flocked to its support, earned universal praise and gratitude.

CHAPTER XIX

LONDON AIR-RAIDS

The Great War—Lord Haldane—Enemy Banks—Alien Registration—Air-raids on City—Visit of the King—Conduct of East End Aliens.

The 4th August, 1914, is a date which must be indelibly impressed on the heart of every English man and woman. It marked the beginning of a period which raised the country to a height of glory, and of service, never before attained ; but it brought also to many, if not to most, of the families of the country sacrifices almost too awful to refer to.

I had to bear my share, or more than my share, of these sacrifices. Early in the War, on the 16th May, 1915, one of my sons (Cecil), a Second Lieutenant in the 3rd Gurkha Rifles, was killed at Richebourg l'Avoué, during the battle of Festubert, whilst making a brave, and successful, attempt to bring in a wounded Corporal of the Leicesters. He succeeded in getting the man over the parapet but was himself shot through the head whilst doing so. Lord Birkenhead specially records his brave action, in his *Indian Corps in France*. It was a glorious end, and it was also a very happy one, for death was instantaneous. My youngest boy (Leonard), a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, was less fortunate, for he had to linger through a long period of suffering, heroically borne, before the end came. And

my dear wife, who nursed him devotedly, wore down her health in the supreme effort, and succumbed quickly to an attack of pneumonia, which the little strength her trying labours left to her was insufficient to withstand. She died a short time before the boy for whom she had sacrificed her life.

I received a most gracious message of sympathy from His Majesty the King, a token of Royal kindness and consideration most deeply appreciated at such a time. I also owed much to the kindness and thought of many friends. But my loss was indeed staggering and irreparable. She was the most absolutely unselfish being who ever trod this earth ; she had a perfect genius for friendship, whether with those in her own position in life, or with the many to whom her friendship and kindness meant much ; she was beloved by all. We had lived in unalloyed happiness for more than thirty years, hardly apart for a single day, and my life seemed ended, no future but unhappiness and desolation. Even so, I may have been less unfortunate than some, for at least I was bound to hard work, which necessarily took my mind away for lengthened periods from private grief. And it is about my work, and not about my personal feelings, that I ought to write.

Some time before the outbreak of the War, I was summoned to attend a meeting to consider the police precautions and preparations which might be necessary in case that emergency should arise. The meeting took place in the Home Secretary's room at the House of Commons, and there were present—Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Haldane, Lord Nicholson (Chief of the Imperial General Staff), Sir Edward Troup, of the Home Office, Sir Edward Henry (Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police), and myself. Many details were discussed

concerned with police action. But, apart from detailed plans, what made the greatest impression on my mind was the clear, and decided, view expressed by Lord Haldane, as to the (practical) certainty of *early attack from Germany*, and the paramount necessity of being fully prepared for it. No one who (as I did then) heard his strongly expressed opinion, and his urgent desire for preparation, could ever have been foolish enough to suspect him of the very smallest sympathy with Germany, or with German aims, and must have realized to the full how earnestly, and wholeheartedly, he was thinking and working to counteract the German danger. Such preparation as England did make was, to a very large extent, due to him, and his distinguished service has never been adequately recognized.

The first work in connection with the War, on which the City Police were directly engaged, was in regard to the Enemy Banks in the City. On the morning of the 4th August, a telephone message was received from the Governor of the Bank of England, asking that a representative of the Police should come over to the Bank to see him. An Inspector was sent, and the Governor told him that, in the event of War being declared, it was probable that Foreign Banks would endeavour to remove their securities, and that it was desirable that the Police should, as far as possible, keep them under observation.

Acting on this information, plain-clothes Officers were at once detailed to keep close and constant observation on the Banks in question, and especially on the Deutsche Bank, the Disconto Gesellschaft, the Dresdner Bank, and the Oesterreichische Laenderbank. The Police also communicated with the Home Office, and, after consultation with the Under-Secretary of State, the Public Prosecutor (Sir Charles Mathews), and the Gover-

nor of the Bank of England, it was decided to continue police observation on the Banks, and to take to the police station any person found removing cash, or securities. Then to record his name and address, and retain, in the hands of the Police, any cash or securities in his possession, until after the Bank Holiday, when application could be made for their recovery.

War was declared on the evening of the same day, but on the 6th August (the last of the extra Bank Holidays) nothing had been determined as to further action by the Police. The Under-Secretary at the Home Office was again communicated with, but he doubted whether any authority for action could legally be given, and referred the question to the Foreign Office. Nothing further was heard until the evening of the 6th, when a message was received from the Foreign Office that they "had no power to give the authority asked for," and suggested "*that the Police should be withdrawn.*" The Police, however, refused to act on this suggestion, which they felt would be most detrimental to the public interest, as it might lead to cash and securities being removed by enemies. The Home Office were again communicated with, with the result that, shortly after midnight, the Secretary of State sent a telephone message expressing "a hope" that the Police would continue to take steps to keep the German Banks closed, and to prevent the removal of securities. This request was later confirmed in writing. The Police thereupon took upon themselves to continue the action they had already taken, and, on the 10th August, an Order in Council was passed prohibiting the carrying on of banking business, save with the permission of the Secretary of State. This Order was made retrospective, and thus covered the "hitherto illegal" course which the Police had felt it necessary to

adopt. They remained in possession of the Banks until the 14th August, when Sir William Plender was appointed by the Treasury to take charge of them.

At Sir William Plender's request, the Police continued for a considerable time to render him assistance at the Banks, and to afford protection for them. Later on, Sir William Plender told them that probably about twenty-five millions sterling had been saved by their action in preventing the Banks being opened, and securities removed, on the morning of the 7th August.

Another question which created enormous labour for the Police, and entailed very grave responsibilities, was that of the Registration of Aliens. Vast crowds flocked to the Police Office to register. Numerous inquiries became necessary in order to sift the "sheep" from the "goats." In many instances these had to be followed up by "secret service" inquiries in co-operation with the Military Intelligence Department, who also often asked us to make inquiries on their behalf. That this service was satisfactorily rendered, is proved by frequent and warm letters of thanks from the Department, and above all by the official commendation, awarded later by the Secretary of State, to various Officers of the City Police, for their valuable services in this connection.

But all this work was soon to be overshadowed by the perils to which the City became exposed from hostile air-raids, and the grave responsibility for taking all possible measures for the protection of life and property; and "Police Orders" were issued detailing the precautions to be taken in order to secure full efficiency of action when sudden attack should call for it.

Complete arrangements had been made by the Military Authorities, for prompt transmission of alarms; direct telephonic communication with them had been

established, and messages (more or less codified) had been agreed upon.

When a raid took place, the Commissioner sent out warnings to all police stations, giving in succession: (1) When attack was threatened; (2) when attack was imminent; (3) when the aircraft arrived within striking distance; and lastly (4) when danger was at an end. "Police Orders" were issued that these warnings would consist of the following words only: (1) Readiness, (2) Mobilize, (3) Take cover, and (4) All clear, and that on receipt of them the following action should be promptly taken. On receipt of the first—all Inspectors on duty, cyclists, messengers, and other men required for mobilization purposes, to at once assemble at their respective stations. On receipt of the second—all available regular, and special, constables to forthwith muster as directed; men to be detailed to stand in readiness to at once circulate the "take cover" notices; other men ready to proceed to the various shelters, Tubes, and Underground stations, so soon as further orders were received; men qualified to use fire-arms were to be told off in readiness to receive their arms, and ammunition, should necessity for their employment arise; adequate reserves were to be formed, ready to act at once in case of fire, or other emergency. On the receipt of the third—constables were to be at once dispatched to circulate the "take cover" placards, ringing their cycle bells, blowing their whistles, and using every endeavour to ensure that the Public were amply warned; men detailed for the shelters, etc., were immediately to take up duty for protection and regulation at those places; Mounted Police were to stand by, and await orders; points, where traffic crossed, were to be policed to secure free passages for fire engines, ambulances, etc.,

and as far as possible prevent accidents ; the bascules of Tower Bridge would be raised, and traffic was to be diverted ; special constables (and any suitable private persons who would undertake the duty) were to be told off to watch fire alarms, and prevent any improper use of them. On receipt of the fourth—constables on cycles, and on foot, were to be sent to circulate all thoroughfares, exhibiting the “ all clear ” placard, and calling “ all clear,” but *not* to blow their whistles (and so possibly interfere with the welcome bugle warnings of the boy scouts) ; and every endeavour was to be used to induce persons congregated in the shelters, etc., to leave them, and return to their homes (not always an easy task).

“ Orders ” were also issued that immediately on the knowledge of air attack (either from reasonably reliable information, from sight of aircraft, or from explosions, or sound of firing) all constables outside the City at the time were to proceed in the most expeditious manner possible to report themselves for duty at their stations, and special constables outside the City were asked to take the same course.

Complete “ Orders ” for police action were also issued in regard to—Damage done by bombs ; Method of dealing with bombs, or parts of bombs, found,—Communication with Military Authorities ; Anti-aircraft Shells ; Medical Aid ; Hospital Accommodation ; Ambulances ; Persons rendered homeless ; Injury to buildings, or streets ; Supply of immediate telephonic, and subsequent full-written, reports (the details required in each case being minutely specified) of all casualties, and damage, caused by the raid, etc. etc. But these orders would not be of sufficient interest to quote *in extenso*, though their enumeration shows the multifarious

matters which the Police had to deal with, in connection with these raids.

The result of the precautions taken proved satisfactory, for throughout the danger period there was never either shortage of men, or lack of attention to any important detail.

Many owners of suitable premises allowed them to be used as "Shelters," and notices to that effect to be placed on the buildings. Thanks were certainly due to those who took this public-spirited action, which both added to general safety, and helped to allay alarm.

It was not long before the perils of war were brought directly, and forcibly, home to every Londoner, by the frequent air-raids directed against the City and the metropolis, from August, 1915, to May, 1918. These raids necessarily created considerable alarm, but the general equanimity of the people of London was little short of marvellous. They caused very great damage to property, inflicted grievous loss of life, and much terrible personal injury. Many of them were directly aimed at the City, and many attacked the City whilst passing over it, and it is of course of these "City" raids (of which alone I possess greater knowledge than the man in the street) that I write at any length.

It will be remembered that the earlier raids of the War were made by airships (Zeppelins), the later ones, and so far as human life was concerned, the more dangerous, by aeroplanes. The earliest raids of all took place during the spring of 1915, but these were confined to the coast, and were mainly in the nature of reconnaissances. But in August, and early September, of that year there were several raids inland, some of which penetrated to London, though not to the City. On the 8th September, however, the immunity hitherto enjoyed by the City

was disastrously brought to an end. About 12.20 a.m. an airship coming from the direction of Finsbury Park, came over the City, and dropped an incendiary bomb on Cooper's Row, near Fenchurch Street, setting on fire a Store, but doing only small damage, passing immediately over the Thames, in the direction of Bromley. But, in the evening of the same day, the City became the centre of a very heavy attack, which inflicted enormous damage to property, and caused great loss of life. It was indeed, so far as material damage was concerned, far the most serious of all attacks sustained during the War. The raid was undertaken by military and three naval airships. One of the latter, L13, was commanded by the notorious Kapitän-Leutnant Mathy, probably the most skilful and most courageous of all Germany's airship commanders, who, it will be recalled, subsequently met his death at Potter's Bar, on the occasion of another raid. It was his airship, L13, which, at 10.56 p.m., came over the City, and commenced its destructive work. Prior to doing so, it had dropped many incendiary bombs in North London, which did a good deal of damage before the fires caused could be extinguished. In Lamb's Conduit Passage, a high-explosive bomb wrecked a public-house, killed one man, and injured sixteen people ; another dropped in Jockey's Fields and injured four women ; whilst another falling in Portpool Lane killed four children, one an infant, and injured six adults and one child.

But it was upon the City that the main offensive was to fall. Soon after crossing its boundary, L13 dropped three incendiary bombs in the roadway, outside Smithfield Market, without causing any very great damage. She then loosed three incendiary bombs and one high-explosive bomb on Bartholomew Close, fortunately with-

out damage to the celebrated old church, though most of the buildings in the Close, and some in Little Britain, were seriously damaged, and two men were killed, besides a boy and two women being injured. Ten incendiary bombs were then simultaneously dropped in the neighbourhood of Aldermanbury, and these caused the most extensive damage to property ever sustained in this country. Several large blocks of business premises were set on fire, many completely gutted, and all seriously damaged. The total material loss was stupendous. The airship then dropped one high-explosive bomb and two more incendiary bombs near the Guildhall, which, however, fortunately escaped injury, although a block of offices near suffered considerably. Two incendiary bombs were then dropped on Basinghall Street, and several buildings in, and near, the street damaged by fire, and one in Coleman Street, doing slight damage. Afterwards two high-explosive bombs were dropped in Moorgate Street, one of which failed to explode, but the other caused great damage to blocks of offices, and badly injured six women. After this, three incendiary bombs were dropped on the roof of Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, but were at once extinguished by persons on the premises. Next, L13 dropped a high-explosive bomb on London Wall Buildings, wrecking the Record Offices of the London Territorial Force, and then another at the corner of Liverpool Street, which fell on a motor omnibus, entirely destroying it, killing three men and seriously injuring a fourth, as well as blowing in many shop-fronts, doing serious damage to buildings, and burying itself in the street, causing a great crater. Lastly, before leaving the City, the airship dropped its final high-explosive bomb on the Great Eastern Railway line, near Liverpool Street station, damaging some rail-

way arches, and destroying a portion of the permanent way, afterwards passing over the City boundary to pursue its destructive career over outer London.

The scene of desolation the following morning is hard to describe. Streets were thickly covered with broken glass, stones and cement, goods from shop windows, the remains of the wrecked motor omnibus, and above all the piles of ruins due to the utter destruction of large parts of Wood Street, Silver Street, Addle Street, Aldermanbury and of Bartholomew Close, etc. It was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The terrible injury inflicted on the City alone by this raid can perhaps best be conveyed by the following summary of its results :

No. of Incendiary Bombs dropped	.	.	.	23
„ „ High-explosive „	„	.	.	7
„ „ Persons killed	.	.	.	6
„ „ „ injured	.	.	.	38
Estimated damage to property—£510,672.				

The next airship attack on the City came upon the 13th October, rather more than a month later. This raid, so far as the metropolis was concerned, was a very serious one, causing great loss of life, and very considerable damage to property. But its effect upon the City was comparatively small. The airship crossed the City boundary about 9.30 p.m. and dropped two high-explosive bombs on Finsbury Pavement, which killed two persons (one a soldier) and seriously injured six others, besides damaging several buildings. Another high-explosive bomb fell in Aldgate, damaging severely a building used as an hotel, and some other houses, as well as killing one person and injuring eight others. The airship then went off towards Limehouse.

This was the last of the Zeppelin raids on the City, but a number took place in 1916 over the outer parts of London. There was also an airship raid on 20th October, 1917, when four of the airships were reported to have been forced by the wind over France, where three had to descend, one being blown over the Mediterranean Sea. But 1916 practically closed the era of Zeppelin attacks, whilst 1917 ushered in the raids by aeroplanes—raids far more deadly to life, and probably even more generally damaging to property, though not individually the cause of such enormous financial losses as that which the airship raid of the 8th September, 1915, inflicted.

Another feature of these aeroplane raids, and one, of course, of peculiar interest to the City, was that most (if not indeed all) of them were *directly launched with the City as their main objective*. Though there were several cases where that objective was not reached, the peril of its definite intention was very great, and its consequence very disastrous. A further change of plan was also to be noted, viz., that all the earlier aeroplane raids were “daylight” ones, thus adding considerably to the danger to life, owing to the great number of persons about in the City during the daytime. Two of these raids took place on the 25th May and the 5th June, but both, through some mishap, failed to reach their objective (the City), and attacked Folkestone, Sheerness, etc., in lieu thereof.

But the third, that of the 13th June, 1917, was more successful, and the aeroplanes managed to steer their course directly upon London, and to attack the City with the most disastrous results. The day was a lovely one, bright sunshine, a cloudless blue sky, a clear atmosphere, a flight of silvery aeroplanes, little puffs of smoke, from our own bursting anti-aircraft shells, showing for a

moment against the blue sky and gradually dispersing, all combined to set a lovely scene for a tragic drama.

I was in my office when the alarm was given of approaching aeroplanes. I at once went out into the street to watch their coming. They arrived over the centre of the City about 11.40 a.m. The formation consisted of at least fourteen aeroplanes of the very latest type (there may possibly have been more, as eighteen machines were thought to have left Ghent that morning), and they approached the City in two wings, one coming from a north-easterly, the other from an easterly, direction. After dropping bombs on various places, and finally at East Ham and the Royal Albert Docks respectively, they converged shortly after, and flew in mass formation over the City. They advanced unerringly on their mark, possibly aided by such landmarks as St. Paul's Cathedral, Tower Bridge, etc. Between 11.40 and 11.42, on a signal from their leader, they loosed simultaneously no less than seventy-two bombs, to fall within a radius of one mile of Liverpool Street station. After discharging these bombs the squadron again divided, one wing going south across the Thames, the other north in the direction of Dalston.

I almost immediately received a telephone message from Bishopsgate Police Station, reporting very serious damage and loss of life at Liverpool Street station, and at once proceeded there as fast as a taxi could take me. I found a terrible scene. Three high-explosive bombs had fallen on the station, a large portion of the roof had been destroyed, platforms injured, and covered ankle-deep in broken glass, etc., through which the killed and wounded could only be removed with difficulty. A train standing at No. 9 platform had been directly hit, one carriage being completely shattered, and the gas cylin-

ders of two others set fire to, thus causing three persons to be burnt to death. In all, sixteen persons had been killed in the station, and fifteen others more or less seriously injured. All the casualties were men, including four soldiers killed and four wounded. The killed and injured were removed as quickly, and as carefully, as possible, and it was found that the damage caused to the station itself was not such as to seriously interrupt the resumption of traffic.

Whilst at the station, a message was brought to me reporting serious damage having been done in Fenchurch Street, and I proceeded there as soon as the casualties at Liverpool Street had been removed. I found that 65, Fenchurch Street, had been struck by a high-explosive bomb, which had penetrated the building and exploded within. The upper part of the building was utterly demolished, ten people working there had been killed, and many more injured. At 109, Fenchurch Street, a bomb had exploded on impact with a chimney-stack, and set fire to the top story. The housekeeper's wife, who was upon the upper floor, was struck by a fragment of the bomb, and literally decapitated. Altogether in Fenchurch Street the casualties amounted to twenty killed and fourteen injured. A bomb also burst on the pavement in Aldgate, killing thirteen persons and injuring twenty-two. Others fell in Billiter Street, Billiter Square, Bishopsgate, Creechurch Lane, St. Mary Axe, Paternoster Square, Charles Street, and Beech Court, adding twelve persons killed and forty-three persons injured, to the numbers already given.

But perhaps the most sad, and pitiful, case of all occurred just as the squadron was leaving the City, when a high-explosive bomb was loosed upon the Upper North Street Schools, Poplar, full of children at the time,

with the truly awful result of killing eighteen children and injuring thirty more. This was the climax of a raid which can only be described as an atrocity, one in which a helpless civilian population, in a practically undefended city, was ruthlessly bombed by a fleet of aeroplanes, themselves almost immune from risk. If it was not a case of "Murder," it was something hardly distinguishable from it.

I got back to my office soon after one o'clock, and very shortly received a telephone message from Buckingham Palace, saying that the King was on the point of starting for the City, going direct to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and suggesting that I should meet His Majesty at the hospital. I at once proceeded there, getting to the hospital only a few moments before the King arrived. His Majesty made the most minute inquiries as to all the circumstances of the raid, and I furnished the fullest information then in my possession, as to the amount of damage done and the casualties which had taken place. The King told me that after he had had the opportunity of seeing those of the injured who had been brought to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he proposed to go on to the London Hospital to visit the patients there, possibly viewing some of the destruction wrought by the bombs *en route*. He then, accompanied by the Matron and the Secretary of the hospital, visited the various wards where the victims of the raid were lying, conversing with such as were able to, and showing a warm kindness and sympathy, which were most deeply appreciated. I took the opportunity, whilst going round the wards, to arrange with Major Seymour, the equerry in attendance, as to His Majesty's further progress. The streets were, of course, densely crowded, especially near where explosions had taken place, and the traffic was much

disorganized. I was conscious that to get the King's car quickly, and safely, through would be a matter of no small difficulty. I therefore arranged with Major Seymour to take a taxi, with a couple of policemen with me, who could get down from time to time to deal with traffic, or other obstruction, and so to obtain as clear a route as possible for His Majesty's car. I asked him to instruct the King's chauffeur on no account to attempt to pass the taxi, but to follow it as closely as possible. The arrangement proved completely successful. No matter how dense the crowd, it was only necessary to make it known that the King wished to get through, for every man to turn policeman for the time, and help to clear the way, and for every vehicle to pull to one side and stop. His Majesty received the most loyal and enthusiastic, if sadly subdued, reception, wherever he was recognized, and the journey to the London Hospital was made with wonderfully little difficulty. Here the King again visited all the patients who had been brought in from the scenes of the various explosions, asking many questions, and evincing the most sympathetic concern. After the conclusion of his visit to the hospital, I again escorted His Majesty, in the same manner, until the crowded parts of the City were passed through, and a clear route back to the Palace assured.

In concluding the account of this raid, it may be well to give a summary of the *total* casualties caused :

<i>Killed</i> —91 men, 25 women, 42 children	.	.	158
<i>Injured</i> —215 men, 97 women, 99 children	.	.	411
			<hr/>
			569
			<hr/>

From that fatal 13th June until the 7th July, the City, at all events, was left free from further attack. On the 4th July there was a raid on the eastern counties, notably

on Harwich, and also on Felixstowe. Having dropped a number of bombs, inflicting little damage, but causing several casualties, the aeroplanes departed, without attempting to penetrate further inland. But, on the 7th July, another determined, and serious, attack was made upon the City of London. Probably the most remarkable fact in regard to it was that, although the number of high-explosive bombs dropped on the City was much greater than on the 13th June, the number of casualties was much smaller than on the occasion of the earlier raid. There seems little doubt that this was due to the fact that, after the serious experiences of the previous raid, the Public promptly took cover when the enemy approached.

The number of aeroplanes attacking on this occasion was twenty-two (six or eight more than on the 13th June), all of the newest type. The attack was made from the north of London, by way of Waltham Abbey, and the aeroplanes arrived over the City about 10.32 a.m. Bartholomew Close again suffered severely. A high-explosive bomb was loosed upon it, two warehouses were completely burnt out, and neighbouring premises were damaged, five men were killed, and three men and one woman injured. Again, happily, the grand old church escaped damage. Another high-explosive bomb was dropped in Lower Thames Street, and caused some damage to buildings, killing four men and injuring six men and one child. Another fell on the Central Telegraph Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, damaging the roof and upper floor, killing one man and injuring four more. In Cox's Court, Little Britain, four buildings were burnt out, one man was killed, and four women injured; and at various other points in the City damage was done to buildings, and several small fires caused, besides one man

being killed and six men and one woman injured. In Leadenhall Street a bomb fell on the roadway, to which much damage was done, besides injury to the gas and water mains. A shell penetrated the roof of Cannon Street railway station near the signal-box, but failed to explode. The whole raid lasted but a short time, and in a few minutes the aeroplanes were making their way down the course of the Thames on their way home.

This was the last of the very destructive "daylight" raids. After this the enemy appeared to have again decided on a change of tactics, and once more commenced a series of night attacks, which, though causing much alarm, were far less serious, to the City at all events, in their result. My chief personal complaint with regard to them was that they seemed always to be timed so as to drag me out of bed just as I had fallen comfortably asleep after a hard day's work. I well remember the experience of listening to the ringing of the telephone-bell in my room, which called me from bed to rush off for duty in the City.

On the 4th September, 1917, one aeroplane flew over the City and dropped a high-explosive bomb in Queen Victoria Street, which, however, did no great damage. A number of raids took place later in September, and during October, but did not penetrate to the City, though of course necessitating all protective arrangements (mustering of Police and special constables, etc., etc.) being put in force. Further raids followed on the 6th and 18th December, and on the 17th February, 1918. But more than half the bombs dropped in these raids were incendiary ones, and, so far as the City was concerned, no very considerable mischief was done, and the only casualties suffered were two persons injured.

A very remarkable escape from what might have been

a terrible calamity occurred on the occasion of the raid of the 17th February. At 10.55 on the evening of that day, one of the new "Giant" bombers, which had then just come into use, dropped a high-explosive bomb upon a house in Fetter Lane. The building was a five-storied one, and many people were within it. The bomb penetrated from the roof to the ground floor, but failed to explode. *It was picked up "alive."* It seems probable that its convex exterior must have touched a chimney-stack during the descent, the bomb being thus deflected, penetrating sideways through the five floors, so avoiding contact with its percussion fuse. Had it exploded, the loss of life would have been very great; the escape seemed almost miraculous.

I have already referred to the wonderful calmness and courage with which the large numbers of men and women endangered, met the new, and hitherto unimagined, terrors of these raids. The only exception to the proud conduct of the Londoner was in the case of the great invasion of people from the East End. These (to the credit of the British name) were mostly aliens of the lowest type, who used to make frantic rushes for the Underground stations, great hulking men pushing aside women and children in their anxiety to save their own miserable skins and to get first into a place of safety. It became necessary to post Police at the steps leading to these stations, to secure some sort of order, and to prevent serious accident. Many of the people referred to brought things with them and "camped out" on the station platforms, others travelled up and down in the trains. It was, no doubt, wise and desirable that shelter should be sought on the occasion of raids, and no one could possibly blame these people for seeking it. But the sight of the despicable cowardice

often exhibited is not easy to forget, the consolation being that it was "not English."

The 20th May, 1918, saw the last air-raid over London. The City again escaped lightly. One high-explosive bomb only fell within its limits, and this did little mischief, and caused no casualties. And so ended a period of sad personal loss, and much material damage.

CHAPTER XX

POLICE STRIKES

Discontent in the Police—National Union of Police and Prison Officers—Police “Strike,” 1918—Representative Committees—Continued Disaffection—“Desborough” Committee—Police “Strike,” 1919—Police Federation—Question of Reinstatement of Police “Strikers.”

Far the most anxious, and the most trying, of all the experiences of my police career, was that of the unhappy “Strikes” of 1918 and of 1919. “Strikes” may be a legitimate and, possibly indeed, the only resource in the case of trade disputes ; but in the case of public servants, on whose discipline and efficiency the community have to rely for the maintenance of peace and order, and for the safety of life and property, a so-called “Strike” is nothing short of a “Mutiny,” a *crime* of the worst possible description, which no grievances, no matter how great, or how well founded, can ever justify, a crime which should always be met with the sternest repression, and punished with the utmost severity.

But, having said this, and it can never be insisted upon too strongly, I must add, not as a justification (for nothing can justify), but as a certain measure of excuse, the unfortunate circumstances which culminated in the great Police Strike of 1918. For long, certainly from 1914, the Police were miserably underpaid. It was hard for many men to keep body and soul together, and

as the War proceeded, these hardships became accentuated, and cases came to my personal knowledge approximating to destitution; and yet these men were expected to maintain an outwardly respectable mode of life, and to perform arduous and responsible duties. It was pitiable and unjustifiable.

And ¹ "the Police had no proper and legalized method for making adequate and effective representation of their grievances to the responsible authorities. The effect was to drive underground legitimate complaints and grievances, to provide a fertile field for all kinds of agitation, *bona fide* and otherwise (including much of a subversive character intolerable in a body of responsible and disciplined public servants), to breed wholesale discontent, and to lead to a situation of danger unprecedented in the history of the Police."

Their Officers, anxious as they were, and in spite of effort, were powerless to help them—a matter the men (who naturally considered them able to do so) could hardly be expected to realize. And this necessarily led to a suspicion of, and want of confidence in, their Officers (hard for them to bear), and subversive of all true discipline. I well remember Sir Edward Henry and myself, not very long before the crisis came, together *begging* for a very small increase of wages, and receiving the reply, "Impossible, impossible." And yet, not long after, when the Strike had taken place, it was found possible to at once grant an increase of very much larger amount. Truly a dangerous lesson to teach—that Force was a stronger argument than Reason. Some years previously, too, the Police had been taught the same lesson. Prior to 1890, there was much discontent in the various Forces on the subject of their pensions. That they had a legitimate grievance was admitted, a Parliamentary Committee had made recommendations,

¹ Report of Police Federation, 1925.

but the Government "could not find time" for a Bill. Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., more than once introduced private Bills to try and meet the trouble, but these were invariably shelved. Mr. Monro, C.B. (Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police), pressed the matter to an extent which compelled his resignation. At last there was a sort of mutiny of the Police at Bow Street, and then, in a very few weeks, the Police Act, 1890, was passed through all its stages; the Police received *far more* than they ever ventured to expect, and the tax-payer had to shoulder a considerably greater burden of expenditure than would have been necessary had well-considered action been taken *before* trouble arose.

So far as the City Police were concerned, portents of the coming trouble began to be apparent early in 1916. A secret, and illicit, organization calling itself "The National Union of Police and Prison Officers" was already in existence, consisting of disaffected agitators, and including members and ex-members (some who had been dismissed from the Police for misconduct) of the Metropolitan Force, some Prison Officers, some members of provincial Police Forces, and some of the City Police. These latter were generally known to me, though I had no evidence of the fact that I could use. Whatever the original objects of the Union may have been, its ultimate activities undoubtedly tended to the destruction of police discipline, and the removal of the *real* control of the Police from Parliament, from the Government, and from its responsible Officers, to a syndicate of the men themselves, or rather to the caucus of the Union. The Police had been forbidden by H.M. Government to belong to it, and the wisdom of that decision can hardly be doubted, even though unhappily it was temporarily

reversed in 1918, to be subsequently re-enacted by Act of Parliament in 1919.¹

The Police Union was practically a secret society, it worked underground, and was therefore extremely difficult to deal with. Its tendency was to inflame the minds of men, already seriously troubled as to their position, and during the three years 1916-19 it almost succeeded in destroying the efficiency of the police service for all future time.

In January, 1916, a City constable was found by an Inspector to be soliciting signatures to a memorial which was considered improper, and he was warned not to do so. On the same day this memorial was distributed for signature at a police station. The next morning I personally saw the constable in question, as well as one or two others believed to have knowledge of the matter, pointed out to them the impropriety of such conduct, and the absolute falsity of many statements in the memorial, and told them its distribution could not be permitted. That same evening, copies of the identical memorial were widely distributed *from the offices of the National Union of Police and Prison Officers*, with the statement that it was issued on behalf of the City Police. On learning this, I issued an Order to the Force, again calling attention to the instructions of the Secretary of

¹ Though only *ex post facto* evidence, the following letter, written by the General Secretary of the Communist Party, dated 30th March, 1925, illustrates the wisdom of the prohibition, and one of the dangers to be guarded against. It ran: "There is no objection to members of the Party joining the Police, if they are thoroughly reliable members. Before any action is taken in this direction, it is desirable that the record of any such member be carefully considered, and their complete trustworthiness established, and after they have joined, a list should be carefully kept. Half a dozen good party members in the Police Forces of the big towns would certainly be very useful."

State that it was impossible to allow such a Union to be established in connection with an organized and disciplined Force, such as the Police, and definitely prohibiting any member of the City Police from belonging to it, or subscribing to its funds, and warning them that instant dismissal must follow on such an offence being proved. Men already connected with the Union were ordered to at once sever their connection with it.

Later, the same constable was found to be endeavouring to get other petitions signed, and as I knew he was really acting on behalf of the Union, I again sent for him, and cautioned him as to the serious consequences of any connection with a prohibited organization, or with illicit agitation and agitators. *He then gave me his word of honour* that he would never again associate himself with any agitation so long as he remained in the Force. In February, 1917, however, when the Metropolitan Police detectives raided a house in Pimlico, where a meeting of the Police Union was taking place, this constable (together with another City constable) was found taking part in the proceedings. After the warnings given, and *his own promise*, I had, of course, no option but to dismiss him from the Force, as also I did the other constable referred to.

I only mention his case as a type of many which were occurring, not only in the City, but more especially in the Metropolitan, jurisdiction. Among other cases dealt with in the Metropolitan Police was that of a constable named Thiel, who was dismissed for taking part in the management of the Police Union, and whose dismissal was one of the principal grounds alleged for the Strike in 1918. And so things went on for a year and a half, gradually working up to the crisis which came at the end of that time.

On the 27th August, 1918, the National Union of Police and Prison Officers presented a formal "ultimatum" to the Authorities. Their letter demanded: (1) An immediate increase of pay and bonus, (2) the immediate reinstatement, without any loss of pay or service, of Police Constable Thiel, who had been dismissed, and (3) the complete "official" recognition of the Union. They concluded by demanding compliance before midnight on the 29th August and threatened immediate action in the event of non-compliance. No reply having been given to this impudent missive, the threatened Strike began on the morning of the 30th August, when thousands of Police left their beats, and went off duty, leaving London practically without protection. It was little short of providential that no serious mischief occurred during the next twenty-four hours, at the end of which the Strike was called off.

But it was only ended at a great cost, by the personal intervention of the Prime Minister, and by a practical concession of all the demands of the Union. And even then, it only produced an "armistice," and not a "peace," for the agitators thought (and rightly) that they had won a great victory and were all-powerful. And grave trouble, indiscipline and inefficiency continued to remain, until the Strike of 1919 happily came as a blessing in disguise, for it ended in a complete defeat of the disruptive efforts of the Police and Prison Officers' Union, in the dismissal from the Police Forces of practically the whole of the dangerous agitators (as well, unfortunately, as that of many of their dupes), and led at last to a restoration of goodwill, discipline and efficiency in the London Police, which it may be hoped will never again be lost.

Following on the Prime Minister's decision, orders

were issued that in future constables would be allowed to be members of the Police and Prison Officers' Union, *provided the Union did not attempt to interfere with discipline*: that pay and allowance should be forthwith largely increased: and that Police Constable Thiel should be immediately reinstated in the Police, without loss of pay or service. As a consequence of this last decision, I felt I had no option but also to order the reinstatement of the two City constables to whom I have referred, for their offence was similar to that of Thiel, but less flagrant.

And two other important departures were also decided on, the constitution of "Representative Committees," to be elected by the men themselves, to consider and bring before their authorities any matters concerning their welfare and efficiency; and later the setting up by the Home Office of the "Desborough Committee" to consider the whole question of the pay, pensions, conditions of service, etc., of the Police Forces of England, Wales and Scotland.

Immediately after the settlement of the Strike, I had interviews with some of the men's leaders to discuss the question of the proposed Representative Committees, but found any agreement upon it impossible. Their spokesman was a constable named Zollner, a man of considerable intelligence, diverted unfortunately into wrong channels. His manner was always offensive and provocative, and he had certainly mistaken his vocation in becoming a policeman. He was one of the most active members, and an executive Officer, of the National Union of Police and Prison Officers, and was dismissed from the Police Force after the Strike of 1919.

On the 11th September I called a meeting of delegates

(three to be selected by the men of each Division) to meet me and consider a proposed constitution of a Representative Committee. Fifteen men attended, including Zollner, but fourteen of them declined to offer an opinion, or say a word, except that Zollner spoke for all. He began a speech by saying, "The Strike was not a question of money, it was justice they wanted, and brotherhood among the men. It was caused by the dismissal of Thiel, and there were six hundred members of the City Police who were members of the Union, and insisted on its *full* recognition. He did not want anything done at present, as it might influence the Prime Minister as to giving *full* recognition." I explained that that was a question for the Prime Minister, and not for me, or for them, and I made certain suggestions as to the course which might be considered for the appointment of a Representative Committee. Zollner, in reply, said in a most offensive manner, "Those arrangements might be all very well now, but they would probably before long be broken, or forgotten, and he hoped they might have a copy in writing of my remarks." Nothing could be settled at that meeting, but after several further interviews with a deputation of the delegates, I finally got them to agree to a form of constitution, and orders were issued on the 26th September for the election of a Representative Committee.

The first meeting of the Committee took place on the 22nd October. I took the chair pending the election of a chairman, and addressed to them the following remarks :

"I am glad to meet you here to-day. This Committee promises to provide additional facilities for making me fully acquainted with the real views and wishes of the City Police, and personally, therefore, I welcome

it warmly as able to afford valuable service to me in the discharge of often very difficult duties. I sincerely hope, too, it may be of the highest value both to the Police Force and to the City of London.

“ I need hardly remind you of the great importance which attaches to the position of each *individual* member of this Committee. Upon your capacity, your level-headedness, your good sense, your moderation, the success or otherwise of this new departure must depend. Any assistance I can give you is freely at your service. . . . I am certain you will, each and all, approach your duties with that sense of responsibility and that good feeling which will ensure for the work of the Committee, *not* the making of trouble, but the realization of much good.”

After the election of a chairman, I retired and left the Committee to their deliberations. They met from day to day until the 20th October, when they brought to me their first set of propositions. These clearly showed the drift of their intentions. They included demands for the repeal of the section of an Act of Parliament forfeiting the pension of a constable convicted of indictable crime, found associating with thieves, or being guilty of other disgraceful conduct ; for the curtailment of the power of the Commissioner as to the dismissal of constables ; for the right to post notices of the Police and Prison Officers' Union on the official notice-boards at the various police stations ; and for all future promotions in the Police to be made by competitive examination only, thus eliminating any question of personal fitness or qualification for higher rank. There were other propositions regarding pay and allowances, and some on minor matters of police duty. The deputation presenting the propositions pointedly referred to each

other (not as Police Constable, but) as " Brother " Zollner, " Brother " Simmons, etc.

Constant meetings continued to be held until the 28th May, 1919. Many practical questions were brought under notice, and where good cause of grievance could be shown, were promptly remedied. Many were simply absurd, such as a request that the Corporation should build a " Garden City " outside London, for occupation by the Police. Many more had reference to questions of discipline affecting individuals, to which I could only reply "*Ultra vires.*" The attitude of the leading members of the Committee made it clear that they considered themselves as "*representatives of the Union*"; it was always unpleasant and provocative, and I never in my life had greater difficulty in maintaining my temper, but I was determined to use every possible effort to endeavour eventually to secure a better feeling, and to induce them to concentrate on useful work. But, with the forces then ruling, such efforts were of no avail, and it became clear that another serious crisis was approaching.

In the meantime, on the 1st March, 1919, an influential Committee was set up by the Secretary of State, " to consider and report whether any and what changes should be made in the method of recruiting for, the conditions of service of, and the rates of pay, pensions and allowances of, the Police Force of England, Wales and Scotland." Lord Desborough, K.C.V.O., was appointed its Chairman, and the Committee soon became well known as the " Desborough Committee." It lost no time in tackling the difficult questions referred to it. It held thirty-four sittings, took an enormous amount of evidence, including the fullest representation of the views of the men themselves, of whom eighty-seven witnesses were heard from the Metropolitan and City Police, the

Counties and Boroughs of England and Wales, and the Scottish Forces. And the Committee actually succeeded in presenting to the Secretary of State Part I of their Report on the 1st July, 1919. This part dealt with all the "burning" questions submitted to them, viz., pay, rent aid, housing, and certain matters of organization. The award of the Committee was received with enthusiasm by the general body of the Police; it soon became known as "The Policemen's Charter" (a phrase borrowed from the then Secretary of State); it conceded to them more than they had hardly dared to hope, and they would have been only too ready to accept it joyfully then, as they did so very soon after. But of course it was not welcomed by the National Union of Police and Prison Officers, who knew that it would prove a death-blow to their subversive aims, and they at once determined to try and counteract its effect.

The Home Office lost no time approving the recommendations of the Desborough Committee, and, on the 18th July, issued a circular letter to all Police Authorities, informing them that the Secretary of State had already adopted the Scale of Pay, etc. recommended by the Committee, for the Metropolitan Police, with retrospective effect from the 1st April, and suggesting that (though he was unable to enforce a similar course upon the Local Authorities, pending the passing of the Police Bill,¹ which he had already introduced into Parliament) they likewise should give immediate and retrospective effect to the recommendations. The City Police Author-

¹ That Bill provided, *inter alia*, for the formation of a "Police Federation," so that the Police secured full representative means of drawing attention to their wishes or grievances, without the interposition of such a subversive body as the Police Union. It also prohibited constables belonging to any Union.

ity at once complied, the Police Committee approved the new scale of pay, etc., on the 23rd July, and the Police Force were informed of this, and on the 28th July the Court of Common Council formally sanctioned its adoption. These dates are important in view of the further Strike on the 1st August.

From 1918, the efficiency of the Police had gradually deteriorated. Officers were *afraid* to report men for neglect, and it was evident that further active mutiny was contemplated. In view of this I issued the following Order on the 30th May, 1919 :

“ His Majesty’s Government having decided upon the action to be taken in the event of Police withdrawing themselves from duty, the Commissioner (although he hopes with confidence that the great majority of the Force have no intention of so doing) feels bound, not only in common justice, but also out of sincere regard for the ultimate welfare of the men, to warn them of that decision, and the very serious consequences which it must entail on any Officer or man who may allow himself to be led away by persons who place individual interests before those of the State.

“ It must be distinctly understood by all ranks that any Officer or man, who fails to report in the ordinary course of duty, or when called upon, will be summarily dismissed from the Force, and that such dismissal will result in the loss of all time that may have been made towards pension. Officers and men must, if necessary, defend themselves by all legitimate means, if interfered with in the execution of their duty.

“ It is pointed out for general information that the Trades Dispute Act, 1906, does not apply to a dispute between the Government and the Police, as the latter are not ‘ workmen ’ within the definition of sec. 5 (3) of this Act.

“ Any forcible prevention of, or interference with, a police Officer who is parading for duty, or is on duty, is an obstruction of the Police, under the Prevention of Crimes Acts, 1885, and steps will be taken by the Police to enforce the provisions of that Act.”

On the 31st May, the Lord Mayor invited as many members of the Force as possible to meet him at the Mansion House “ to discuss the situation in a friendly

way." More than half the total strength of the Force accepted the invitation. The Lord Mayor assured the men that every legitimate grievance would be fully considered, that the Police Force was highly esteemed and valued, and that there was every desire it should be treated generously and well. He urged them to consider the necessarily serious consequences to themselves of breach of faith with the Public. Several Aldermen, and others, addressed the meeting to the same effect, and a general discussion took place.

On the 23rd July (realizing that the crisis was close at hand, and could hardly be averted) I repeated the Order issued on the 30th May, and directed it should be specially emphasized and brought to the notice of every member of the Force. It is ludicrous to suggest (as has been done later by sympathizers with the strikers) that the men were not more than fully warned.

On the same day that I issued this last Order, the official organ of the Union, the *Police and Prison Officers' Magazine*, contained a letter from the General Secretary of the Union, adversely criticizing the Bill, brought in by the Government to give effect to the recommendations of the Desborough Committee, on almost every point, but especially on the grounds that it would prohibit police Officers from being members of the Union and would "*render punishable all attempts to create disaffection among the Police, or to induce them to withdraw from duty,*" and concluding with these words: "We hereby accept the challenge of the Government . . . and leave it to Father Time to prove that they have apparently misjudged the measure of our worth." The same issue of the Magazine contained a report of a large meeting of members of the Union, held at the Holborn Empire on the 13th July, prefacing the report with the

statement that "the Home Secretary and the Commissioner of Police continue to bark at the moon, the Union in return treats them with profound contempt." Speakers at the meeting delivered themselves of the following sentiments: "The action of the authorities was a huge piece of bluff. A victory was going to be won. Let each be able to say, 'I did my bit.' They were going to stand by the Union." A pamphlet was also distributed by the Union, stating, "Pay is inadequate." (No reference to the then known action of the Desborough Committee.) "Some of the conditions of service are worthy of the Middle Ages. . . . Do you now realize the necessity for a Union? Are you determined to secure its official recognition? Did you not become a member ready to fight with, and for, others?" Not a word in favour of "The Policeman's Charter," nothing but incentive to violent action.

And so, on the 1st August, 1919, the second Police Strike took place, and without even the small excuse which might have been urged for the first. In that strike large numbers of well-intentioned and good constables had been persuaded by the argument that no other course could secure attention to their undoubted grievances and hardships, but they were, at heart, loyal and sensible men, and now realized that even at that time their conduct had been indefensible, and that they had been led astray. But now, with generous pay secured, with all their more important grievances remedied, and with means provided for the representation and amendment of any which might remain, they felt they had little to complain of, and they had no intention of being made the catspaws of an Anarchic Union, whose aim (already made fairly manifest) was to constitute itself an engine of tyranny far greater than even the

most excessive form of official discipline could ever possibly be. So, when the Strike was ordered, a comparatively small proportion of the London Police responded to the call of the Union.

In the City, only 16 per cent of the Force withdrew, or absented themselves from duty. Of these probably less than half were actual Union agitators, or men who were, more or less, in sympathy with them. The other half were poor *dupes*, either too weak to resist persuasion or too cowardly to face intimidation. What even one man, strong enough to answer intimidation in its own way, could do, was proved at a City police station, where a threatened constable simply replied by hitting the would-be intimidator a blow straight between the eyes, and knocking him, more or less senseless, to the floor of the station, with the result that not a single man present responded to the Union's call. On the 1st and 2nd August the whole of the men who had refused duty were summarily dismissed from the Force. This complete riddance of the whole of the agitators and mischief-makers, at one swoop, was indeed an absolute godsend, the only thing which could ever possibly have afforded a chance of future efficiency, the one great and all-important *benefit* of the Strike. And it could hardly even be urged that (no matter how much they and their families were to be *pitied*) men who were so weak, or so cowardly, as to join the agitators, were suitable men to be policemen.

To prove the change of feeling which had come about, and the general opinion of the City Police on the subject of the Strike, the following "proposition" of the Representative Board of the 7th August, 1919 (the first meeting after the influence of Zollner and Co. had been eliminated), is conclusive. It ran :

"We, the members of the City of London Police, desire to tender our sincere thanks to the Commissioner for the courtesy displayed by him under all circumstances, and for the helpful advice and unfailing support given by him in all matters appertaining to the pay and conditions of service, placed before the various Committees, especially the Home Office Committee, which resulted in the recent considerable rise of salary and improved conditions of service for all ranks.

"We also wish to repudiate the action of those Officers who have withdrawn from duty, and to place on record our unswerving loyalty and firm determination to carry out our duties as policemen throughout the present crisis, and to express our resentment and condemnation of the attitude, actions, and methods, adopted by certain members of the National Union of Police and Prison Officers, which was an attempt to bring discredit on the Forces as a whole—the strikers in particular—which may result in suffering to their wives and families. We assure the Commissioner that, come what may, he can rely upon us all standing firm at our posts, thereby safeguarding the interests of the City of London, and the community as a whole."

That assurance has never been gone back on, and I am glad indeed to know that all the suspicion, disloyalty and trouble of that wretched and dangerous time in 1918-19 has disappeared, and that the efficiency of the London Police has never been higher than it is in the present day.¹

Among other provisions of the Police Act, 1919, was one for the establishment of a "Police Federation" (to consist of every police Officer in the country), in order

¹ (June, 1926). I cannot refrain from adding a postscript. The conduct of the Police during the great General Strike, so lately terminated, has more than justified the belief expressed above. It has proved beyond doubt (what to me was a certainty before) the present stanch loyalty, and high efficiency, of the Police. The Public have testified to this in no half-hearted way, not only by the universal praise accorded, but also by the wonderful response given to the lead of *The Times* for marking their approval in permanent form. The Police may well be proud of such a tribute, which must make them more than ever resolved to maintain the splendid reputation, now so fully established.

that the views, wishes, or grievances, of the Police may always be properly, and openly, brought to the notice of the supreme authority. The Federation includes "Branch Boards," established for each rank in every separate Police Force (and, when the ranks combine, designated "Joint Branch Boards"). Finally, the Federation, the Chief Officers, the Local Authorities, and the Government, are all represented on the "Police Council" (which has direct access to, and is, indeed, often presided over by, the Secretary of State), who discuss all important matters of police pay, organization, or grievances, and make representations where necessary. Thus one of the great difficulties which led to the unfortunate Strike of 1918 has been removed.

The Branch Boards are, of course, the foundation-stone of this organization. They are the *direct successors of the ill-fated Representative Committees*, but they are more formally constituted, and *act in a very different spirit* to that of those old committees, dominated by disloyal agitators. In my "Farewell" Order to the Force, on the 29th September, 1925, I had no hesitation in saying :

"I desire to thank the Joint Branch Boards for the aid they have given me to obtain reliable, and first-hand, information as to the view and desires of the Force on all matters affecting their interests and efficiency. The Boards have always taken a broad and fair view of their responsibilities, both towards the men they represent and towards the authorities they serve, and their appointment has been more than justified."

A very marked, and important, proof of the great value of the organization thus established was provided in 1925. A matter of somewhat crucial importance, which was exciting considerable feeling and unrest in the Police, came (in ordinary course) to be dealt with by the Police Council. There all sides had a fair hearing,

and all came to appreciate the arguments of *the other side*. The Secretary of State was sympathetic and tactful, as well as firm, and the consequence was that what, in the bad old time, might have led to most serious trouble, was settled in a perfectly amicable way, and without any untoward result.

In giving an account of the Police Strikes, I have necessarily confined myself mainly to matters directly concerned with the City Police, but I cannot refrain from here expressing my appreciation and thanks, for the friendly and cordial co-operation of Sir Nevil Macready, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis. He was always ready to lend the help of the "Big Brother" to the "Little Brother" of the City, and his invaluable services in helping to frustrate the pernicious and subversive efforts of the National Union of Police and Prison Officers did much for the future well-being and efficiency of the Police Forces of London.

Not long after police affairs had once more settled down, efforts were commenced to endeavour to secure the reinstatement in the Police of the dismissed "Strikers." "Extenuating circumstances" were urged; "ignorance" of the heinous nature of the offence and the serious consequences to the offender; that it was not an "ordinary" Strike, but only a protest against injustice; that it was devoid of "ulterior motives"; and, above all, an *ad misericordiam* appeal for mercy for the dismissed men, their wives and families. After considerable agitation, Mr. Henderson, then Home Secretary, appointed a Committee to take evidence, to consider the question, and to report their recommendations. I gave evidence before this Committee, pointing out, in reply to the arguments which were urged, that so far from there being any *extenuating* circumstances,

the Strike of 1919 was a most aggravated offence, a rank "*mutiny*," after the most constantly repeated and strongest warnings. That after the Order of the 30th May, repeated and emphasized on the 31st July, it was futile to suggest *ignorance* either of the heinous character of the offence or of the consequences which it would entail. That it was by no means devoid of *ulterior motive*, on the contrary was engineered to break down discipline, to undermine authority, and to foster disloyal action. That, whilst pity must naturally be felt for the dupes who had gone on strike, the public interest must come before any such consideration, and that these men had shown themselves unfit to be policemen, whether their action was due to their being too weak to resist persuasion, or too cowardly to repel intimidation. That even were it possible (which it was not) to differentiate as to degrees of guilt, the reinstatement of *any* of them would be a fatal blow to future police efficiency. I added that: "Under no circumstances will I reinstate a single one of these men, unless compelled to do so by an Act of Parliament." The Commissioner, and the ex-Commissioner, of Metropolitan Police, the Chairmen of the Watch Committees, and the Chief Constables of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, gave similar evidence, and finally the Committee (by a majority) reported definitely against any reinstatement. Certain recommendations of a financial nature (return of pension contribution) were made by the Committee, to alleviate somewhat the privations suffered by the dismissed men and their families. This recommendation did not, of course, in any way affect "police efficiency"—it was only suggesting a "dole" to relieve what, in many cases, was undoubted poverty. There seemed therefore no objection to such merely charitable

relief to these men (even though they had been guilty of an unpardonable offence), and indeed the desire to grant it could only meet with sympathy. It is to be hoped, therefore, that full effect may be given to the recommendation of the Committee.

CHAPTER XXI

TRAFFIC AND POLICE AUTHORITY

London Traffic—Early Action of the City—Traffic Act, 1924—Traffic Advisory Committee—"Police Authority" of the City—Police Ambulance Service—London County Council Ambulances—Instruction of Police in "First Aid."

The problem of London Traffic is truly a gigantic one ; it is really not far short (as was once remarked by Sir Henry Maybury) of that of how best to "get a quart of liquid into a pint pot." I do not, of course, propose to even attempt to deal with the general aspects of this great question ; it would be out of place in such reminiscences as these, even if it were in the least possible. I shall therefore only refer to a few facts as to how the City has tried, in the past, to deal with its own special and peculiarly difficult part of the problem, and to my own personal experience as a member of the London, and Home Counties, Traffic Advisory Committee.

I think I may fairly claim for the City of London that it has been a pioneer in traffic reform, and that its many private Acts of Parliament, and the Regulations made thereunder, have even served as models for the whole of the London area, under the authority of the Traffic Advisory Committee. Years ago, the City obtained powers to regulate the routes of omnibuses within its jurisdiction, valuable powers long wanting in the Metropolitan Police District, but which now, under the provisions of the Traffic Act, 1924, are being widely

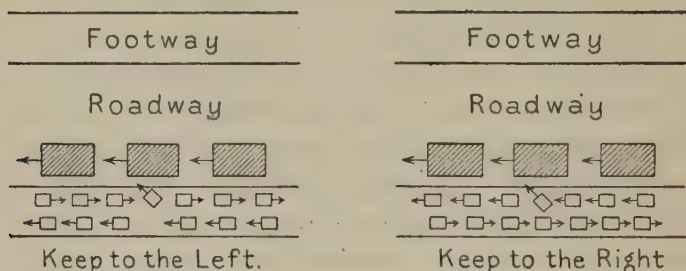
used, and with the best effect, by the Traffic Advisory Committee. The City had also obtained powers for dealing with that terrible obstruction to traffic caused by street traders, powers which produced excellent results, but which (or any other equally efficient ones) are still wanting in "outer" London. Another matter with which the City had long dealt was the prohibition of sandwichmen, advertising vehicles, distribution of circulars, etc., in the streets. Powers in the matter were somewhat doubtful, but it was enacted that the permission of the Commissioner of Police had to be obtained for such exhibitions. I was, of course, bound to "consider" every application, but in view of the very serious obstruction caused, I made up my mind to exercise my "discretion" by refusing *every* application, and thus relieved the City of one vast impediment to the easy flow of traffic. The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police could not see his way to adopt a similar course, but now the Traffic Advisory Committee have decided to prohibit these obstructions in all the principal thoroughfares in the Metropolitan area, a course which will undoubtedly prove a great relief to traffic.

One of the most difficult questions with which the City Police have to deal is that of vehicles loading and unloading in the streets. There is no doubt that in the narrow and crowded streets of the City the obstruction caused is very serious, and that *if* they could be removed traffic would be enormously expedited. It is easy to criticize the Police for not being more active in regard to them, but the critics should realize the other side of the question also. The City is one huge Mart, and if reasonable facilities are not given for the loading and unloading of goods, its trade would be vitally interfered with, and its position as a great commercial centre destroyed.

The only really complete remedy would be a rebuilding of the entire City, but as this is scarcely practical politics, the Police can in the meantime only endeavour to administer the law in such a way as to secure a fair balance between the opposing interests of Trade and Traffic.

Another question, upon which there has been much discussion, one which the City has definitely decided in the negative, is that of "Keep to the Left" (for pedestrians). There has been strong advocacy of this proposal to vary the time-honoured custom of "Keep to the Right." Some of its advocates (even in the House of Lords) have seemed to consider that personal rudeness and discourtesy, and scoffing at any different opinion to their own, was the best support for their view. I think, however, I am right in saying that the main *argument* urged by those advocating the change was the desirability of persons wishing to cross a street "facing" the vehicular traffic. This argument would, of course, be sound if all pedestrians were proceeding in one direction, but it altogether fails when it is remembered that pedestrian traffic, like vehicular, is moving both ways, and that if the stream nearest to the curb is "keeping to the left," any person in the *other* line, wishing to cross the street (and there would be as many in one line as in the other desiring to do so), would have first to make his way across the pedestrian line approaching him, and would naturally face that line in order to do so. He would thus have his attention diverted from, and his back to, the vehicular line of traffic "at the crucial moment" before stepping into the roadway. He would therefore run a far greater risk than if he had been keeping to the right, and had to think only of avoiding the vehicular traffic. I speak feelingly, for I myself (on one of the few occasions on which I departed from my almost

invariable rule of keeping to the right) was knocked down by a motor, owing to the very cause I try to describe. The following diagram may help to explain what it is difficult to convey verbally:



Another important point in the consideration of the question is the enormous difficulty of breaking down a long-established custom. This has been already proved ; for many towns which have tried to introduce the rule of “ Keep to the Left ” have found that it only led to endless trouble, confusion and danger, and have therefore given up the attempt and decided to leave things as they were. The average Englishman objects to being dragooned into walking on a particular side of the pavement—he prefers to adhere to the rule to which he has been accustomed. Even if a “ law ” were made, it would be practically impossible to enforce it, and in the City at all events no necessity for such a law can be shown, for the old custom has been proved a safe one, inasmuch as there has for years been hardly one (if any) accident due to the observance of the rule of “ Keep to the Right.”

Turning to the subject of the general traffic of London, it is, of course, obvious that no real improvement could be made until the question could be dealt with *as a whole* ; not as it concerns the City alone, not even as it

concerns the metropolis alone, but as it concerns all that vast surrounding populated area which might justly be described as "London." And this has now been recognized by the passing of the Traffic Act, 1924, and the appointment, under the provisions of that Act, of the Traffic Advisory Committee. The Committee consists of representatives of H.M. Government, of the various Local Authorities, of the Police, and (for certain purposes) of various traffic interests. It would be difficult to find a more competent, more experienced, or keener, body of men to deal with the important questions committed to them. Their Chairman, Sir Henry Maybury, is a perfect encyclopædia of traffic knowledge, an expert in the best sense of the term, a popular and effective Chairman, and a man whose whole heart is in the job. The Committee has done much useful work, which will soon show results, and although it is ridiculous to expect the whole traffic muddle of London to be cleared up in a year or two, it may be relied upon to do everything that is possible towards "squeezing the quart of liquid into the pint pot," and will undoubtedly effect very great and valuable improvements in the traffic system of London. I was personally very glad to be a member of the Committee for the first six months of its work, and only regret that now (when in a position of greater freedom and lesser responsibility) my representative position on it has automatically lapsed, at a moment when I could have afforded to give more time and real thought to the very important and interesting question it is endeavouring to solve. But my short experience of the work of the Committee and the pleasant intercourse with its members, will always be an enjoyable recollection.

My original appointment to the Committee, however,

was the cause of some trouble with the Corporation. I was (and still am) strongly of opinion that "the Commissioner" is not the proper Officer to represent the Police on the Committee, for—(1) the work demands, for its fullest efficiency, far more time and attention than (having regard to other, and even more important, work) it is possible for the Commissioner to devote to traffic questions; (2) the Commissioner has personal statutory responsibilities in regard to traffic, which should not (even apparently) be influenced by the views of a Committee of which he is a member; and (3) his attendance at meetings of the Committee is always liable to be prevented by other duties. The "Police Committee" of the Corporation unanimously agreed with this view, and recommended the name of another Officer to represent the Police. But the Court of Common Council thought fit to ignore both my opinion and that of the Police Committee, and, in spite of protests, to nominate me to the Committee. The Council seemed obsessed with the idea that, in nominating me, they were really obtaining a *second* "Corporation" representative on the Committee. This idea was absolutely without foundation. When the Traffic Bill was in committee in the House of Commons, objection had actually been taken, on this very ground, to a *City Police* representative being a member of the Committee, and was then energetically refuted, it being pointed out that he was *not* in any sense a representative of the "Corporation," but altogether, and solely, a representative of the "Police." But now there were members of the Corporation who did not hesitate to urge that the position and influence of the Commissioner on the Committee would be *an asset to the Corporation*, which would be lost if a junior Officer were appointed. It is hardly

necessary to say how unfair it would have been to other Local Authorities were such double representation possible, but the Court of Common Council refused to consider the question as one of *police interest* alone, and somewhat absurdly persisted in their nomination of myself. For some time I declined nomination, but finally I had simply to resign myself to *force majeure*, and the fact that the Court of Common Council was the "Authority" under the Traffic Act to nominate the "Police," as well as the Corporation, representative on the Committee. I was certain their action was a mistaken one, and six months' experience only confirmed my opinion. But personally it afforded me a most pleasant and interesting time.

This episode leads me to remark on what is (in my opinion) the unfortunate general position as to the "Police Authority" in the City of London. In the metropolis—the Secretary of State; in the counties—the Standing Joint Committees; in the boroughs—the Watch Committees; are the "Police Authorities." All are *small* bodies, fully conversant with the work with which they have to do. But, in the City, the entire Court of Common Council is the "Police Authority." The Court has realized the utter impossibility of such a large body adequately discharging the functions of a "Police Authority" by delegating the ordinary duties to a Police Committee, but unfortunately it retains and exercises the right to revise, or upset, the resolutions of the Police Committee whenever it thinks proper. Thus the Committee is in no way independent, as are Watch Committees, or Standing Joint Committees.

The Aldermen of the City (the only "elected" magistrates in the country) are men of the highest standing, experienced in dealing with large questions, and with an

intimate knowledge of police duties and requirements. They would be an ideal Police Authority.

If the "County" plan were thought desirable, a Standing Joint Committee, composed (as in the counties) of one-half appointed by the Court of Aldermen, and one-half appointed by the Court of Common Council, would be an efficient and fully competent body as a Police Authority.

The Police Committee are a body appointed by, and from, the Court of Common Council itself. They devote much time and special attention to police matters, of which they necessarily acquire detailed knowledge. I never found the slightest difficulty in working in harmony with them. They also (like Watch Committees in boroughs) might safely be entrusted with the full powers of a Police Authority.

But, instead of any of these really efficient authorities, the final "Police Authority" in the City is the Court of Common Council, a body far too large and unwieldy to be efficient, and absolutely ignorant of the inwardness of any question of police administration. With them I had my only difficulties, during my twenty-three years in the City.

I am sure my many friends in the Court of Common Council will believe that I have not the smallest intention of reflecting upon the Court in its own proper sphere, still less upon its individual members. On the contrary, I have the highest respect and admiration for the great work it does, not only for the City but for England. It would indeed be a misfortune if the great history, the splendid traditions, and the honourable and valuable services of the Corporation should ever cease to be an asset to the country. And the Court has many members of great ability and large experience of public work,

who give much valuable time and thought to its business, though, of course, in so large a body there must also be men of smaller views and lesser qualifications. But the important factor, in considering the Court as a Police Authority, is not that of its general character, or of its individual membership, but solely that of its *fitness for the particular duties* of a Police Authority.

My work as Commissioner of Police brought me constantly in contact with various authorities—the Home Office, the Court of Aldermen, the Police Committee, etc.—and I am proud to think that for twenty-three years I never had serious disagreement with any. They all knew me, and understood my work. My only troubles were with the Court of Common Council, which was ignorant of both. Not long before I resigned office, I complained to a gentleman, who may almost be described as “the leader” of the Court of Common Council, of certain action of that body. His reply, given as a sort of excuse, was that “they knew not Joseph.” It seems almost conclusive that a body which knows not Joseph is not the one best fitted to deal with the affairs of Joseph.

After a reference to street traffic, and incidentally to the accidents arising therefrom, the question of the means for properly dealing with those accidents may naturally follow. In 1902 London lagged far behind the provinces in this matter. The London County Council were “considering” the question, but had not got beyond consideration. The City had not even considered it. But I lost no time in bringing it forcibly to the notice of the Police Committee, to whom, in November, 1902, I pointed out “the lamentable want of an efficient Ambulance Service, such as had been available for many years in Liverpool and other towns.” At the request

of the Committee I undertook "to invite the co-operation of hospital and other authorities, and to submit a comprehensive and practical scheme." After much negotiation and discussion with various interested parties, I was enabled to submit this report on the 24th February, 1904. Its consideration was postponed.

On the 29th June, 1904, a very influential deputation (consisting of Sir William Church, President of the Royal College of Physicians; Mr. Reginald Harrison, Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Sir Anthony Bowlby, Honorary Surgeon and Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Sir Cooper Perry of Guy's Hospital, Sir Herbert Perrott, and Sir Richard Temple of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and many others) waited upon the Police Committee, and pressed very strongly the necessity for a Horse Ambulance Service, with skilled attendance; and stated that the hospitals had agreed with me to render every possible assistance.

After this, more delay followed, and much discussion took place, but on the 30th March, 1905, the Police Committee finally approved the scheme I had submitted, and sent forward a report to the Court of Common Council, recommending its adoption. But the matter was again shelved, *other* Committees of the Corporation considering it, the expense of it being taken objection to, and many extraneous questions being dragged into its discussion. Some actually argued that the antiquated system of Hand Litters was sufficient for all needs, despite the consensus of medical opinion to the contrary. Others, that the matter was not one for *police* expenditure, but should be otherwise dealt with. Others used it for the purpose of attacking police expenditure generally. Others, again, took the reasonable view that the service was necessary, but thought that

the time had come to go beyond a "Horse" Service, and to adopt an "Electromobile" one. And this last view eventually prevailed, with the result that in June, 1906, the Court of Common Council decided to establish a Motor Ambulance Service for the City of London, as a part of the police system, and under the direction of the Commissioner. Much of the credit for this decision rested with Alderman Sir Alfred Newton, who was a most energetic supporter of it. The Service was inaugurated, and its operations commenced, in May, 1907, when the City at last possessed (what no other part of the metropolis yet had) an efficient Ambulance organization. Personally I felt I could at least claim credit for patience and perseverance, for I had given eleven years' earnest endeavour (some six and a half in Liverpool, where the idea was an absolutely novel one, and four and a half years in the City of London, where, of course, I had Liverpool's experience to help me) to overcome innumerable difficulties, and to secure for the Public the enormous benefit of prompt and skilled attention, should accident, or illness, unfortunately overtake any one of them in the streets.

The greater question of securing equal benefit for the entire metropolis was yet to be solved. The London County Council had in 1906 applied to Parliament for powers to establish an Ambulance Service. Unfortunately, they determined to include "the City" under the authority they proposed to assume. This naturally led to the City opposing the Bill, for it had already formulated a fully efficient system of its own, which was on the point of being inaugurated. The County Council refused to exclude the City from the scope of the Bill, which, as a result, was lost, and a further delay caused. In 1907, the Home Office set up a Committee to inquire

into, and report upon, the Ambulance question. Mr. Reginald Harrison, and I, gave evidence before that Committee, and, I hope, were of some help, by giving it the benefit of our experience in Liverpool, and in the City. Sir W. J. Collins was a member of that Committee, as well as being a leading member of the London County Council; he took the very greatest interest in the question, and it was largely due to his efforts that success was finally attained, and the present very efficient Motor Ambulance Service of the London County Council established. Thus the whole of London at last obtained the same benefits which the provinces had long enjoyed.

Another point which engaged my attention immediately on coming to London was the inefficient training of constables in "First Aid" to the sick and injured. More was done in the City with regard to this than in the metropolis generally, but even there instruction was confined to those constables *who desired to receive it*, and who were willing to *give up their own time* to attend the necessary lectures, and receive instruction. Greatly to their credit, many men did this, but of course it was a very small proportion of the whole body that did, or indeed could be expected to. I at once decided that instruction should be made *obligatory*, and that every member of the Police Force (with some exceptions at first for a few of the older men) should be required to undergo the necessary training as part of *their ordinary duty and in "duty" time*, and to qualify each year for the St. John Ambulance certificate, until the medallion was obtained at the end of the third year. Men who failed to qualify were to go through another course in their own time. I received the most cordial co-operation in this important matter from Dr. Gordon Brown,

the Surgeon to the City Police, who voluntarily undertook the instruction of all the classes, and gave endless time and wholehearted interest to what was to him a work of love. He continued that work for years, and when he retired, there was hardly a single City constable who was not fully qualified to render First Aid. His work has since been willingly continued by his successor, Dr. Gibbons. At the present time *every* City Constable holds the certificate (save recruits, who are under training for it), and more than two-thirds of the entire Force hold the medallion, the badge of permanent qualification.

CHAPTER XXII

ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCE

Organization of Police Forces—Number of Separate Forces—Different Systems of Administration—Employment of Police outside Own Jurisdiction—"Standardized" Pay—Appointment to Higher Offices in the Police—Suggested New Method—Final Retirement from Police Service—Received by the King.

After the very long period of forty-seven years in command of three of the greatest Police Forces in England (of Leeds for three years, of Liverpool for twenty-one years, and of the City of London for twenty-three years), I may be forgiven for a few general remarks on what seem to me matters of considerable importance in regard to the organization, etc., of the Police of this country. I know that my views cannot meet with the approval of all of those equally competent to judge, but it is, at any rate, possible they may draw attention to what might otherwise be unconsidered.

What must strike anyone who begins to study the organization of the English Police Service is its utter illogicality. It was *natus non factus* ; it is not a system, but a series of systems ; it makes no provision for general, as apart from local, protection ; its remuneration is "standardized," in a manner unfair to its most important units ; its higher Officers are selected without method, or any real test of qualification ; and its present efficiency is a splendid tribute to the English quality of "muddling through." But its present efficiency does

not prove that *the best* has been yet secured, whilst (if defects are not remedied) there is always the fear of deterioration, rather than advance, as modern conditions make greater and greater calls upon the Police.

One constant source of weakness has been the very large number of separate, and independent, Police Forces in this country. How can an independent Force of 20, 50, or even 100, men possibly be efficient? How can it be expected to have always at hand the "square peg for the square hole"? The Desborough Committee in 1919 noted the evils entailed: (1) the unnecessary expense in buildings, and in cost of administration; (2) the want of facilities for proper recruiting and training; (3) the loss of the wider experience which service in larger Forces gives; (4) the fewer opportunities for the promotion of good men, or for the transfer of men in their own interests; (5) the greater risk of undue influence, and personal questions, prejudicing discipline, and interfering with the impartial execution of police duty. The Committee recommended that (1) all existing Forces in non-County Boroughs should be merged in their County Forces, (2) no *new* County Borough Force should be formed without the express sanction of the Secretary of State, given for some exceptional reason, and (3) smaller County Forces should be "grouped." Some little has since been done to give effect to these recommendations, and it is to be hoped that the effort may be speeded up. But a sense of "local importance" and the desire for "local patronage" make progress difficult. Personally, I fully agree with the pious opinion expressed by the Committee (and going far beyond their immediate "recommendations"), viz., that *no* County Borough with a population of less than (at least) 100,000 should be allowed an independent Police Force, and that

the grouping of all small counties should be generally adopted.

The next curiosity of our present system (or rather, want of system) is shown by the different methods of administration, command and discipline, authorized for London, County and Borough Police Forces respectively. (1) In London, the Police Forces both of the metropolis and of the City are under the full and responsible control of Commissioners. They appoint the constables, exercise all disciplinary powers over their respective Forces, and make all regulations for their government, etc. etc. (as do Watch Committees in boroughs). They can authorize constables to enter gaming houses, etc. (as do Justices in boroughs). They make regulations for the routes of processions, etc. (as do Mayors in boroughs). And they exercise many other statutory powers. The duties of the two Commissioners are practically identical under statute, but of course the Metropolitan Commissioner has far greater responsibilities, with the much larger area to protect, and the immensely larger Force to command; he is also the Licensing Authority for all public vehicles in London. In one respect only is the responsibility of the City Commissioner comparatively heavier, for the Metropolitan Commissioner is always in touch with, and has the support of, his "Police Authority," who is the Secretary of State, and supreme head of the Police; whilst the Commissioner of City Police has as a Police Authority only the Court of Common Council, which has neither knowledge nor power, save in matters of finance. (2) In the counties, the Police Authority is the "Standing Joint Committee," a body appointed equally from amongst the Magistrates of the County, and from the County Council. That body controls the affairs of the Police, and appoints (subject to

the veto of the Secretary of State) its Chief Constable. With the Chief Constable rests the command of the Police Force, and the appointment, promotion, dismissal, etc., of its members. (3) In the boroughs the Police Authority is the "Watch Committee," appointed by the Town Council from within its own body, and this Committee is responsible for the actual command of the Force, appointing, promoting, and dismissing constables, and exercising all powers of administration and discipline. *In practice*, the exercise of all these powers has been found so disadvantageous, or so inconvenient, that, in most of the larger boroughs, the Watch Committees have delegated it to the Chief Constables, but reserved a right of appeal to them against any decisions of the Chief Constables. In the smaller boroughs the powers are generally exercised directly.

It will be seen, therefore, that at present there are (including the two different *practices* in boroughs) no less than four different systems of control and discipline in force amongst the Police in England. As a full trial has been given of all since 1835, or thereabouts, it ought not to be difficult to weigh the merits, and demerits, of each; and to decide on one uniform system, best calculated to secure efficiency for the Police Force as a whole—a Force which everywhere has the same duties to perform, wears the same uniform, has executive Officers with the same ranks, and works under the same general Regulations for promotion, and discipline. Such a decision would at the same time remove the anomaly of the County Council of Lancashire having less control over its Police than has the Borough of Bootle, and the Chief Constable of Birmingham less authority in matters of discipline than the Chief Constable of Rutland.

Another question which, in my opinion, is one of con-

siderable importance, is that of making all the Police of the country available in the best interests of the whole country. In 1835, as I have had occasion to mention, there was doubt whether Police Forces were desirable at all. It was with difficulty they were accepted as purely *local* units, anything outside local use would never have been listened to, and so the present systems took their rise. But surely, in 1926, this narrow view need no longer prevail, and the Police of every locality should be available, not only for local use, but for the protection of the country at large. Power should certainly be vested in the Secretary of State to *order* 15 per cent (*at least*) of any Police Force to take up duty in any other jurisdiction, for such period as he may specify, and (where the total strength so employed seems greater than should fairly be placed under the local Chief Officer of Police) to nominate any Officer to the command of the combined Forces. In case of serious civil commotion, such a power might be most valuable, lead to the saving of life and property, and often obviate the necessity of calling for military aid. "Voluntary Arrangements" for mutual aid are always wanting in thoroughness, and without such power as suggested there must always be delay, where promptitude is essential; and difficulty, on account of local prejudice, and fear of local inconvenience, and local expense. Surely the time has arrived when nothing should be considered but the greatest possible *national* efficiency of the Police. And by this I do not for one moment suggest "nationalization," for there is no one who appreciates more highly than I do, the inestimable value of local influence, and local interest, which have done so much to make for this country a Police such as no other country possesses, a really *civic* Force—the friends, not the oppressors, of the people.

Another important question is that of the present system of "Standardized" Pay for all Police Forces. I feel some reluctance in discussing it, for two reasons : (1) It is a recommendation of the Desborough Committee, a committee to whom the Police owe so much, and with whose general conclusions I so cordially agree, and (2) it is almost a fetish of the Police Federation, who fear that a change in any detail of the "Policeman's Charter" might possibly be used as a lever to attack the charter as a whole. But I cannot abstain from drawing attention to it, for the system appears to me to be intrinsically *unjust*, and detrimental to the real efficiency of the Police Service.

Standardization, in the sense of equality of conditions, is of course eminently desirable, but mere standardization of pay is an absolute negation of equality. Can any reasonable man consider that a constable in London on wages of £4 a week is in an even approximately equal position with one in Cardiganshire on £4 a week, or that one in Liverpool on £4 a week is with one in Cornwall on £4 a week ? I do not desire to argue here the controversial point as to which constable has the more onerous and responsible work, though I have a very strong opinion on that point also, but will assume that duties and responsibilities are identical. But standardized wages make the *real value of the remuneration* ridiculously unequal, as anyone who knows the relative cost of living in London and in Cardiganshire, or in Liverpool and in Cornwall, cannot fail to agree. And, when the amenities of life are also taken into account, the inequality becomes even more marked. Wages in almost every trade, and occupation, are higher in London than in the country, and the "*comparative*" pecuniary position with his friends and neighbours (after all, the matter of great-

est importance to any man), the surroundings in which he lives, the healthiness of his life, and the consequent probability of drawing pension for a longer period (an actual financial asset), all afford an enormous advantage to the rural, or semi-rural, policeman over his urban comrade.

I certainly found the adverse effect of this inequality in the City of London. Before "Standardization" was introduced, the pay of the City constable was very considerably lower than it is now, but it was *relatively* higher than that of a country constable. Then—recruits of the best class were plentiful, a "pick" of candidates was available, men from country Forces applied for admission. Later—even with the far higher pay, recruits of the best class became few, pick of candidates impossible, and City constables actually left to join country Forces.

Most important of all, from the standpoint of the public interest, the Forces which are actually penalized by the present system of Standardization of Pay are those whose services are of infinitely the highest importance to the country. London without a Police would very soon be in a state of chaos and anarchy, whilst Cardiganshire without a Police could "rub along" for a considerable time with no very serious consequences. Surely the most important section of the Police should not have to serve under *inferior* conditions to the least important. And now they do.

To remedy the injustice must involve difficulty, but that difficulty should be faced. A further increase of pay, even to the great City Forces, would seem to be almost impossible in this time of financial stress. To provide it at the cost of the present country policeman would be equally impossible, for it would be a breach of

contract, a derogation of the "Charter." I cannot, of course, presume to lay down how the urgently needed reform should be effected. As a mere suggestion for consideration only, I would mention the possibility of framing a new, and lower, scale of pay in the country Forces for men joining in the future, and the grant of "Urban Allowances" (such as were formerly granted in the Royal Irish Constabulary to constables serving in Belfast), of varying amount, to the Police of (1) London, (2) great provincial towns, and (3) other specially situated localities. No doubt other, and possibly better, schemes might be suggested. My only object here is to draw attention to an undoubted evil, in the hope that *some* way may be found for its removal, and for that resulting gain to police efficiency which the remedying of injustice must bring.

The last, and in many ways the most important, question to which I would refer is that of securing the best possible *direction and control* of police work. The efficient work of any machine depends on the efficiency of its motive power. The efficiency of the police service must depend mainly upon the quality and the attainments of the men who fill its higher administrative offices. And yet, during the ninety years in which Police Forces have been working in this country, no suggestion even of a *system*, securing the appointment of the most highly qualified men to these important offices, has ever been fully considered.

When Police Forces were first established there was no course open but to select men on chance of their proving efficient, test of qualification, or experience of the work required, being of course impossible. As a rule, choice fell upon ex-Officers of the Army, who at any rate were men of education, with a knowledge of the

world, accustomed to discipline and to the management of men, and whose personal qualities were generally known to those making the appointments. The progress and increasing efficiency of the Police during the ninety years of its existence is a testimony to the good service rendered by these Officers, and to the general soundness of the selections made. And the *system* of selection was practically the same as then existed in all public services—Army, Navy, Civil Service, etc.—one necessarily redolent of nepotism, and one which any democracy must necessarily disapprove. It has now been discarded in all those Services, save in the Police alone, for which no definite system has yet been substituted.

In the Police, each local authority is still a law unto itself. Some of the larger jurisdictions are able to secure for their higher administrative posts the services of men who have gained experience and reputation in the command of other Police Forces. But the majority have to choose between selecting men from the ranks of the Police, or (in order to secure men of higher education and wider knowledge) continuing the old and vicious system. When the latter action is taken, it necessarily creates discontent in the ranks of the Police, who say, "We have to teach them their work," and suggest (even though the comparison is hardly accurate) that it is the same thing as if a policeman were appointed to command a Regiment, or a ship. It has led to the demand by the Police Federation that *all* appointments to these higher offices should be made from the ranks of the Police Forces, a solution which, in my opinion, would be far more detrimental to the efficiency of the Police Service than even the old system, indefensible as that undoubtedly is.

If a fair and unbiased judgment is to be arrived at upon the question, it is essential in the first place to consider—"What are the *Qualifications* required for the efficient discharge of the higher administrative duties of the Police Service?" It is clear that full knowledge and comprehension of the details of police work is very desirable. It is even *more* important that such duties should be discharged by men of a liberal education and training, giving them a breadth of outlook, an independent judgment, a power of grasping and assimilating facts, of lucidly expressing views, and of holding their own with persons of high official, or social, position.

No one can possibly have a higher opinion of, or a greater regard (indeed I might almost say a warmer affection) for, the senior Officers in the Police Force than myself. I have personally proved my desire that, when any one of them *is really fitted for administrative rank*, he should undoubtedly be promoted, by the action I myself have taken in promoting such Officers. But—unfortunately—there are *few* so qualified. Scarcely any man joining the Police as a constable has had the advantage of more than an elementary education. They have had to go to work young; they have joined the Police at twenty-one to twenty-four years of age, having almost forgotten such education as they had; they have then (*and this applies equally to the very few who join with a somewhat better education*) to "work a beat" for years before they can even attain the rank of Sergeant (years made longer, and more irreducible, even for men of superior education, by the persistent efforts of the Police Federation itself); they have afterwards to serve for years more before they can become Inspectors, and more yet before they can attain the rank of Superintendent, and obtain their *first* insight into

administrative work, as opposed to the narrow routine, and "police-tinted" outlook, of a constable's ordinary duty. In fact, neither their early education and training, nor their police life, has fitted them in any way (save in very exceptional cases) for the important duties of administration and command. And, in addition, before they come to a position when they should even be considered for these higher appointments, they have attained an age when their best work has already been given.

On the other hand, to confer these appointments on persons previously unconnected with the Police, is to ignore the first of the qualifications desirable—knowledge of the details of police work—to introduce the objectionable elements of influence and personal favour, and to create natural jealousy in the Police Force. The days are past when being the cousin, the nephew, or the friend, of a man of influence, should carry the smallest weight in the making of these appointments.

This has been recognized in the Civil Service, the Army, etc. etc., where the democratic rule of "open competition" has long been in force. If a similar system were adopted for the Police, it would secure for them administrative Officers possessing *both* the qualifications necessary. It would not mean that every Commissioner, or Chief Constable, would have to graduate through the ranks of the Force, any more than it is necessary for a Secretary to the Post Office to have commenced as a postman, for every Admiral to have served for years as a bluejacket, or for every General to have spent all his earlier service as a private, but it would mean an "*equal opportunity to all.*" The son of a working-man, winning a scholarship to a secondary school, thence to the University, would have an equal

opportunity with the son of an aristocratic father; it would be brains, not blood, that would secure the prize. And the direction of the Police needs brains, if the work of the Police is to be what it should be in the future. If second-class men are to be considered good enough for the higher work of the Police, the Public have no right to look for anything but second-class results. And the remedy is not difficult to find.

For the Upper Division of the Civil Service much of the best talent and education of the country is secured by the temptation of interesting and responsible work, permanent employment, moderate remuneration, and future pension. The pecuniary prizes of the Civil Service (Under-Secretaryships of State, Assistant Under-Secretaryships, etc.) give salaries of £1,500 to £3,000 a year. Other higher Officers receive £1,000 to £1,500. There are classes with £700 to £900, and with £200 to £500. And the Police can also offer interesting and responsible work, permanent employment, moderate remuneration, and future pension. It also can offer prizes (Commissionerships, Assistant-Commissionerships, etc.) of £1,500 to £3,000 a year, Chief Constableships of £1,000 to £1,500 a year, others of £700 to £900, and smaller appointments of £300 to £500. All that would be involved in the way of increased expenditure would be the creation of a (very) few appointments of Assistant Chief Constables, and Cadets on probation, at (say) £200 to £300 a year. This expense would be negligible in proportion to the enormous gain of such a system, and might even be balanced by other economies (future pensions of Officers so appointed, etc. etc.).

This is not the place to deal with details; such would need careful thinking out. But I might, cursorily

only, refer to one or two points. It would, of course, be necessary that the Secretary of State should be the pivot of such a system, for it would apply to the Police Service *as a whole*. He would have to be responsible for the appointment, promotion, transfer, etc., of *all* Officers, and local "patronage" would be lost. But local opinion might be recognized by giving a right of consultation, or veto, to the Local Authority, in the case of any appointment to their jurisdiction made by the Secretary of State. Entrance to the Service should be (as already suggested) by "Open competition," the examination being of the same standard as that for the Civil Service (or at least as high as that for entrance to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich). Candidates who were successful should be appointed to the Police as Cadets, with salaries of £200 a year, and attached for a year, or more, to New Scotland Yard, to undergo a complete course of instruction, theoretical and practical, in all branches of police work. After passing a searching "professional" examination in all the duties of a Police Officer, the Cadet should be appointed as an Assistant Chief Constable of a comparatively small Force, gradually promoted to a larger Force, and if possible being given experience both in county, borough, and London work. Finally, he would rise to the rank of Chief Constable (third, second, and first, class), and be eligible for selection to the highest positions.

Such a system would probably not be popular at first, either with Local Authorities, who would lose patronage ; or with the Police Federation, who desire benefit to themselves individually ; but it would provide the Police Force with Administrative Officers of high education and attainments, and with a practical knowledge of police work. And, what is the really important factor,

it would guarantee to the nation a fully efficient, and well-directed, Police Force.

I would only add one word. I hope that any such system, if adopted, would make full provision (as in the Civil Service, and as in the Army) for the promotion from the ranks of the Police of any Officer who is proved to possess the necessary qualifications for higher promotion.

In March, 1925, I reached the (for the holding of important office) great age of seventy-six, and I was persuaded that the time had come for me to sever my long connection with the Police Service. My health and strength remained remarkably good, but age naturally made it doubtful whether, should a time of exceptional stress come, they might not be found wanting, and that therefore the responsibilities should rest upon a younger man. Accordingly I tendered my resignation of the office of Commissioner of Police of the City of London, to take effect from the 29th September. That resignation was duly accepted, and I should here express my gratitude for the generous terms accorded me on my retirement by the Court of Common Council. The Court of Aldermen bade me farewell, with most kindly and cordial words, which I very deeply appreciated. My association with the Aldermen must always remain a valued recollection of constant support and friendship. The Police Committee were also more than kind in their reference to my long service, and to myself personally. I had worked with them for more than twenty-three years without any serious difference of opinion, and must always look back with pleasure on the relations which existed between us. The Secretary of State, when I said good-bye to him, was also most kind, and complimentary. It must always be a great matter of pride to

have held the command of the City of London Police Force for so many years—strenuous years, too, including, as they did, two Coronations, the Great War, two Police Strikes, and many other important events. I left the Force with the greatest regret, not merely because my life's work was ended, but also because I had to part from a body of men I was so proud to command, and to whom, both personally, and for their services, I felt deeply attached. But to them also good-bye had to be said, and trying as it was, it was something to know that, after twenty-three years, I could leave feeling that every member of the Force was a friend.

I had many letters from men who had previously served under me, sending me their good wishes on my retirement, and it was very gratifying to realize that one was not forgotten. I might perhaps specially mention three letters: one came from Winnipeg, from my old Superintendent of Mounted Police in Liverpool, now holding a position in the North-West Frontier Police; one from an ex-Sergeant, who told me he was now a member of the Manx Legislature, and that he attributed to me a great share of his success in life; and one from an ex-constable, who said he wished again to thank me for what I had done for him forty years ago, which had saved his future career. He had had heavy damages and costs awarded against him in the County Court (more than he could possibly have paid), for an alleged assault whilst in the execution of his duty. I was satisfied that a grievous mistake had been made, and (in spite of clamour for his dismissal) I not only decided to retain him as a constable, but also induced the Watch Committee to pay the damages and costs on his behalf. He afterwards served for many years with credit in the Police, earned his pension, and is now Chairman of a

Board of Guardians in Lancashire, and a member of the Central Vagrancy Board.

And so, on the 29th September, 1925, my long service in the Police ended. It had had its ups and downs, its discouragements, and its constant facing of the "seamy side" of life. But what life is without drawbacks? On the other hand, it had given me, while young, a free outdoor life, with pleasant surroundings, good sport, and some mild excitement; and in later life, extremely interesting work, contact with many interesting people, and many friends. So that (from a personal point of view, at all events) I cannot agree with Gilbert that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one."

On the 31st July, 1918, the King conferred upon me the Knight Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order, saying it was for many services for many years. On the 18th October, 1925, I was commanded to Buckingham Palace, when His Majesty was pleased to receive me to take leave on my retirement. The King honoured me with a long conversation, in which he showed his intimate knowledge of police affairs, and even of my own personal experiences. Before leaving, His Majesty presented me with autographed portraits of himself and of Her Majesty the Queen, with the words, "The Queen and I hope you will accept these as a memento of our long acquaintance." Thus my last, and most gratifying, recollection of "Fifty-two years a Policeman" is one of His Majesty's gracious kindness and generous recognition.

INDEX

- Air-raids on the City, 263 *et seq.*
 Albany, H.R.H. the Duke of, 60
 Aliens during the War, 267, 281
 Ambulances, L.C.C., 313
 Police, 111, 113, 313
 American Mining, etc., Company
 fraud, 218
 Arson, in the City of London, 225

 Barnato, Barney, 205
 Benningfield, Col., O.B.E., V.D., 255
 Bevan, Gerard Lee, 222
 Blake, Sir Henry, G.C.M.G., 37
 Blennerhassets, the, of Rathkeale, 28
 Boards, Joint Branch (Police Federa-
 tion), 299
 Bromhead, Major G., V.C., 20

 Carnarvon, boyhood at, 3
 Chamberlain, Col. Sir N., K.C.B., 181
 Cheltenham College, 4 *et seq.*
 Churchill, Rt. Hon. Winston S., M.P.,
 243
 City of London, civic hospitality, 174 ;
 Fire Inquest Act, 1888, 225 ;
 traffic, 303 ; visits of Foreign
 Sovereigns, 178, 179, 184 ; police
 authority, 308-311 ; Commis-
 sioner of Police, 172-174
 City of London Police, ambulance
 service, 313 ; first-aid training,
 314 ; Great War services, 194 ;
 orphanage, 191 ; sport, 186 ;
 "Strikes," 283-302 ; Representa-
 tive Committee, 290, 297 ; Joint
 Branch Boards, 299
 City of London Police Reserve, 255-
 262
 Colwyn, school at, 3
 Commissioner of City Police, 172-174
 Council, Police (*see* Police Act, 1919),
 299

 Dalton, Irish dynamiter, 82
 Davitt, Michael, 159
 Day, Mr. Justice, 149

 Deasy, Irish dynamiter, 78
 Desborough Committee (1919), 289,
 292, 293
 Dock strike in Liverpool, 1890, 154
 Drunkenness in Liverpool, 133 *et seq.*
 Dublin Metropolitan Police, 86-88
 Dunfee, Col. Vickers, C.B.E., V.D.,
 254

 Edward VII, coronation, 175 ; death,
 180 ; visit to Liverpool, 57
 Egerton, Field-Marshal Sir Charles,
 G.C.B., 16
 Enemy Banks, closing of (1914), 265

 Featherston, Irish dynamiter, 78
 Federation, the Police (*see* Police Act,
 1919), 298
 Fenians, in Liverpool, 1881 (*see*
 Chap. VI)
 Flanagan, Irish dynamiter, 80
 Flanagan, Mrs., poisoner, 115
 Forwood, A. B., M.P., 57
 Foynes, 32
 Frauds in Liverpool, 161

 Gardstein (*see* Sidney Street)
 Gatty, Sir Alfred Scott, K.C.V.O., 21
 George V, H.M. King, visit to Liver-
 pool, 1886, 62 ; coronation, 181 ;
 police boxing, 189 ; air-raids,
 277 ; received by, on retirement,
 331
 Gladstone, W. E., visit to Leeds,
 1881, 50
 Glin, the Knight of, 33
 Graham, Cunningham, M.P., 155, 159
 Greig, Major, C.B., Head Constable of
 Liverpool, 55, 58, 59
 Gunter, Sir Robert, 22, 39

 Haldane, Viscount, 264
 Hamilton, Lord Claud, M.P., 285
 Hamilton, Lord Ernest, vi, 104 *et seq.*
 Harrell, Sir David, K.C.B., 88

- Harrison, Reginald, F.R.C.S., 108, 312, 314
 Hawke, Lord, 23
 Henderson, Rt. Hon. Arthur, M.P., 300
 Higgins, Mrs., poisoner, 115
 Holmes, Sir Robert, K.C.B., 86
 Hopwood, Mr. Recorder, 151
 Houndsditch murders, 231
- Ireland, life and society in, 1873-8, 26
 Irish criminals, treachery of, 76
- Joel, S. B., 196, 201, 206-215
 Joel, Woolf, murder of, 211
 Jonas, Henry, swindler, 218
 Juries, tales of, 30, 84
- King's Police Medal, the, 235
 Knaresborough, with the 5th West Yorks Militia at, 22
- La Chivia Mining Co. fraud, 220
 Leeds, life and society in, 1878-80, 42, 43
 Licences (liquor), in Liverpool, 134
 Royal Commission, 1897, 137
 Liverpool, Irish element, 57; Royal visits, 58; Fenian outrages, 1881, 70-85; society, 101; clubs, 102; contemporaries, 1882-1902, 102; theatricals, 108; drunkenness problem, 133-139; prostitution, 139-146; violent crime, 147; great dock strike, 1890, 153-160
 Liverpool Police, developments, 1840-1900, 166; strength, 1881, 56; my reorganization, 1884, 89-91; mounted police, 91; fire brigade, part of, 91; Home Office inspections of, 93; orphanage, 96; medical service, 97
 Lockwood, Sir Frank, 24, 49
 London, City of (*see* City of London)
 Loreburn, Earl, 4, 173
- Malatesta, anarchist, 231
 Mann, Tom, 155
 Marriage, my, at Liverpool, 1889, 110
 Martin, Col. "Rowley," C.B., C.M.G., 5, 16, 42
 Massys, the, of Rathkeale, 29
 Maxwell, M. Hyslop, C.B.E., 174
 Maybrick, Mrs., poisoner, 119 *et seq.*
 Maybury, Sir Henry, 301, 307
 "Mikado, The," at Liverpool, 109
 Military, use of, in civil disturbances, 158, 252
- Mounted police, introduced by me in Liverpool, 91
 Monro, Mr. James, C.B., 285
- Nicholls, Supt., City of London Police, 240
 Nott, Gen. Sir William, G.C.B., 1, 169
 Nott-Bower, 2nd-Lieut. C. C., 2/3 Gurkhas, 263
 Nott-Bower, Lieut. L. L., R.E., 263
 Nott-Bower, Florence, Lady, 264
- Orphanages, Police, Liverpool, 96
 London, 191
 Ottaway, Supt., City of London 220, 222, 249
 Owen, Harry, of Pen-y-gwyrd, 104, 108
- Peace, Charles, murderer and burglar, 43 *et seq.*
 "Peter the Painter" (*see* Sidney Street)
 Peters, Jacob (*see* Sidney Street)
 "Pinafore, H.M.S.," at Liverpool, 108
 Plender, Sir William, G.B.E., 267
 Police Act (1919), the, 293
 Police Authorities, the various, 318
 Police organization, 316 *et seq.*
 "Policeman's Charter," the, 293
 Public-houses, inspection, 134, 135; management, 138
- Roberts, Earl, V.C., visit to Liverpool, 1901, 169
 Royal Irish Constabulary, 26 *et seq.*
 Russell, Sir Charles, Q.C., 126, 130
- Saker, Mr. and Mrs., 109
 Salmon, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell, V.C., G.C.B., 34
 Sandhurst, Royal Military College, 10 *et seq.*
 Sefton, Earl of, 58, 60, 61, 63
 Segal, Lewis and Abraham (arson case), 227-230
 "Share-pushers," American, 222
 Sheffield, with the 33rd Regt. at, 20
 Sidney Street, 231 *et seq.*
 Simons, Harry, swindler, 220
 "Skirmishing Fund" (Fenian), 70
 "Snowdonia," 103-108
 "Solicitation," 142, 143
 Special Constables, 252
 Stark, John, O.B.E. (City Police), v, 216, 240, 242, 249
 Sterndale, Lord, 126

- Strikes, police, at Bow Street, 1890, 285; in London, 1918, 285; general, 1919, 296; Home Office Committee on dismissed strikers, 1920, 300
- Svaars, Fritz (*see* Sidney Street)
- Temperance fanatics, in Liverpool, 134
- Theatricals, at Knaresborough, 23; in Ireland, 35; at Liverpool, 108
- Thiel, ex-P.C., 287
- Tipperary, riots at, 37
- Traffic Act, 1924, 307
- Traffic Advisory Committee, 307
- Trevor, Canon, 2
- Union of Police and Prison Officers, 285-288, 293 *et seq.*
- Valiant*, H.M.S., at Foynes, 1875, 34
- "Veltheim, von" (*see* Chap. XV)
- Victoria, Queen, visit to Liverpool, 1886, 62 *et seq.*; death of, 68
- "Vigilance Party," the, in Liverpool, 140
- Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of, at Police Boxing, 189; at Police Orphanage, 193
- Wensley, Supt., Metropolitan Police, 250
- Wodehouse, Sir F., K.C.B., 171, 172, 174
- Yayes, John Hollis, swindler, 161 *et seq.*
- York, 1, 2
- Zollner, ex-P.C., 289, 290, 297

Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.'s

AUTUMN

ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1926

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

By SYDNEY HOLLAND, VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Portrait. 21s. net.

Lord Knutsford has written an entrancing Autobiography. He possesses all the qualities that make for success in this fascinating branch of literature. He is a "man o' pairts": he has a keen sense of humour: he is sympathetic and kindly: he has been a "working man" all his life: his friends have ranged from kings to costermongers: he is a keen sportsman: he is a fearless and independent critic: and he writes in a lively, breezy style that never wearies the reader.

Although the Author has not been a maker of history in the wider sense, one feels after finishing his book that one could not have skipped a single chapter without losing something that was worth recording. It is the life of a fine English gentleman that is put before the reader, a good example of the type to which the country owes much. Quick and prompt in decision, adapting himself readily to circumstances, equally at home at Sandringham and in an East End slum, tolerant of the weaknesses of humanity though not deceived by them, equally capable of handling "big business" or grasping the smallest detail,—such is the man whose vigorous, sterling character scintillates through these delightful pages.

Besides his well-known work at the London Hospital, Lord Knutsford's avocations have been many and varied; and whether the book is opened here and there at haphazard or read from start to finish, the reader will find his attention arrested at once and his unflagging interest secured.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD & Co., 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.1.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS A POLICEMAN.

By SIR WILLIAM NOTT-BOWER, K.C.V.O.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 18s. net.

Sir William Nott-Bower's name has long been familiar to Londoners, as he filled the office of Commissioner of Police of the City of London from 1902 to 1925. But that important post was only the crown of a career of over half a century in the public service. Starting as an officer in the Army, at a time when active service was rare and promotion slow, he decided that a Police career offered better prospects and obtained a Cadetship in the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1872. Six years later he was appointed Chief Constable of Leeds, and after two or three years there he was elected, at the early age of thirty-two, Head Constable of Liverpool, the greatest police command in England outside the Metropolis. There he remained twenty-one years, when he succeeded Sir Henry Smith as Commissioner of Police of the City of London.

In each post he filled, Nott-Bower's experiences were varied and exciting: in Ireland, riots and murder trials contrasted sadly with the lavish hospitality and careless gaiety of Society. In Leeds the trial of Charles Peace, "life-long burglar, multiple murderer and arch-hypocrite," took place, and Nott-Bower's account of the criminal is extraordinarily interesting. In Liverpool we see how wide and far-reaching are the duties of the head of a great Police force. We are shown the enormous vigilance and careful organization demanded by great public functions, such as visits of Royalty or great race meetings. We are introduced to the terrible series of Irish Dynamite Outrages in Liverpool in 1882, to several famous criminal cases such as that of Mrs. Maybrick, to the "High Rip Gang" scare of 1886, and to the Great Dock Strike of 1890.

The chapters on the author's experiences in London deal with the culminating years of his career. He describes fully the "romance of crime" of Von Veltheim, the "battle of Sidney Street" and various remarkable trials for great business frauds. The War years 1914-1918 and the Air Raids on the City were an ordeal splendidly faced by the Police, to be followed unfortunately by the Police Strikes of 1918 and 1919.

From this brief summary has been omitted the constantly present work of social reform and Police organization which was always pressed by Nott-Bower, whose advice, born of great experience and goodwill, produced many a fruitful measure.

MY ARMY LIFE.

By **LIEUT.-GEN. The EARL OF DUNDONALD, K.C.B.**

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Illustrations. 21s. net.

Lord Dundonald will always be remembered in English history as the officer who led the final advance into Ladysmith, when Sir George White's garrison was relieved by General Buller's troops in 1900. He served with distinction all through the Boer War, and his first-hand accounts of the famous battles of Colenso, Spion Kop, etc., are of great interest. A few years earlier he took part in the Nile expedition for the relief of General Gordon, was present at the battle of Abu Klea during the famous desert march, and was in command of the transport during the night march to Metemneh, a march that was disastrously protracted by the treacherous conduct of an Arab guide, and occupied eighteen hours. After the news of Gordon's death arrived, Lord Dundonald was himself selected to guide troops back for provisions and accomplished the same distance at night in ten hours. The difference between ten and eighteen hours on the night of January 18 might have saved Khartoum and Gordon!

In 1902 Lord Dundonald was placed in command of the Canadian Militia. Mr. Chamberlain warned him that the post was a difficult one, and that previous occupants of it had almost invariably come into conflict with the local authorities. How true this warning proved will be seen in the chapters devoted by the Author to his experiences in the Dominion.

Although the book naturally contains a good deal that lies outside his professional career, Lord Dundonald has in the main kept closely to the title of his work, and the reflections of so distinguished an officer on all matters connected with Army work and efficiency cannot fail to be of great interest both to professional and to non-service readers.

THE EPIC OF MOUNT EVEREST.

By **SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.**

FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE MOUNT EVEREST COMMITTEE.

8vo. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Separate records of the three Mount Everest Expeditions of 1921, 1922 and 1924 have already been published, but it was felt that a condensed description of them in one volume would bring the

heroic story within the range of a much larger class of readers than the limited number to which the more expensive and elaborate works were accessible. Sir Francis Younghusband has written the present volume on behalf of the Mount Everest Committee, basing it on the previous records, but for the sake of connectedness and brevity of narrative, not always using the exact words of other writers.

A difficult task has been approached with enthusiasm and carried out with entire success. The trilogy of the Reconnaissance, the Assault and the last Fight for Everest has been reduced to unity, without losing any of its picturesqueness, its true epic character. Intimately associated with the *personnel* of each expedition and thoroughly cognizant of all the details, Sir Francis has had the advantage of viewing the whole sequence of events in its true perspective, and is able to do full justice to the wonderful feats performed, which the modesty of the climbers forbade in their own recorded narratives. The story culminates in the tragic disappearance of Mallory and Irvine when the goal was apparently within reach, but Sir Francis looks forward confidently to the time when the magnificent work already done shall be crowned by the complete conquest of the highest mountain in the world.

AMONG THE KARA-KORUM GLACIERS.

By JENNY VISSER-HOOFT. With contributions
by PH. C. VISSER.

Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. About 21s. net.

In the heart of Asia between the two great ranges of the Karakorum and the Hindu-Kush lies a high mountain region which presents one of the most difficult fields of exploration in the world. Although a caravan route exists through the dark Hunza gorge from India to Chinese Turkestan, there are large stretches of unknown country on either side, which it was the aim of the Visser expedition in 1925 to investigate. The main objectives were the exploration of the great Batura and Malangutti glaciers, and the Khunjirab and Gujirab gorges and side-valleys. The story of the expedition is admirably told by Mrs. Visser, aided by her husband, who contributes several special chapters dealing with the occasions when he was exploring unaccompanied. The party was excellently equipped and had two Swiss guides whose services were invaluable. Great heights were reached and some very perilous and difficult situations were successfully overcome. Rarely if ever have such beautiful photographs of high mountain scenery been obtained, a large selection of which is reproduced in this handsome volume.

THE RIDDLE OF THE TSANGPO GORGES.

By CAPT. F. KINGDON WARD.

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF PLANT-HUNTING," "FROM CHINA TO
HKAMTI LONG," ETC.

*With contributions by the Earl Cawdor, and an Introduction
by Sir Francis Younghusband.*

Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 21s. net.

This is probably the most important journey undertaken by that intrepid explorer and naturalist Capt. Kingdon Ward, who was accompanied by Lord Cawdor. He had a great and puzzling problem to solve, namely to complete the exploration of the course of the famous Tsangpo, or Brahmaputra, where it plunges down from the Tibetan plateau to the Assam lowlands, a fall of about 11,000 feet, boring its way through the mightiest mountain range in the world. Tradition asserted that in the depths of those unknown gorges was hidden a great waterfall, and although previous explorers had penetrated far down the river from the north and far up it from the south without discovering the mysterious Falls, the impenetrable nature of the country had still left a gap of about fifty miles unexplored, which it was the aim of Capt. Kingdon Ward and Lord Cawdor to make good. How they succeeded and what they discovered will be found in the pages of this fascinating volume.

Capt. Kingdon Ward always travels with two strings to his bow, and it is hard to say whether exploration or botanizing has the first claim upon him. The flora of the region is of marvellous beauty and variety, and nothing escaped the practised eye of this famous plant-hunter. The native tribes encountered presented many peculiarities, and Lord Cawdor contributes two very interesting chapters upon their habits and manner of life.

The photographs of the great Gorge are unique, and after seeing them one begins to understand why it has remained so long unexplored. A valuable map, prepared by the Royal Geographical Society from Capt. Ward's survey, adds greatly to the work.

ACROSS THREE OCEANS.

A COLONIAL VOYAGE IN THE YACHT "SAOIRSE."

By CONOR O BRIEN.

Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Maps. 16s. net.

The 20-ton yacht "Saoirse" left Dublin for her cruise round the world on June 20, 1923, and anchored there again two years later to the day. For the three stages of this voyage, the first to Cape Town, the second *via* Melbourne to Auckland, and the third round Cape Horn home, Mr. O'Brien was awarded the Challenge Cup of the Royal Cruising Club three times in succession, and his book is honoured by an Introduction from Mr. Claud Worth, Vice-Commodore of the Club. However common long ocean voyages in small yachts may become in future, the Author will always be remembered as the man who brought a 20-tonner round the Horn. His plain, seamanlike account is so modestly written that a casual reader might miss its full significance. But anyone who knows anything of the sea will realize the good seamanship, vigilance and endurance required to drive this little bluff-bowed vessel at speeds of from 150 to 170 miles a day, as well as the weight of wind and sea which must sometimes have been encountered.

NEW IMPRESSION.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

By REGINALD FARRER.

With Illustrations and a Map. One Volume. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

In this volume the late Mr. Farrer completed the account of his adventurous journeys in the mountainous region of Western China, of which the first portion is described in "On the Eaves of the World." The latter volumes have recently been reprinted, so that both works are now obtainable in the original format.

"There can be no denying that Mr. Farrer was one of the great masters of English prose. His last book is bright with sidelights on the *vie intime* of the essential China."—*Morning Post*.

ON THE EAVES OF THE WORLD.

By REGINALD FARRER.

*With Illustrations and Map. New Impression. Two Volumes.
Demy 8vo. 30s. net.*

"This book will be the envy of travellers—of those who have seen wonders they long to describe, but whose pens lie ineffectual in their hands when they return to their own country."—Sir Francis Younghusband in *The Observer*.

"A travel book of a most agreeable character. If only for its perfect pictures of Chinese life we should welcome this work, but it is excellent in all its aspects, and should find a place upon the shelves of every well-equipped library."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

By RONALD SYMOND.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"No proverb," writes the Author, "is more widely honoured than that which says: 'Always have an eye to the main chance.'"
But what is this main chance, this source of complete satisfaction, after which human nature is ceaselessly striving? Men look for it in power, wealth, fame, comfort, love, the hope of Paradise, in a hundred other things. Yet few can deny that the permanent life-giving satisfaction eludes them, though most of us feel that there is hidden in the mystery of life some other main chance of a more constant nature, upon which we sometimes stumble as if by accident, but find it difficult to keep our eyes fixed.

To track this down is the Author's object, and his argument may be roughly summarized as follows: Love as the motive power of all successful action, individual and collective, is in essence self-interested; there is nothing immoral in thinking of love as selfish. The key to durable satisfaction is to be found in the translation of this personal selfish love to a universal plane, in what might be called "the higher selfishness." This development the Author traces carefully and convincingly. It can be seen in the tragedies of Shakespeare (this chapter is a masterly essay in literary criticism) and—its ultimate manifestation—in the life of Christ. He concludes that the hope is in a big renaissance of practical idealism, on the brink of which he thinks we are now standing; and he analyses the forces on either side, an examination which produces a good deal of sane and valuable criticism of the ethical, religious and economic position of the world to-day. In short, it is a book of well-marshalled argument, of apt quotation, easy to read and full of food for thought.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MATERIALS.

By A. LUCAS, F.I.C.

CHEMIST IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES, CAIRO.

AUTHOR OF "ANTIQUES," ETC.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The origin and composition of the materials used by the Ancient Egyptians for buildings, mummification, and for making jewellery, weapons, tools, papyrus and other objects, are subjects which have a fascination for all those who find pleasure in contemplating the activities of ancient races and particularly of races such as the Egyptians, who have left so many wonderful works for posterity to admire. Who has not heard of the Great Pyramids and wondered whence came the stone of which they are built? Many statements have been made that the stone was transported across the Nile from localities far distant from the Pyramids, but Mr. Lucas shows that most of the stone was quarried on the site, the actual quarries being at present almost hidden by the sand which has covered them. Only comparatively few stones which were used for lining the chambers and passages inside the Pyramids consist of rock which was transported from a distance. Again, "old amber" beads and necklaces are sold to tourists in all parts of Egypt, but Mr. Lucas, as the result of many investigations on ancient jewellery in the Cairo Museum and in other collections, has been unable to identify amber in any instance.

The author with his wide knowledge of Egypt has in this book considered the various ancient materials and with keen scientific penetration indicated their probable origin, and in most cases, even the method the craftsman employed to fashion his ware. Those who have either seen or heard of the wonderful objects from the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen and wish to know more about the materials of such objects and the manner in which they were made, will find full information in the book, which is written throughout in non-technical language. The clear style and lucid treatment cannot fail to make the reader long to visit the ancient land of which the author has so fascinating a tale to tell.

For those who require further information as to the source and composition of the materials described, numerous references to other books and original papers are given, while chemical analyses have been collected together in an Appendix.

ON WRITING AND WRITERS.

By the late SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AUTHOR OF "STYLE," "MILTON," "WORDSWORTH," ETC.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

This little volume has been constructed from notes prepared by Sir Walter Raleigh for various courses of lectures which he delivered while Professor of English Literature at Oxford. It was his habit to write out in full the most important passages in his lectures and to rely on extempore diction for the connecting links. Fortunately the note-books Sir Walter made use of have been preserved and Professor George Gordon, his successor in the University Chair, has been able to extract from them the interesting and valuable materials which are now presented to the public. Professor Gordon has edited the book with great skill, piecing the fragments together into a harmonious whole, so that the pages can be read with pleasure and profit as a consecutive guide to certain branches of literary study. The first section contains notes on Writing and Composition, the second is on Letters and Letter Writers, and the last on Criticism. Through every page breathe Sir Walter's inimitable style and his striking independence of judgment and critical acumen.

LEAVES OF HELLAS.

ESSAYS ON SOME ASPECTS OF GREEK LITERATURE.

By J. MARSHALL MACGREGOR.

READER IN GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. MacGregor is already well known for his scholarly editions of Classical Authors, and in this volume he makes excellent use of his wide reading and eminent scholarship in presenting students and the general public with some of the fruits of his knowledge. The volume contains a series of critical studies, some dealing with definite classical masterpieces, and some of more general application, as will be seen from their titles.

Contents :—I. Labor Improbis. II. Drama and Deity. III. A

Professional Poet. IV. A Military Man. V. A Greek Crusoe. VI. Plot and Character. VII. Plato and his Time. VIII. The Humanity of Aristotle. IX. An Heir of Hellas. X. In Memoriam.

At the end of the volume the author gives some charming examples of translation into English verse from the Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar.

A NEW IMPRESSION.

THE LIFE OF A FOX: WRITTEN BY
HIMSELF.

By THOMAS SMITH, Esq.

SOMETIME MASTER OF THE CRAVEN AND OF THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

With an Introduction by LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, and Coloured Plates from rare old coloured prints and paintings by Alken, Howett and other contemporary artists.

One Volume. Crown 4to. 21s. net.

The present edition of this classic of fox hunting has been out of print for two years, but owing to the constant demand for it a new impression has been printed. Other reprints of rare old sporting books, issued in similar style to "The Life of a Fox," include the following:—

THE DIARY OF A HUNTSMAN.

By THOMAS SMITH, sometime Master of the Craven and of the Pytchley Hounds. **21s. net.**

OBSERVATIONS ON FOX HUNTING.

By COLONEL COOK. **21s. net.**

THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.

By R. S. SURTEES. **21s. net.**

THE LIFE OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ., OF HALSTON, SHROPSHIRE.

By NIMROD. **21s. net.**

JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES.

By R. S. SURTEES. **21s. net.**

NEW FICTION.

THE MELLBRIDGE MYSTERY.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a detective novel containing the traditional ingredients of all good detective stories, but told with more regard for both literary and common sense than are most of its class.

A journalist of the best quality, living alone in charming rooms in the county town of Mellbridge, is found strangled in bed one Sunday morning. The only obvious clues are that the front door is not bolted and that a latchkey, a scarf, and £250 are missing. It sounds like a straightforward burglary with violence, but in the absence of a suitable burglar, it develops into a first-class newspaper mystery. The solution falls to an amateur with an interest in obscure crime, but it is only fair to Scotland Yard and the police to say this is due more to luck than the amateur's good management.

Mr. Cooke's cleverness lies in giving his story the ingenuity of a crossword puzzle combined with the excitement of criminal-hunting, and yet keeping hold of that useful quality known as verisimilitude. This is a murder which might have happened to any one of us.

A SEA-CHANGE.

By LIEUT. MARK BENNETT, R.N.R.

AUTHOR OF "TACK SHIP," ETC.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A rattling story of the sea, with exciting happenings. In "Tack Ship" Lieut. Bennett proved himself a skilful weaver of short yarns, and he now shows that he is equally at home in constructing a novel. George Merriman is a bank clerk in a quiet seaport town on the south coast, who without knowing it has been left a fortune to which the condition is attached that it must be claimed within ninety days. To prevent his doing so, the next heir arranges a plot whereby George is lured on board a sailing vessel bound for

New Zealand—a ninety days' passage out. The captain is a ruffian and George's fate is cruel. Mutiny and bloodshed ensue, the captain is killed, the crew quarrel among themselves, regard George as a "Jonah," and dismiss him and the captain's wife to a passing homeward-bound steamer. Thus he gets back on the eighty-ninth day, goes at once to see his lawyer, learns about the fortune and claims it in the nick of time, with ten minutes to spare. He marries the captain's widow and all ends happily.

THE UNINVITED.

By DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Uninvited" is Paula, a young South African artist, who palms herself off on an English country rector and his sister as their cousin. Her story passes muster, for the dreamy clergyman had long lost touch with the real cousin who had settled in South Africa. Lord Comers, another of the Rectory cousins, falls in love with beautiful Paula. Paula one day, visiting his home, recognizes his crest as that on a ring belonging to a half-caste boy she knew in Africa. Investigation leads to the horrid discovery that this half-caste is really the legitimate son of Lord Comers' disreputable uncle and predecessor, and therefore the true heir to the title and estate. Lord Comers, wretched but honest, sets off to discover and establish his supplanter. Paula, wretched at her own dishonesty in deceiving these nice people, disappears. The nice people, who have learnt to love her, are unhappy. In Cairo all is smoothed out again. The half-caste boy is found, but found dying, so Lord Comers is still Lord Comers. Paula too is found, and found in love with Lord Comers.

This is a novel which combines an exciting story with a charming study of English life. Miss Fairbridge is already well known to the reading public for her delightful books on Lady Anne Barnard, and on South African gardens.

RECENT NOVELS.

PREM.

A TALE OF MODERN INDIA.

By H. K. GORDON.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

In a foreword to this remarkable book, Sir Michael O'Dwyer writes : "Of the many novels—some of them excellent—dealing with Indian life which I have read in recent years, I regard 'Prem' as holding the first place. The book will give every one who reads it a true and vivid impression of the India of to-day."

"This masterly novel of Indian rural life teems with interest. Among novels on Indian life, and we have read many, it stands by itself in excellence."
—*Country Life*.

"This engrossing narrative carries absolute conviction on every page."
—*Truth*.

"Not only an interesting but also an extremely able piece of work, which will rank high in the literature dealing with our Indian Empire."—*Morning Post*.

THE BLUE POPPY.

By C. E. BAINES.

AUTHOR OF "THE DOWN TRAIN," ETC.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"As a full-blooded 'shocker,' the novel, besides being very well written, is thrilling and cleverly done."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"Not for the first time, Mr. Baines has found a quite new idea for a sensational novel and has worked it out with the touch of an artist."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"'The Blue Poppy' can be safely plucked from the library list."—*Punch*.

"In common with its predecessors, this book has a pleasant richness of personality which makes reading rather the mental equivalent of eating a fine mince pie well stuffed with plums. And it seems to be the mixture of a fantastically credible plot with a number of very entertaining characters that results in this richness."—*G. K.'s Weekly*.

THE UNCHARTED SEA.

By STEPHEN KING-HALL (Etienne).

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"The story is well told. But still more attractive is the vivid picture of the official and underworlds of Hong Kong; the author knows what he is writing about, and he has a mordant humour that is enlightening."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

"'The Uncharted Sea' is that upon which Lou embarks with her machine-like husband in the background, and the naval officers stationed in Repulse Bay in the foreground. Vividly and with a fine sympathy this atmosphere is created, with its storms and calms."—*Bookman*.

ELEVENTH LARGE IMPRESSION.

SHEPHERD EASTON'S DAUGHTER.

By MARY J. H. SKRINE.

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK COW," "A ROMANCE OF THE SIMPLE," ETC.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"A very beautiful book—one which it is a great privilege to read. We hope that all who can will read 'Shepherd Easton's Daughter,' not only for its beauty of style and character drawing, and interest, and influence, but because all these powers of workmanship are covered and controlled by its overmastering purpose—the very rare one in modern novels—of revealing the irresistible attractiveness of the spiritual side of life."—*Church Times*.

"In this 'beautiful story,' as Miss Evelyn Underhill calls it, Mrs. Skrine translates a mediæval saint in terms of the modern word, and the measure of her success is the ease with which she captures our judgment and holds it to the end."—*New Statesman*.

"We enter into the atmosphere of 'Shepherd Easton's Daughter' as into a country where innocence and beauty still remain and the very air is comfort and grace. What a relief we feel, how tranquil we become, how refreshed!"—*Spectator*.

MR. E. M. FORSTER'S FAMOUS NOVEL

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

has now been added to the
UNIFORM EDITION OF MR. FORSTER'S NOVELS.

*Crown 8vo. Cloth. 5s. net each volume.**The Uniform Edition includes also:—*

THE LONGEST JOURNEY.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

HOWARDS END.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW.

* * A very few copies of the Large Paper Edition of *A Passage to India* are still obtainable, price £2 2s. net.

DR. JAMES' BOOKS OF GHOST STORIES.

A WARNING TO THE CURIOUS, AND OTHER GHOST STORIES.

By Dr. M. R. JAMES.

PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE.

Fifth Impression. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"Not since Lytton wrote 'The Haunted and the Haunters' have we had such a feast of delightful horrors."—*Morning Post*.

"One of the most refreshing fireside books a jaded reader can wish for."—*Spectator*.

"The brand is happily the same as of yore—a blend of authentic scholarly lore with the presentation of bizarre, supernatural events happening to ordinary people amid the ordinary pursuits of life."—*Bookman*.

GHOST STORIES OF AN ANTIQUARY.

5s. net.

MORE GHOST STORIES.

5s. net.

A THIN GHOST AND OTHERS.

4s. 6d. net.

THE FIVE JARS. With Illustrations.

6s. net.

TELL ME ANOTHER.

By the Most Hon. THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN
AND TEMAIR, K.T.

Third Impression. 7s. 6d. net.

"It would seem that all the best Scots stories come from Aberdeen, judging from the number and quality of them in 'Tell Me Another.'"—*Daily News*.

"Scotland has no more entertaining raconteur than Lord Aberdeen. His book is a choice mixture of good yarns."—*John o'London's Weekly*.

"Lord Aberdeen knows many good stories and is an excellent raconteur. The stories are so arranged as to be useful for speakers seeking apt illustrations to argument or cheerful sallies to brighten their after-dinner oratory."—*New Statesman*.

"It is a great book . . . I confidently challenge the revilers of Scottish humour to show me two masterpieces in the works of any humorist to cap the two gems I have quoted. . . . I therefore bid all Scots who cherish the real old original 'wut' of their forefathers, as they lived and joked before they were corrupted by English beef and bawbees, to borrow or steal Lord Aberdeen's book."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

THE ROMANTIC THEORY OF POETRY.

AN EXAMINATION IN THE LIGHT OF CROCE'S ÆSTHETIC.

By A. E. POWELL (Mrs. Dodds).

SOMETIME WILLIAM NOBLE FELLOW OF LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"We know of no better, no more careful or illuminating exposition of the conception of poetry held by the English romantics than this of Mrs. Dodds. By her remarkable book she has done a great service to literary criticism. She has made it plain that the English romantic poets, whatever their momentary vagaries, thought more and knew more concerning the nature of poetry than the whole century of critics and æstheticians which has followed them."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"A fascinating and stimulating volume."—*Observer*.

A STUDY OF THE OCEANS.

By JAMES JOHNSTONE, D.Sc.

PROFESSOR OF OCEANOGRAPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

AUTHOR OF "THE MECHANISM OF LIFE."

One Volume. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

"This is an admirable book, and of its various qualities it is hard to say which one admires the most. While it contains a vast amount of information in small compass, all is so clearly and easily stated that no reader need find it difficult of digestion."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"A book which will kindle the student's enthusiasm as well as supply him with the broad outlines of his subject."—*Morning Post*.

"The book is bright and clear, full of thought and an interesting introduction to a study of the greater classics."—*Geographical Teacher*.

HERTHA AYRTON, 1854-1923.

A MEMOIR.

By EVELYN SHARP.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

"A delightfully written memoir."—*Queen*.

"The great merit of Miss Sharp's biography is that it presents the picture of a singularly interesting type without letting us lose interest in the individual."—*Nation*.

"Hertha Ayrton was one of the great women of the world."—*Daily News*.

"An admirable record of the life and work of a woman distinguished alike as scientist, suffragist, and humanitarian."—*Nature*.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD & Co., 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.1.



